جوائز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة
24th
Picking Season
prix littéraires
premios literarios
naji naaman
literary prizes
2026

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pour la culture gratuite

Prix Littéraires Naji Naaman
Naji Naaman Literary Prizes
Premios Literarios Naji Naaman
2026

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les prix

Lancés en 2002, les prix littéraires Naji Naaman sont décernés chaque année aux auteurs des œuvres littéraires les plus émancipées des points de vue contenu et style, et qui visent à revivifier et développer les valeurs humaines.

Les manuscrits littéraires (pensées, poésies, contes, etc…) d'un maximum de 40 pages, de toutes langues et dialectes, composés, accompagnés du curriculum vitae et d'une photographie artistique de l'auteur, sont reçus par la Maison Naaman pour la Culture (par courriel) jusqu'à fin janvier de chaque année. Les manuscrits qui ne sont pas écrits en français, anglais, espagnol ou arabe, doivent être accompagnés d'une traduction ou d'un résumé dans l'une de ces langues. Les prix sont déclarés avant fin mai de chaque année au plus tard. Il n'y aura pas de retour de manuscrits alors que les œuvres primées publiées dans la série littéraire gratuite créée par Monsieur Naaman en 1991 deviendront la propriété de la maison exclusivement à cet effet.

Les lauréats porteront le titre honorifique de membre de la Maison Naaman pour la Culture.

prizes

Released in 2002, Naji Naaman Literary Prizes are awarded to authors of the most emancipated literary works in content and style, aiming to revive and develop human values.

Literary manuscripts (thoughts, poems, stories, etc…) of 40 pages at most, in all languages and dialects, typeset, with the curriculum vitae and an artistic photography of the author, should be sent (by e-mail) to Maison Naaman pour la Culture before the end of January of each year. Manuscripts written in languages other than English, French, Spanish or Arabic must be accompanied by a translation or summary in one of the aforesaid languages. Prizes will be announced before May of each year. There will be no return of manuscripts, and prizewinning works published within the free of charge literary series of books established by Mr. Naaman in 1991 will become the property of the house exclusively for this purpose.

Laureates will bear the honorary title of member of Maison Naaman pour la Culture.

los premios

Creados en el 2002, los premios literarios Naji Naaman tienen la finalidad de premiar aquellas obras literarias más creativas desde el punto de vista del contenido y del estilo, y que desarrollen e impulsen los valores humanos.

Las obras podrán estar escritas en cualquier lengua o dialecto, si esta no fuera francés, inglés, español o árabe deberán ir acompañadas de una traducción o resumen en cualquiera de estas lenguas. La extensión de las obras (ensayo, poesia, relato, novela, etc…) serán de un máximo de 40 páginas. Los originales y en su caso la traducción, serán entregados o enviados junto al c.v. y una fotografia del autor a la dirección (por e-mail). El plazo de entrega finalizará el último día de enero de cada aňo. El fallo del jurado se hará publico a más tardar el último día de mayo de cada aňo. No se devolverán las obras presentadas. Las obras ganadoras publicadas en la serie literaria gratuita creada por el Señor Naaman en 1991 serán propiedad de la casa exclusivamente para este propósito.

Los ganadores recibirán así mismo el título honorífico de miembros de la Maison Naaman pour la Culture.

Twenty fourth picking season: *2025-2026;*
number of candidates and manuscripts: *4127;*
received from: *83 countries:*
Albania – Algeria – Argentina – Armenia – Australia – Azerbaijan – Bahrain – Bangladesh – Belgium – Bolivia – Bosnia and Herzegovina – Brazil – Bulgaria – Canada – China – Colombia – Congo – Costa Rica – Croatia – Cuba – Denmark – Egypt – France – Germany – Greece – Haiti – Hong Kong – Hungary – India – Iraq – Ireland – Italy – Ivory Coast – Japan – Jordan – Kosovo – Kuwait – Kyrgyzstan – Lebanon – Mauritania – Mexico – Moldova – Monaco – Montenegro – Morocco – New Zealand – Nicaragua – Nigeria – North Macedonia – Norway – Oman – Pakistan – Palestine – Peru – Poland – Portugal – *Punjab* – Qatar – *Quebec* – Romania – Russia – Saudi Arabia – Senegal – Serbia – Slovenia – South Korea – Spain – Sudan – Sweden – Switzerland – Syria – *Tatarstan* – Tunisia – Turkiye – United Arab Emirates – United Kingdom – United States of America – Uzbekistan – Venezuela – Vietnam – *West Bengal* – Yemen and Zimbabwe*;*
number of prizewinners: *88;*
prizes' yearbook *in 27 languages and dialects:*
Arabic *(literary and spoken dialects)*, Bosnian, Bulgarian, Chinese *(traditional and simplified)*, Croatian, English, French, Greek, Italian, japanese, Korean, Macedonian, Montenegrin, Peul, Polish, Romanian, Russian, Serbian *(Cyrillic and Latin)*, Spanish, Turkish, Urdu and Uzbek.

lauréats et œuvres primées
laureates and prizewinning works
galardonados y obras ganadoras
2026

prix d'encouragement - encouragement prizes - premios de aliento:
Aminata Michka Barry, from Senegal (*Haïkus,* in French, p. 47); **Idrissa Barry**, from Senegal (*Rêve d'une Gaïnaka,* in French, p. 47); ***and out of competition:*** **Angel *(Engi)* Samir Nassif**, from Egypt (p. 134).

prix du mérite - merit prizes - premios de mérito:
Alexandra Jež, from Serbia (*КРОЗ ЖИВОТ/Through Life,* in Serbian and English, p. 12); **Alina Railevna Makhmutova *(Ana May)***, from Russia/Tatarstan (*Осенняя нотка любви/A Note of Autumn Love,* in Russian and English, p. 16); **Bernard Flory**, from France (*Le Vœu,* in French, p. 22); **Elena Luz Martinez**, from Canada/Quebec (*La Cage,* in French, p. 33); **Fethi Rahmani**, from Tunisia (*Al-Juththa,* in Arabic, p. 123); **Georgiana-Laura Gheorghe**, from Romania (*Încuragare/Encouragement,* in Romanian and English, p. 42); **Jahongir Nomozov *(Mirza)***, from Uzbekistan *(posthumous)* (*Dard/Pain,* in Uzbek and English, p. 52); **Jesús Armando Molina Quiroz *(Yeshua Molina)***, from Mexico (*Ellos,* in Spanish, p. 55); **Mounira Nassib**, from Libya (*Fi Ghurfati Bahron,* in Arabic, p. 120); **Naeem bin Fath bin Mabrouk Beyt Nour**, from Oman (*Yawmon Akharu Linajtazahu,* in Arabic, p. 118); **Niamat Elhamri**, from Morocco (*Ward 36,* in English, p. 80); **Souad Zakarani**, from Morocco (*Alter Ego*, in English, p. 95); **Sulaiman Ahmad**, from Syria/Romania (*Ya'khuzunish-Shi'ru min Yadi,* in Arabic, p. 129); **Yang Geum-Hee**, from South Korea (*바람과 물은 다투지 않네/The Wind and Water do not Fight,* in Korean and English, p. 102); **Youssef Younan Trad**, from Lebanon (*Salatu Nâqed,* in Arabic, p. 117); **Željka Bašanović Marković**, from Serbia (*Šešir/The Hat,* in Serbian and English, p. 106); *and out of competition:* **Rosa Aurora Chávez**, from Mexico (p. 88); **Rumbi Chen**, from Zimbabwe (p. 88); **Võ Thi Nhu Mai *(Mai White)***, from Vietnam/Australia (p. 99); **Wang Fangwen**, from China (p. 101).

prix de créativité - creativity prizes - premios de creatividad:
Aleksandra Vujisić, from Montenegro (*Ordinary July Song,* in English, p. 12); **Alexandru Ovidiu Vintilă**, from Romania (*Beyrouth Mare Nostrum,* in French, p. 14); **Ankica Anchie *(Biskupović)*,** from Croatia (*I Kad me Nema, Pjesma Će Šaptati/And when I am Gone, the Song will Whisper,* in Croatian and English, p. 16); **Anna**

Mavroidi, from Greece (*ΘΕΑΜΑ ΑΛΛΟΚΟΤΟ/Strange Spectacle,* in Greek and English, p. 19); **Arwa Ben Dhia**, from Tunisia/France (*Magma,* in French, p. 20); **Bilal Al-Masri**, from Lebanon (*Dinâmitu Nobel,* in Arabic, p. 133); **Cao Xiaohang**, from China (*秋天的半张脸/Autumn's Half Face,* in Chinese and English, p. 26); **Cathie Cayros**, from Russia/France (*You Stole my Heart,* in English, p. 28); **Daizy Zamora**, from Nicaragua (*Obligación de Cantar,* in Spanish, p. 28); **Daniel De Culla**, from Spain (*Fiction-Non Fiction,* in English, p. 29); **Dušan Žugić**, from Serbia (*Manifest/Manifesto,* in Serbian and English, p. 32); **Elisabetta Bonaparte**, from Italy (*A Mani Nudi/With Bare Hands,* in Italian and English, p. 34); **Emilija Todorova**, from North Macedonia/Australia (*БАШТИНА/Inheritance,* in Macedonian and English, p. 36); **Félix Suárez**, from Mexico (*He Visto a mi Madre Asomada al Jardín,* in Spanish, p. 39); **Franca Mancinelli**, from Italy (*Tre Sillabe di Silenzio/Three Syllables of Silence,* in Italian and English, p. 41); **Irena Pavlova De Odorico**, from North Macedonia/Italy (*Мајките/The Mothers,* in Macedonian and English, p. 49); **Jacques Stanley Fleury**, from Haiti/USA (*Immortal Lines of Poetry,* in English, p. 50); **Kabishev Alexander Konstantinovich *(K.A.K.)***, from Russia (*Я в толпе/I am in the Crowd,* in Russian and English, p. 55); **Konstantinos N. Fais**, from Greece (*Hercules the Lionhearted,* in English, p. 58); **Lan Xin *(Samei)***, from China/United Kingdom (*Lanxin Samei's Legendary Journey in Dongba Culture,* in English, p. 64); **Lauren Mendinueta**, from Columbia (*El Teatro de la Memoria,* in Spanish, p. 67); **Laurence Chaudouêt**, from France (*Un Rêve de Balançoire,* in French, p. 68); **Li Guanchen**, from China (*爱的信仰/Faith in Love,* in Chinese and English, p. 68); **M. Cem Temuroğlu**, from Turkiye (*Aforizmalar/Aphorisms,* in Turkish and English, p. 70); **Maria Grazia Vai**, from Italy (*Come Fossero Usignoli/Comme si c'étaient des Rossignols,* in Italian and French, p. 71); **Marie-José Pascal**, France (*L'Enfant Inspiré* suivi de *La Passagère d'un Songe,* in French, p. 72); **Miftah *(Saad Yussuf)* Alaliwani**, from Libya (*Fikraton Tabhathu 'an Ra's,* in Arabic, p. 122); **Mirko Stikić**, from Serbia (*Mati Drhtavom Rukom Ognjište Čuva/Mother Guards the Hearth with a Trembling Hand,* in Serbian and English, p. 76); **Muhammad Islam Fida**, from Pakistan (*ندا ئے فدا/The Call of Fida,* in Urdu and English, p. 77); **Panagiota P. Lambri**, from Greece (*Χαρταετοί*/Kites*,* in Greek and English, p. 81); **Pero Pavlović**, from Bosnia and Herzegovina (*Pop's visit to Turkey and Lebanon,* in English, p. 83); **Petros Isaakidis**, from Greece/South Africa (*Ματωμένη γάζα/Gaza, stripped,* in Greek and English, p. 84); **Sabrina De Canio**, from Italy (*Levare lo Sguardo/Looking up,* in Italian and English, p. 90); **Salima *(Zineb)* Melizi**, from Algeria (*I'tanaqtuka Sirran,* in Arabic, p. 127); **Simone Pansolin**, from Italy (*Lovescape,* in Italian, English, and Japanese p. 93); **Timothée Bordenave**, from France (*Davantage,* in French, p. 97); **Vojislav Karanović**, from Serbia (*ЗАГРЉАЈ/An Embrace,* in Serbian and English, p. 27); **Zvjezdana Preradović**, from Croatia (*Oslobađanje/Liberation,* in Croatian and English, p. 106); *and out of competition:* **Mona Rose Doughan Jamaleddine**, from Lebanon/France (p. 120).

prix d'honneur - honor prizes - premios de honor:

(pour œuvres complètes - for complete works - para obras completas)

Abdallah Habib Barakat, from Lebanon/France (*Mawtini Lubnan,* in Arabic, p. 125); **Abdul-Latif Moubarak**, from Egypt (*Lawha,* in Arabic, p. 124); **Beisa Romanić**, from

Serbia (*Kuće Umiru Bezljudi/Houses are Dying with no People,* in Serbian and English, p. 21); **Boris Jovanović Kastel**, from Montenegro (*Go without Doubt/La Galère des Phéniciens,* in English and French, p. 25); **Dušan Gojkov**, from Serbia (*Les Chansons Tristes,* in English, p. 31); **Fatiha Benmansour Bedran**, from Morocco (*Poèmes en mode Haïku,* in French, p. 38); **Giancarlo Sissa**, from Italy (*Pont Neuf,* in English, p. 44); **Gordan K. Čambar**, from Montenegro (*Sarajevo,* in Montenegrin and English, p. 45); **Hikmat Al-Haj**, from Iraq/Sweden (*Alqassa'idun-Nathrul-'Ashrut-Tiwal,* in Arabic, p. 132); **Jean-Charles Dorge**, from France (*Les Sabots dans la Masure/오두막의 나막신,* in French and Korean, p. 53); **Kang Byeong-Cheol**, from South Korea (*선조들의 노래/Our Ancestors Sang Songs,* in Korean and English, p. 57); **Laura Trimarchi**, from Italy/Monaco (*Un autre Regard,* in French, p. 66); **Maureen Alsop**, from the United States of America (*Arbor Vitae,* in English, p. 73); **Milena Drpa**, from Bosnia and Herzegovina (*Izvedi Nas, Dobri/Lead us out, O, the Good One,* in Bosnian and English, p. 74); **Milosav Mišo M. Mladenović**, from Serbia (*Calm after a load has been thrown off,* in English, p. 75); **Natalie Bisso**, from Russia/Germany (*ОСТАТЬСЯ ЧЕЛОВЕКОМ/To Remain Human,* in Russian and English, p. 27); **Rika Inami**, from Japan (**幽の盆 西馬音内の盆踊**/*Ethereal Bon Odori in Nishimonai,* in Japanese and English, p. 86); **Ryszard Wasilewski**, from Poland (*Memento,* in Polish and English, p. 89); **Valentin Dimitrov**, from Bulgaria (*5 Aphorisms,* in Bulgarian, English, Spanish and French, p. 97); **Yuri Moskalenko**, from Russia (*If I were a Sultan,* in English, p. 103); *and out of competition:* **Adem Zejnullahu**, from Kosovo (p. 11); **Driss Maliani**, from Morocco (p. 134); **Éric Mériau**, from France (p. 37); **Hanane Abdelqader Ismaïl Ashour**, from Egypt (p. 129); **Sorin Cerin**, from Romania (p. 94); **Sultan Catto**, from Turkiye/United States of America (p. 96).

ADEM ZEJNULLAHU
ALEKSANDRA VUJISIĆ/ALEXANDRA JEŽ
ALEXANDRU OVIDIU VINTILĂ
ALINA RAILEVNA MAKHMUTOVA (Ana May)
ANKICA ANCHIE (Biskupović)
ANNA MAVROIDI/ARWA BEN DHIA
BEISA ROMANIĆ/BERNARD FLORY
BORIS JOVANOVIĆ KASTEL
CAO XIAOHANG/CATHIE CAYROS
DAIZY ZAMORA/DANIEL DE CULLA
DUSĂN GOJKOV/DUSĂN ŽUGIĆ
ELENA LUZ MARTINEZ
ELISABETTA BONAPARTE
EMILIJA TODOROVA/ERIC MÉRIAU
FATIHA BENMANSOUR BEDRAN
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IDRISSA & AMINATA MICHKA BARRY
IRENA PAVLOVA DE ODORICO
JACQUES STANLEY FLEURY
JAHONGIR NOMOZOV (Mirza)
JEAN-CHARLES DORGE
JESÚS ARMANDO MOLINA QUIROZ (Yeshua Molina)
KABISHEV ALEXANDER KONSTANTINOVICH (K.A.K.)
KANG BYEONG-CHEOL/KONSTANTINOS N. FAIS
LAN XIN (Samei)/LAURA TRIMARCHI
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SULTAN CATTO
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VOJISLAV KARANOVIĆ
WANG FANGWEN
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YURI MOSKALENKO
ŽELJKA BAŠANOVIĆ MARKOVIĆ
ZVJEZDANA PRERADOVIĆ

Adem Zejnullahu

آدم زين الله

Kosovar ditinguished Professor, scholar, writer, and editor, born on October 13, 1945 at Banjskë (Vushtrri, Kosovo). Author or co-author of 45 publications, including monographs, scientific studies, critical reviews, albanological materials, and literary works. Over the course of his career, he has edited hundreds of publications in the fields of albanology, literature, and journalism. Throughout his extensive academic career, Professor Zejnullahu has attained the highest scientific and academic ranks, including Scientific Advisor and Full Professor. His scholarly, creative, and pedagogical achievements have been recognized with numerous prestigious national and international awards. He has actively participated in a wide range of national and international congresses, conferences, symposia, and scientific round tables across the region and throughout Europe. His scholarly output comprises more than 600 bibliographic entries, including studies, research papers, articles, and reviews addressing diverse aspects of written literature. In parallel with his academic work, he has published fifteen poetry collections for both adult and children audiences. Professor Zejnullahu has held several important editorial roles. For many years, he served as member and secretary of the journal "Gjurmime Albanologjike" (Albanological Research), Folklore and Ethnology Series, published by the Institute of Albanology in Prishtina. He was also a member of the editorial board of the journal "Fjalë e Valë" in Mitrovica. He currently serves as Editor-in-Chief of the literary journal "METAFORA", published by the Writers' Association of Kosovo. Professor Dr. Adem Zejnullahu is an Honorary Member of the Association of Albanian Writers and Artists "Pope Clement XI Albani" in Sweden, as well as an Honorary Member of the Union of Albanian Writers and Artists "Zëri i Mërgimtarit" in Novara, Italy. His contributions to literature have been acknowledged with numerous major awards. In 2014, he received the First Prize "METAFORA I" from the Writers' Association of Kosovo. In 2022, he was awarded the "Ora e Lirisë – Adem Demaçi" literary prize, and in Kukës he received the First Prize "Gjeravica I" at a literary competition. In 2023, the Writers' Association of Kosovo proclaimed him the laureate of the "Esat Mekuli Literary Award", recognizing his outstanding poetic and scholarly œuvre. He is also the recipient of several additional literary and scientific honors. He is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, honor prize for complete works, out of competition, 2026) for his zeal in the folklore and ethnology field.

Érudit, professeur, écrivain et éditeur kosovar de renom, né le 13 octobre 1945 à Banjskë (Vushtrri, Kosovo). Il est ici déclaré lauréat du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, hors concours, 2026), pour son zèle dans le domaine du folklore et de l'ethnologie.

عالِمٌ كوسوفيٌّ مُتَمَيِّزٌ، ويروفِسُّور، وكاتب، وناشِر. مِن مَواليد ١٣ تشرين الأوَّل ١٩٤٥. في رصيده تاريخٌ مِن الأعمال المَنشورة، والأنشِطَة الأدبيَّة والثقافيَّة المُتَنَوِّعَة. وها إنَّه يُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة التَّكريم عن الأعمال الكامِلَة لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) تَقديرًا لِحَماسَتِه في مَجال الفُلكلور والإثنولوجيا.

Aleksandra Vujisić — أَلِكْسانـْدرا فويـِسيش

Montenegrin experienced educator, poetess, and author. She holds a degree in English language and literature and is an author of five books (three poetry collections for adults and two books for children). She writes in both English and her native language, and her poetry was translated into Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Polish, Korean, Albanian, Macedonian, and more. Her work appears in over fifty anthologies worldwide, including The Tenth Muse (English Clarke University, UK) and Spirit Lake Review (University of Wisconsin, USA). She has completed numerous professional trainings in Montenegro and abroad, focusing on human rights and freedoms. She founded the Cultural Center Čigralište (www.bajke.me), promoting early childhood reading through (bilingual) storytelling workshops, festivals and competitions. She has received numerous awards.
Éducatrice, poétesse et auteure monténégrine. Elle a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

مُربِّيَةٌ وشاعرةٌ ومؤلّفةٌ مُنْتِنغرِيَّةٌ، في رصيدها كتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ أدبيَّةٍ وثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

ORDINARY JULY SONG

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in English.

I am tearing apart yesterday
like a coupon from newspapers,
waiting for the main prize
Waiting to get hit by happiness
Freedom like Rain falls onto my palms
I don’t have time for ordinary
I live in the rhyme
I am tossing and turning at night
like if I didn’t know that a day would come
when I will return the debt to the Earth and fit into plan.

Alexandra Jež — أَلِكْسانـْدرا يـِش

Alexandra wrote: “my name is Alexandra Jež, and I am a proud 52-year-old from Novi Sad. I am a mother, a wife, a sister, and a friend. I was born in the imperial city of Prizren and

completed my studies in Priština. I have worked in elementary schools as a teacher of the Serbian language and as a host on local radio stations in Smederevska Palanka. Since 2002, I have lived and worked in Novi Sad. Professionally, I work as a claims officer at the unified payment center, and I am also a practicing beautician. I take great pride in being the founder of the association "Stihovni Teatar" (Poetic Theater), which focuses on the education and support of children who wish to explore reciting, writing, and acting, with a special emphasis on the beauty of correct speech. I have always written poetry, but in recent years, I have expanded into stories and novels. Recently, I have also ventured into writing short scripts for school plays."

Poétesse, nouvelliste, romancière et institutrice serbe. Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعِرَةٌ وقاصَّةٌ ورِوائيَّةٌ ومُدَرِّسَةٌ صِربيَّةٌ، في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ أدبيَّةٍ وثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

КРОЗ ЖИВОТ/THROUGH LIFE

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Text in Serbian with English version.

Између два удара

Тог дана смо кренули обично. Ништа није слутило да ће се живот зауставити на трен, да ће време стати негде између два трептаја, између два удара срца.

Аутопут. Брза трака. Тишина у колима коју познајем. Муж за воланом, дете позади, ја поред, онај најобичнији породични тренутак који човек узима здраво за готово. А онда, једна грешка, један тренутак туђе непажње. Ауто који проклиза. Жена која стаје тамо где не сме. Где се не стаје. Где се живот не пита.

Један ауто испред нас успева да стане. Ми не успевамо. Муж покушава да избегне удар, скреће десно и тада се свет скупља у уску пукотину између два возила. Са обе стране метал, брзина, неминовност. А ми пролазимо.

Прошли смо.

Кроз немогуће. Кроз место где се трагедије обично завршавају сиренама и тишином која боли.

Ланчани судар. Четири, пет аутомобила. Метал, лом, вика, застали погледи. А у том хаосу дете је живо. Муж жив. Ја повређена, рука сломљена, гисп који ће ме подсећати. Али жива. Свесна. Са болом који пролази, а не са оним који остаје заувек.

Касније сам схватила: није то био само пролаз између два аутомобила. То је био пролаз између смрти и живота. Између јуче и сутра.

Тог дана нас је неко држао. Неко ко види и кад ми не видимо. Неко ко нас заштити и кад не стигнемо да се помолимо. Верујем, Свети Нектарије је био ту. Тихо, ненаметљиво, како само светитељи умеју. Да руку постави, да ауто помери за метар, да ударац претвори у опомену, а не у крај.

Рука ће зацелити. Модрице ће проћи. Страх ће временом утихнути. Али захвалност, она остаје.

Јер тог дана нисмо само преживели судар.

Тог дана смо добили још једно сутра.

И научили да ништа није само случајно.

И да нас, где год да смо,

Господ чува.

Живот нам је тог дана враћен на дар, да га живимо пажљивије и захвалније. Између два удара остала је вера и она је била јача од страха. Кроз тај пролаз између аутомобила прошла је и Божја рука.

Зато, са смирењем и дубоком благодарношћу, благодарим Господу који нас је сачувао, и Светом Нектарију, тихом заштитнику и молитвенику, што је тог дана стао између нас и трагедије, и оставио нам живот као највећи благослов.

THE LAST STOP BEFORE HEAVEN

The morning in Novi Sad began ordinarily: a fine drizzle, a cold wind, and people who, as always, were rushing to get where they thought they had to be. I was among them, standing at the railway station under the canopy that already looked suspicious that night, but no one paid any attention. The crowd grew, and I believed it was just another morning under someone else's roof—an ordinary day in which no one suspected the tragedy to come.

An elderly man, who appeared like a shadow beside me, said quietly: "There are too many of us here." I didn't even look at him properly. "Everything is too much," I replied to myself, feeling a coldness in my chest, a vague fear.

He sighed, as if he knew something the rest of us did not. "Life does not like it when one waits too long under broken things." His words lingered in the air, but I didn't have time to ask what they meant, because first, there was the sound of cracking.

A thin vibration passed through the pillars. People turned, confused, trying to determine the source of the sound. Then came a second, deeper crack—as if the entire roof had exhaled its final breath.

In the next moment, the canopy collapsed.

I heard the screams through my own shock, through the dust, through the breaking of the structure. Everything collapsed before the eyes of those who didn't even have time to realize it was their final moment. Sixteen people, just a moment ago perfectly ordinary, became silence beneath the metal. I didn't know how I remained whole; the old man's hands had pulled me—forcefully, almost unbelievably. When I turned to thank him, he was gone. Only his bag remained, left as proof that he wasn't a phantom.

A small, crumpled piece of paper lay on the bench. My hands trembled as I opened it. It said: "Some never live to catch their bus."

Later, as the sirens pierced through the city, I realized that everything could end in an instant: life, waiting, the illusion that we have time. I stood before the open doors of the bus that arrived before the dust had even settled.

And I stepped inside. I felt the weight of the day, but also an indescribable gratitude. The tragedy left its mark, but it gave me a lesson I will forever remember: life is fragile, short, moments are precious, and courage is measured in the seconds that decide between life and death.

Alexandru Ovidiu Vintilă **إلِكْسانْدرو أوفيديو فينتيلا**

Romanian poet and essayist, born on September 26, 1977 (Suceava, Romania). With published works and various cultural activities.

15- Alexandru Ovidiu Vintilă **١٣٠- إلكْسانْدرو أوفيديو فينتيلا**

Poète et essayiste roumain, né le 26 septembre 1977 à Suceava (Roumanie). Docteur en histoire, membre de l'Union des Écrivains de Roumanie, branche de Iași, et président de la Société des écrivains de Bucovine. Rédacteur en chef de la revue "Bucovina literară" et membre des comités de rédaction des publications "Glasul Bucovinei" (Tchernovtsi) et "Scriptum" de la Bibliothèque de Bucovine "I.G. Sbiera" à Suceava. Il a publié plusieurs recueils et livres, et en a remporté différents prix.

شاعِرٌ وباحثٌ رومانِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد ٢٦ أيلول ١٩٧٧. في رصيده دواوينُ وكُتُبٌ عديدةٌ نالَ عن معظمها جوائِزَ أدبيَّة.

BEYROUTH *Mare Nostrum*

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem translated from Romanian into French by Elena-Brânduşa Steiciuc.

La nausée d'une bête
matin et soir
lorsque la haine pousse et se rétrécit
dans une ville éloignée

une citadelle brûlée par le soleil
le peu de courage que tu possèdes
après une guerre
assassine

et d'autres qui ont été et qui suivront probablement
à la limite toujours à la limite la vie
un oiseau long comme une ficelle
l'histoire vécue et l'histoire non-vécue
il reste encore du temps avant la fin du monde
et il est simple de descendre et puis de monter
au-dessus des nuages
un silence confus
dans la ville de Beyrouth l'âme des morts
la souffrance gît enlisée dans la poussière
mare nostrum
la méditerranée frappe aux portes de la vieille cité
des murailles de lumière serpentent doucement
et brûlent des feux couleur du sang
au large de la ville
l'arôme des épices qui flotte
la possibilité d'un langage des lettres blanches
sur des pages entièrement noires
dehors et dedans
les cèdres du Liban

Alina Railevna Makhmutova (Ana May) **ألينا ريليفنا ماخموتوفا (أنا مي)**

Russian poetess, born in Tatarstan, where she resides. With published works, prizes, honors and medals, and various cultural activities.
Poétesse russe, née au Tatarstan où elle réside. Avec des écrits publiés, des prix, des distinctions, et différentes activités culturelles.
شاعِرةٌ روسيَّةٌ، وُلِدَتْ في تَتَرِستان وتُقيمُ فيها. في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُختلِفة.

Осенняя нотка любви/A NOTE OF AUTUMN LOVE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Russian with English version.

Осенняя нотка любви

Давай пойдём сегодня гулять?
Бросим все дела и машину.
Встретимся в центре где-нибудь в пять.
Шагать по листве жёлтой ивы.

Хочу осенним ветром дышать,
Чтобы солнце грело мне спину.
Эту осень с тобой проживать,
Запить её кофеином.

A NOTE OF AUTUMN LOVE

Shall we go for a stroll today?
Let’s leave our chores and car behind.
Somewhere downtown, let's meet at five,
To walk where golden willows lie.

I long to breathe the autumn breeze,
With sunbeams warming up my back.
To live through autumn days with you,
And wash it down with caffeine.

Ankica Anchie (Biskupović) **أنكيتسا أنشي (بيسكوبوفيتش)**

Croatian poetess, writer and humanist, born in 1969 (Split, Croatia), with a strong international presence in the fields of literature, culture, and intercultural dialogue. Her

literary work encompasses poetry, prose, novels, children's literature, as well as satire, aphorisms, and humorous writings. Her creative expression combines lyrical sensitivity with philosophical and psychological reflection, promoting universal humanistic values and cultural diversity.
Poétesse, auteure et humaniste croate, née en 1969 à Split (Croatie). Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعِرَةٌ ومؤلّفةٌ ومُتَأَنسِنَةٌ كرواتيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد سْپليت (كرواتيا). في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مَتَنَوِّعَة.

I KAD ME NEMA, PJESMA ĆE ŠAPTATI
AND WHEN I AM GONE, THE SONG WILL WHISPER

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Croatian with English version.

I KAD ME NEMA, PJESMA ĆE ŠAPTATI

Noć mi se u kost uvukla,
hladnija od mramora što te pokriva.
Klečim pred sjenkom što više nije,
a duša te moja vječno doziva

Prašina crna plašt ti je tkala,
pod njim si vječna, al' meni si tu.
Obrazom dotičem hladnu humku,
kao da grlim prošlost u snu

Vjetar ti ime u granama šapće,
kao da duša još hodi s njim.
A ja te dozivam, vilinsku, dragu,
u trenu što stoji između nas sviju

Nijemo molim, ne mrvi tlo,
ti mravi mali, u ovoj tišini.
Svaki korak je težak bol,
što srce moje u tami čini

Otkucaj čekam, uzdah ti tražim,
ljuta na vjetar što grane kida.
Al' čuh tek travu, umornu, skrušenu,
kako pod zvijezdama tiho izdiše vida

Ponoćna kiša, sitna i gusta,
udara po prozoru kao glas savjesti,
kao sitni nokti nevidljivih ruku
što traže prolaz kroz hladne zidove sjećanja

Stara svijeća titra u kutu sobe
u vosku njenog plamena
plešu sjenke prošlih ljubavi,
zaboravljenih dodira što više ne pripadaju nikome

Svijet je postao premali za tugu,
a noć preširoka da bi je sakrila.
Nebo visi nisko, teško poput srži izgubljenih snova,

i u njegovim njedrima
vjetar raznosi riječi koje nikada nisu izgovorene

I ako me jednom tišina prekrije,
neće biti kraj, već nova melodija.
Jer stihovi moji, protiv tame bore se,
dokle god dišem, u vama moje srce stajat će

Negdje u noći, na granici sna,
gdje svijet prestaje i počinje sjena,
jedan glas, nježan poput pepela,
još uvijek šapuće tvoje ime

AND WHEN I AM GONE, THE SONG WILL WHISPER

Night seeps into my bones,
Colder than marble covering you.
I kneel before a shadow that is no more,
While my soul forever calls to you.

Black dust has woven you a cloak,
Beneath it you are eternal, yet here with me.
My cheek touches the cold mound,
as if I'm embracing the past in a dream.

The wind whispers your name in the branches,
as if your soul still walks with it.
And I call to you, my fairy, my beloved,
In the moment that stands between all of us.

Silently I plead, disturb not the earth,
You little ants, in this hush.
Each step is heavy pain,
That my heart shapes in the dark.

I wait for a heartbeat, seek out your breath,
angry at the wind tearing the branches.
But I hear only grass, weary and meek,
breathing softly, healing under the stars.

Midnight rain, fine and dense,
taps at the window like a voice of conscience,
like tiny nails of invisible hands
searching for a way through cold walls of memory.

An old candle flickers in the corner of the room,
in its melted wax
shadows of past loves dance,
forgotten touches that no longer belong to anyone.

The world has grown too small for sorrow,
the night too wide to hide it.
The sky hangs low, heavy as the marrow of lost dreams,
and in its cradle
the wind scatters words that were never spoken.

And if one day silence covers me,
it will not be the end, but a new melody.
For my verses fight the darkness,
as long as I breathe, my heart will remain in you.

Somewhere in the night, on the border of sleep,
where the world ends and shadow begins,
a voice, gentle as ash,
still whispers your name.

Anna Mavroidi أنـّا مافرويدي

Greek poetess, and member of the Union of Greek Literateurs. She studied Psychology at the American College of Greece (Deree College) and completed postgraduate studies in Clinical Psychology at the University of Indianapolis, as well as in Health Care Management at the Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers (CNAM). She is the author of five poetry collections, and her work has been featured in numerous anthologies and literary magazines. Her poetry has received multiple distinctions, with several individual poems earning awards in literary competitions. She holds diplomas in Piano, Vocal Music and Music Theory and Harmony. She has also attended a seminar in playwriting and a masterclass on the History of Theatrical Writing at the Creative Writing Workshop Tabula Rasa. Alongside her literary career, she works as a counselor and psychotherapist in her private practice in Athens, where she lives and writes.
Poétesse et psychologue grecque. Elle a à son actif des recueils publiés et diverses activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعرةٌ يونانيَّةٌ، درسَتْ علم النَّفس والفنون. في رصيدها دواوينُ مَنشورةٌ وأنشطةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

ΘΕΑΜΑ ΑΛΛΟΚΟΤΟ/STRANGE SPECTACLE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Greek with English version.

ΘΕΑΜΑ ΑΛΛΟΚΟΤΟ

Με όλα σου τα τραύματα μ’ αγκάλιασες,
γέμισες το σώμα μου με αίματα
και το χαμόγελο έσπασε
στον θρίαμβο της ειρωνείας των ματιών σου.

Παράδοξη σκηνοθεσία σε θέαμα αλλόκοτο.
Γυαλιά στο δάπεδο σπασμένα,
στις χούφτες μου καρφιά για ενθυμήσεις.

Ένα βροχερό απόγευμα έγινε η εξόδιος.
Η θλίψη έχασκε από τις τσέπες
και η συγχώρεση ήταν πολύ νωπή
για να στεγνώσει τον θυμό μου…

STRANGE SPECTACLE

With all your wounds you embraced me,
filling my body with blood,
and your smile shattered
in the triumph of irony in your eyes.

A curious staging— a strange spectacle.
Broken glass scattered on the floor,
nails in my palms for remembrance.

It was a rainy afternoon, the funeral.
Sorrow gaped from my pockets,
and forgiveness was too damp
to dry my anger…

Arwa Ben Dhia **أروى بن ضِياء**

French Tunisian poetess, translator and telecommunications engineer, born in Tunis, 1986, and living in France since 2009. With published collections of poetry, prizes and literary and cultural activities.

Poétesse, ingénieure brevets et Ambassadrice de Paix (CUAP) franco-tunisienne, née à Tunis en 1986, vivant en France depuis 2009. Elle a à son actif des recueils de poèmes publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعِرةٌ ومُتَرجِمَةٌ ومُهَندِسَةُ اتِّصالات فرنسيَّةٌ-تونسيَّةٌ، من مَواليد تونس عام ١٩٨٦، تُقيمُ في فرنسا منذ عام ٢٠٠٩. لها دواوينُ شِعر مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

MAGMA

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in French.

Fuégienne,
Je renaîtrai en Terre de Feu.
En Argentine,
Je grandirai fière bohémienne.
Ma lave périodique est sanguine,
Ma cyprine éternelle est cristalline,
Mon magma sulfureux est pourpre.
Chaleur, chaleur dans mon cratère!
Vapeur, vapeur dans mes geysers!
Le silence de mes courbes
Se sculpte en ardent basalte.
Mes fumerolles tracent des fractales
Invisibles aux âmes corrompues.

21- Arwa Ben Dhia **١٢٤- أروى بن ضِياء**

Mon halo de fumée est une auréole
Dessinée par un peintre méconnu.
Je suis poème avant d'être femme,
Poussière d'étoiles avant d'être flamme.

Beisa Romanić بايْسا رومانيش

Serbian academic, poetess, and prose writer, born on August 8, 1946 (Banja Luka, Bosnia and Herzegovine). She graduated from the Faculty of Philosophy at the University of Novi Sad, 1979, majoring in Russian Language, thereby earning the title of Professor of the Russian Language. She worked at the Cultural and Educational Community in Novi Sad for fifteen years as a cultural advisor, holding a certificate as a quilified cultural studies specialist. She dedicated her working life to education and culture, out of which she worked in Bosnia and Herzegovina for 4 years, and 26 in Vojvodina. She was a participant of a lot of congresses, councils, as well as memberships of the boards, committees, seminars, literary events and panel discussions, and festivals in her home country and abroad. She writes prose and poetry since her early youth.

Universitaire, poétesse et auteure serbe, né le 8 août 1946 à Banja Luka (Bosnie Herzégovine). Elle a à son actif plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

جامعيَّةٌ وشاعرةٌ وكاتبةٌ صِربيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد الثَّامِن مِن آب ١٩٤٦. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ و ثقافيَّة.

KUĆE UMIRU BEZ LJUDI
HOUSES ARE DYING WITH NO PEOPLE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Serbian with English version.

KUĆE UMIRU BEZ LJUDI

Starice, evo pred tobom stojim
S pogledom čudnim u tami
Klanjam se do zemlje duboko
U našoj jadnoj, tužnoj osami
Ni pogled ne možeš da uzvratiš
Kao da i ti postiđena stojiš
Znaš da te se dobro sjećam
Iz onih dana koje ne brojiš
Neću te pitati baš ništa sada
Prljava stakla tako se stide
Ni škripu vrata ja ne čujem,
Zidovi žmure, neće da me vide
Ćutim i ja kao ona

I čekam da se oglasi graja
S krova crijepovi lagano klize
To kuća umire bez svoga sjaja

HOUSES ARE DYING WITH NO PEOPLE

Old woman, here I am before you
With a strange look in the dark
I'm bowing deeply down to the floor
In our poor solitude, with a sad heart
You can't even look back at me
As if you're embarressed too there
You know I remember you well
Since the days you count no more
I won't ask you anything at all now
Dirty glass panes feeling so ashamed
I can't even hear the door squeak
Walls don't want to see me regained
I am silent just like she is, too
Waiting for the hubbub to appear
Tiles are sliding down the roofs
Lo, a house is dying without its cheer

Bernard Flory

بِـرنار فـْلوري

French short story writer, born on the 1st of January 1944 in Lyon (France). With published writings and various social, literary, and cultural activities.
Nouvelliste français, né le 1er janvier 1944 à Lyon (France). Licencié en philosophie à la faculté des lettres de Lyon en 1965, il fait des études à l'I.E.P. de Paris («Sciences-Po»), et est diplômé en 1967. Il effectue son service militaire au titre de la Coopération, en tant qu'enseignant à Toronto (Canada) de 1968 à 1970. Cadre de banque, de 1970 à 1973, puis dans la gestion des ressources humaines pour le reste de sa carrière, de 1973 à 2002. Parmi ses centres d'intérêt, citons l'écriture, surtout des poèmes (non publiés), depuis 1976 sans compter les poèmes d'adolescence; quelques nouvelles (non publiées); la photographie; des lectures nombreuses et variées (romans, poésie, philosophie et sciences humaines, théologie); des voyages sur les cinq continents et plusieurs séjours à l'étranger: Toronto (20 mois) – Dakar (6 mois) – Gabon (3,5 ans); cinéma et peinture (visites de musées et d'expositions); et nombreuses activités bénévoles dans des associations.

كاتِبُ قصصٍ فرنسيٌّ، مِن مَواليد الأوَّل مِن كانون الثَّاني ١٩٤٤ في ليون (فرنسا). في رصيده كتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

LE VŒU

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Text in French.

23- Bernard Flory

١٢٢- برنار فلوري

Il y avait naguère un petit garçon appelé Paul, qui avait obtenu, grâce à une bonne action sans doute mais l'histoire ne dit pas laquelle, de voir exaucé le vœu qu'il prononcerait.
C'était donc en un temps et un lieu encore plongés dans le monde des contes de mon enfance, où les lois physiques qui régentent notre vie de façon aussi draconienne que profondément assommante n'avaient pas cours.
Paul, enfant sage s'il en était, n'avait droit qu'à un vœu, et prit le temps de la réflexion.
Après mûre délibération avec lui-même, il déclara à l'esprit bienveillant qui s'était manifesté à lui (je traduis en termes d'adulte ce que l'enfant a dit dans les mots de son âge) :
« Que toutes les souffrances, que toutes les peines de l'existence me soient épargnées, tant physiques que morales. Que, chaque fois que se produira un événement susceptible de les causer, ma conscience se mette en veille. Que, si ma demande est accordée, je garde le contrôle de la situation en toutes circonstances, j'agisse et parle comme si rien de spécial ne se passait, de sorte que personne ne puisse le savoir… »
Il faut même avouer que Paul n'en a pas dit autant. Son interlocuteur a su deviner, expliciter, reformuler.

Dès l'enfance les contrariétés ne manquent pas, mais certaines – la plupart même – doivent être acceptées, quoi qu'il en coûte : ainsi d'aller à l'école si on ne veut pas mourir idiot et trouver, adulte, un emploi intéressant ; ainsi se faire opérer de l'appendicite pour ne pas en mourir, comme ce voisin qui par conviction refusait la chirurgie. La solution retenue fut qu'il mènerait la vie de tout le monde, simplement sa conscience se retirerait, serait temporairement annihilée en somme, en cas de situation douloureuse, pénible ou simplement ennuyeuse, lors même que toutes ses facultés physiques et intellectuelles maintenues lui permettraient d'acquérir des connaissances, de faire face à toutes les circonstances de la vie, d'en conserver la mémoire. Bien entendu, aucune des personnes avec lesquelles il entrait en relation ne devait s'en apercevoir.
Pour une pleine efficacité du mécanisme, il devait se déclencher automatiquement dès que Paul ressentait du désagrément, même infime, ou même se trouvait dans des conditions propres à en susciter. Ce retrait de la conscience se produisait aussitôt, sans qu'il en garde la maîtrise.

Tant que dura l'enfance, ce fut merveilleux.
Comme chacun sait, l'enfant, tout à l'émotion de l'instant, passe très vite de la joie à la tristesse, ou la colère, du rire aux larmes, et vice versa.
Paul vivait pleinement à l'heure des jeux ; dès qu'un camarade se fâchait, l'agressait, sa conscience se retirait, pour revenir rapidement au plaisir du jeu.
En classe ou à la maison, il s'adonnait maintenant à l'excitation que procure le chahut ou la transgression des interdits – sans crainte du châtiment, car dès que s'annonçaient la réprimande ou même la punition, son pouvoir lui permettait d'échapper aux conséquences. Bien sûr, il en conservait le souvenir. Mais la réminiscence d'un moment désagréable n'est pas toujours désagréable, et souvent même nos souvenirs les plus chers sont faits de ces instants.
Précisons, s'il le faut, que ses « transgressions » restaient dans un cadre d'espièglerie propres à son âge, sans méchanceté ni conséquences.

Une fois adolescent, sa vie se compliqua. Cet âge trouble formé de sentiments complexes, parfois contradictoires, un âge qui volontiers se délecte à des ruminations où une mélancolie morose s'allie à des élans de joie confuse.
Le délicat mécanisme de retrait implanté en lui s'en trouva perturbé.
Ou plutôt Paul n'en retirait plus le même bénéfice.
Il n'arrivait pas à vivre pleinement, comme d'autres de son âge, des situations passionnantes mais où entraient des moments d'appréhension ou de conflit.
Ainsi, il courtisait une fille et lui proposait des rendez-vous.
Oui, elle en avait envie, mais par coquetterie ou par pudeur (sentiments dont il ne savait pas percevoir les manifestations), elle ne répondait pas ou de façon dilatoire ; alors il s'angoissait ou s'impatientait – ce qui le faisait sombrer dans le néant du retrait.
Mais le dialogue se poursuivait, avec lui et sans lui selon la manière dont on l'appréhende. Si enfin elle disait « oui », la conscience lui revenait aussitôt, une conscience ivre de bonheur, mais vite contrecarrée par la crainte d'un possible revirement ou de quoi que ce soit de nature à le décevoir – et cette simple appréhension le faisait chavirer à nouveau dans ce trou sombre de l'inconscience dont il ne voulait pas.
Pauvre Paul ! On peut essayer d'imaginer toute une rencontre amoureuse passée de la sorte….

Comme tout lecteur de contes le sait, un tel vœu est irrévocable. De toute façon, il aurait fallu commencer par aller retrouver le (bon ?) génie qui l'avait octroyé. Paul ne savait comment s'y prendre. Existait-il seulement encore ? Car nous entrions dans cet assommant monde contemporain si prosaïque où ce genre de choses n'a pas cours.
Au fait, souhaitait-il vraiment renoncer ? Pas vraiment, dès qu'il dressait un bilan global, mettant d'un côté les bons moments – toujours trop rares certes, mais n'oublions pas qu'ils représentaient 100% de son temps de conscience – et de l'autre tous les ennuis et tourments qu'il évitait grâce à son pouvoir.

Et pourtant !... Il en constata encore le caractère inopportun lors d'un voyage touristique en Egypte.
Ce voyage, comme il l'avait voulu de tout son être, se documentant sans cesse, prenant des petits boulots autant que le lui permettait la poursuite de ses études, s'imposant des privations pires que celles d'un ascète pour économiser et pouvoir se l'offrir. Enfin il était parti. Rarement eût-on pu voir passager plus joyeux sur le vol de départ.

Arrivé au Caire, il eut la migraine. Rien de vraiment insupportable, mais assez pour mettre en route le processus, qui continua lorsqu'il visita le grandiose musée du Caire et les pyramides de Gizeh. Enfin peut-on parler de « visites » pour un homme qui déambule dans un état comateux, prenant par ailleurs des photos et questionnant le guide, donnant toute l'apparence du parfait touriste cultivé et curieux de tout. Et au fond de lui-même ne jouissant de rien.
Les jours suivants ce furent primo la chaleur excessive secundo un mal de dent qui persista quatre jours jusqu'à ce qu'on lui déniche un dentiste qui paraisse acceptable tertio une foulure à la cheville comme il descendait du car et pour finir un début d'angine.
Bref, il ramena des souvenirs à la pelle – le paradoxe étant que ces éclipses de la conscience n'empêchent le travail de la mémoire – mais des souvenirs sans vie sans chair et sans saveur, glacés comme une collection de manuels juridiques sur une étagère poussiéreuse ; il ramena des photos, moins bonnes que celles des livres qu'il avait achetés ou consultés, et sans le goût du vécu, pour trouver au retour un compte en banque vide et surtout un immense sentiment de frustration … qui fit que sa conscience se retirait chaque fois qu'il y songeait.

Doué, il fit de bonnes études et mena une carrière réussie de cadre supérieur.
La vie des affaires peut ressembler à la vie sentimentale, avec ses hauts et ses bas, ses succès et ses échecs – d'ailleurs la plupart du temps des demi-succès et des demi-échecs. Certains jours les tracas les plus divers se multipliaient à l'envi, surgissant à l'improviste et de toutes parts comme des ennemis avides de tuerie et de sang sur un champ de bataille. Le reste de sa vie, sociale, familiale, comportait aussi ses désillusions, ses moments de doute ou même de colère.
D'un côté, son pouvoir – si l'on peut dire, car il ne sentait aucun « pouvoir » sur celui-ci – , le protégeait, mais d'un autre côté, l'ayant rendu de plus en plus exigeant quant à la qualité et à l'intensité des moments considérés comme agréables, sa conscience fuyait au premier signal d'un déplaisir éventuel.
Souvent il aspirait à vivre pleinement sa vie, avec ses ombres et ses lumières, et non seulement par des réminiscences où tous les événements se décoloraient, s'affadissaient, ressemblaient à des photos pâlissantes et sans vie dans un album. Et cette simple pensée l'emplissait de tristesse – et abaissait le rideau de la conscience.
Vous auriez rencontré Paul, sans doute n'auriez-vous rien soupçonné. Un air un peu détaché peut-être, vaguement absent, pas plus que d'autres, les grands distraits ou ceux qu'habite une passion, une idée fixe. Beaucoup de ceux qui l'ont connu lui enviaient son égalité d'humeur face aux obstacles et aux turbulences. Comment auraient-ils pu savoir que ce qu'ils prenaient pour du courage ne résultait que d'une absence de souffrance ? Comment, surtout, auraient-ils pu en deviner la terrible contrepartie ?
Et de plus en plus cette infernale machine à gommer la conscience s'affolait, avec des éclipses parfois longues, mais surtout de plus en plus fréquentes. En une même soirée, elle pouvait le faire partir et revenir soixante fois, à un rythme moyen de toutes les trente secondes.

Paul a soixante ans aujourd'hui. Il marche le long de la grève, dans l'odeur lourde du sel marin et des algues, dans la musique cadencée du ressac, traversée du contrepoint strident et bref qu'apportent les cris des mouettes..
Le ciel bleuit, se confond au loin avec la mer sous l'effet d'une brume invisible mais permanente. Quelques points jaunes, les réverbères, viennent de s'allumer, créent des reflets tremblotants sur la mer. Bientôt toute cette matière à la fois étrangère et fraternelle qui donne forme et densité au monde – notre monde, celui que délimitent nos yeux et nos souvenirs, celui que nos pas ont parcouru et que notre regard a caressé – tout cela va s'engloutir dans la nuit.
Il contemple les vagues de ce jour finissant : elles arrivent lentement dans un doux bruissement, leur front bombé roulant sur les galets, elles expirent dans une mélodie frissonnante et fluide accompagnée du grelot minéral des pierres remuées par elles. Bientôt d'autres arrivent, très semblables mais jamais parfaitement identiques, comme les visages humains, dans la stupéfiante diversité créatrice de la vie. Mouvement et renouvellement éternels, image du temps et de l'éternité à la fois.
« Rien qu'une image », songe Paul. Une apparence. Il y manque une conscience.
« Une conscience… Combien d'épisodes de mon existence se sont déroulés sans moi ?
« Quelle différence entre ces vagues entraînées par un mouvement qui ne vient pas d'elles, sur lequel elles ne peuvent rien, et promises à la mort, d'avec ma propre vie ?
« Aucune. Dans mon cas, l'image correspond à une triste vérité… », eut-il juste le temps de penser, en regardant avec envie les rares passants qui, eux, avaient ce privilège d'éprouver de la peine et de souffrir sans que rien ne soit retranché de leur temps de vie.
Il reprit sa marche tandis que sa conscience disparaissait avec le jour.
Une centaine de mètres plus loin, il se réveilla, se rappelant qu'une bouteille de son vin préféré l'attendait dans sa villa du bord de mer. Et surtout à l'évocation d'un rendez-vous le lendemain avec une charmante femme, de dix ans plus jeune que lui, qui saurait, espérait-il, combler sa solitude, lui qui avait vu mourir son épouse au terme d'une longue maladie il y a quelques années.

Plusieurs années après.
Il a connu un nouvel amour, s'est remarié. Mais aujourd'hui, il est dans son lit. La douleur, que bien évidemment il n'a pas éprouvée mais dont sa mémoire lui donne connaissance, s'est calmée. Il repose en paix.

25- Bernard Flory

١٢٠- بـرنار فـلوري

Sa vie – la seule vraie, celle où sa conscience restait éveillée – s'est déroulée comme un film en accéléré qui se serait de plus en plus affolé au fil des ans. Et tous ces derniers mois notamment, depuis que sa maladie s'est déclarée, la plupart du temps alité, le corps traversé d'ondes de souffrance – non ressenties – autrement dit une longue nuit, dont rarement il a émergé, comme ce matin.
Dehors, un azur impeccable, minéral et dur comme du diamant, soulignant par contraste le fragilité de sa chair – de son pauvre corps rongé de l'intérieur et voué à la dissolution – et l'indifférence du cosmos à l'égard d'une mort d'homme.
Un chant d'oiseau, un rire, tout proches, qui lui parviennent pourtant comme d'un autre monde, un monde dont il est exilé par la mort ; la mort, installée en lui depuis longtemps, dont il sait maintenant qu'elle va achever son travail de sape. Maintenant.
Dans une fraction de seconde qui vaut une éternité, il réalise avec épouvante qu'il va perdre une vie inauthentique, trop brève, trop artificielle en un sens ; dénuée de toute la consistance d'une vie d'homme qu'apporte la souffrance vécue et affrontée. En outre, comme il a été dépossédé de sa vie, il va, par l'effet mécanique de son absurde vœu, être dépossédé de sa mort.
Cette idée le rend fou, il voudrait résister – en vain, il sombre dans un gouffre sans fond. C'est la fin.

Mais non : il s'éveille, voit le visage penché vers le sien, un visage crispé par une tristesse qui refuse de se montrer, mais tellement aimant. Elle parle, il ne comprend pas, il est arrivé au-delà des mots et du sens. La paix et la joie l'envahissent comme il rend son dernier souffle.

Boris Jovanović Kastel

بوريس يوفانوفيش كستِل

Montenegrin poet, and essayist, born on December 15, 1971 in Trebinje. With 30 published works, and various literary and cultural activities. His awards iclude the Nosside World Poetry Praise, awarded under the auspices of UNESCO's World Poetry Directorate in Reggio di Calabria, 2011.
Poète et essayiste montenégrin, né le 15 décembre 1971 à Trebinje. Il a à son actif 30 livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعرٌ وباحِثٌ مُنْتِنِغرِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد ١٥ كانون الأوَّل ١٩٧١. في رصيده ٣٠ كتابًا مَنشورًا، وجوائزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

GO WITHOUT DOUBT/LA GALÈRE DES PHÉNICIENS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Two poems, one in English version translated by Dragan M. Vugdelić (NNLP, 2018), the other in Frenh version, translated by Jasna Šamić (NNLP, 2018).

GO WITHOUT DOUBT

Ride away out of the time,
slap the Pharisees in the face
and show them the way to psychiatry.
Carve the ship screw from your elbow,
place a shin instead of a keel
and grease the anchor windlass with ichor
from the knees cut on the cobblestone relief.
Go without hesitation,

panting and sweating
because, if eternity suspects
that you are merciful to people,
it will close the expanses
right before your stem
and throw the key into the seven seas.

LA GALÈRE DES PHÉNICIENS

Aujourd'hui, au large de Malte, des plongeurs
ont découvert une galère phénicienne
à la voile carrée
et avec une ancre en bronze,
datant de l'an 700 avant JC,
au nom inconnu,
avec une charge certaine,
avec des amphores pleines d'esprits.
La plus vieille relique
coulée entre la Sicile et Malte,
est convoitée par les archéologues avides.
Les Phéniciens ont déjà construit une nouvelle barque
faite des cyprès
de mon jardin, après le toast festif,
pour continuer à naviguer au-delà
du temps et de la boussole,
sans même m'attendre un centième de seconde.

Cao Xiaohang **شاو كسياوانغ**

Chinese poetess, member of the Shanghai Writers' Association and part-time professor at Shanghai University. Her poetry has been published in magazines such as Poetry Journal, Poetry Exploration, and Caotang. She has publicly published a poetry collection "One Meter Away", a documentary work "Crazy New Aristocracy", and novellas "Death of the Prosecutor", "Little Nanny in the Prosecutor's Home", etc…
Poétesse Chinoise, avec des écrits publiés, et différentes activités culturelles.
شاعِرةٌ صينيَّةٌ، في رصيدها كتاباتٌ مَنشورةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّة.

秋天的半张脸/AUTUMN'S HALF FACE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Chinese, with English version by Thomas Blackadar and Melissa Li.

秋天的半张脸

咖啡热着，门外的流浪者听着歌
他们偷走了声音和撩人夜色
我的秋天也被偷了
那个故事里编出来的寄语
注定风干

你看，香泡树挂着金黄的乳房
引诱我们赊账春天播种
野狐狸走过，掠夺的鸟儿
在啄吃夏天伏地的水稻
那些稻草人在流泪

房顶进贡的人
劝我双手投降，交出心肝和披风
拿去吧，我赤裸如风中的石头
盘旋的河流在你的手掌
被迫的我，也是你们的果实

拿去吧，你已劈开一朵藏匿的祥云
背叛黎明

AUTUMN'S HALF FACE

Coffee's hot, vagabonds listen to songs outside.
Their stolen voices mix with the exciting night.
My autumn was also stolen.
Woven from that story- its whisper.
Doomed to parch in the wind.

You see the pomelos hanging like a yellow breast
Seducing us to borrow spring's seeds.
Wild foxes steal by. Plundering birds
Feed on summer's rice paddy,
The scarecrows shed tears.

Men offering tribute on the roof
Urge me raise two hands in surrender, abandon coat and conscience.
Take it, I am naked like a stone in the wind.
The winding river in your palm
Enslaves me, that too is your fruit.

Take it away. Your fingers part before a hidden cloud
Betraying the dawn.

Cathie Cayros (pen name) **كاتي كايْروس**

Russian French writer, born in Moscow, living in France for about 30 years, not far from the Swiss border. Doctor of Medical Sciences, writing is still a fairly new field for her. She is a member of the Presidium of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune" (ILACT), member of the Eurasian Creative Guild, the Union of Writers of North America. Participant and winner of many international awards, competitions and festivals, awarded diplomas and prizes. She has more than thirty publications in different countries of the world.

Femme médecin et écrivaine russo-française, vivant en France depuis trois décades. À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

طبيبةٌ وكاتِبةٌ روسيَّةٌ فرنسيَّةٌ، مُقيمَةٌ في فرنسا منذ ثلاثة عُقود. في رصيدها كتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

YOU STOLE MY HEART

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Text in English.

The lake waves are splashing around my feet, lapping the shore, running away and coming back to me. Their Music is like nothing else. It has its own peculiarities: its deep-toned chords highlight its power, as if it's not even a lake - it sounds like an endless ocean bay - and then come gentle trills, the lyrical part that inspires the romantic spirit. What a fantastic symphony! At this very moment, the waves are getting closer and closer to my feet, performing their mundane dance, touching my skin gently and calming me down. The colour of the lake is changing; the water goes from light to dark. Its surface looks like a piano keyboard, where a talented musician's hands are flying masterly above the black and white keys. Who knows for how many centuries have people been admiring your beauty, standing on this shore and thinking about the same thing? You, the blue and grey sky-like greatness, have always been urging their imagination, and they have always honoured you in their artworks - our heritage, the memory of our ancestors.

Daizy Zamora **ديْزي زامورا**

Nicaraguan poetess, essayist, columnist, traductor, and culture promoter. With published books, prizes and various cultural and literary activities.

Poétesse, essayiste, chroniqueuse, traductrice et promotrice de culture nicaraguayenne. Avec des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles et littéraires.

شاعرةٌ وباحثةٌ وصِحافيَّةٌ ومُتَرجِمَةٌ ومُرَوِّجَةُ ثقافةٍ نيكاراغويَّة. في رصيدها كتبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ وأدبيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

OBLIGACIÓN DE CANTAR

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in Spanish.

AMOR EN CLAROSCURO

A Lillian Levy
y Lizandro Chávez Alfaro

I

Laberintos
poblados de fantasmas

y estancias
por donde a veces

entra el sol.

II

Que aquella hora de perfección
regrese vívida, en sueños,

a la vez colma y perturba.

III

A las pruebas me remito.

Aquí están: la quemadura,
las marcas, las cicatrices,

y aquí, las cenizas.

Daniel de Culla دانييل دِه كويًا

Spanish writer, poet, painter, and photographer. He is a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Poets of theWorld, (IA) International Authors, Surrealism Art, Friends of The Blake Society, Nietzsche Circle, and others. Writes and collaborates in many poetry festivals and with various magazines and reviews all over the world.

Écrivain, poète, peintre et photographe espagnol. Membre de plusieurs associations et cercles, ayant à son actif des écrits publiés et beaucoup de travaux artistiques.

كاتِبٌ وشاعِرٌ وتَشكيلِيٌّ ومُصَوِّرٌ إسبانِيّ. عُضوُ جَمعيَّات ومُنتَدَيات عديدة، وفي رَصيده كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ، إلى أعمال فنِّيَّة مُتَنَوِّعَة.

FICTION-NON FICTION

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Text in English.

Isabel' photo

SUMMER HORIZON

In view of this Isabel G. de Diego's beautiful image, one feels awestruck by that horizon of light that seeks to overcome the approaching darkness.

There are stormy clouds in the cottony souls of the sky that shine like the loves and heartbreaks foretold by horoscopes in celebrity magazines.

As the deer goes to water, so the sky descends to earth to form a darkness of love that unites our lives in a spring of eternal love.

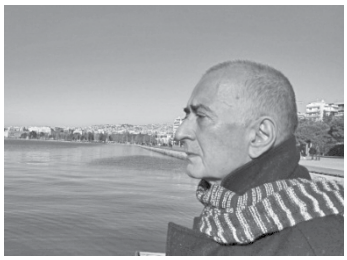
This man and the children walk toward the Summer Horizon, listening to the silent voice of the sunset that ceaselessly invites us to sing the joy of living.

Although the clouds announce storms, peace fills the heart. This peace of being united between heaven and earth, parents and children, with all living beings whose groaning is the path to a body of global brotherhood.

Heaven descends to earth to renew the mystery of love.

Together, and sometimes without seeing each other, we celebrate Life in a moment of unease as the evening draws on, tired from our work.

-Daniel de Culla



Dusăn Gojkov **دوشان غويكوف**

Serbian poet, short story writer, novelist, essayist, journalist, radio drama director, born in 1965 (Belgrade, Yugoslavia). Founder and editor-in-chief of the first European online literary magazine Balkan Literary Herald. He published 15 books of prose and one poetry collection; dramatized and directed around 250 prose and poetry works for radio, and has reported for the Yugoslav press from 37 countries. Secretary General of PEN Armãn.

Poète serbe, nouvelliste, romancier, essayiste, journaliste et metteur en scène de dramatiques radiophoniques, né en 1965 à Belgrade (Yougoslavie). Fondateur et rédacteur en chef de la première revue littéraire européenne en ligne, Balkan Literary Herald. Il a publié quinze ouvrages en prose et un recueil de poésie, adapté et mis en scène environ 250 œuvres en prose et en poésie pour la radio et a collaboré avec la presse yougoslave dans 37 pays. Secrétaire général du PEN Club d'Armán.

شاعِرٌ وكاتبُ قصص قصيرة وروائيٌّ وكاتبُ مقالات وصحافيٌّ ومخرجُ مسلسلات إذاعيَّة صِربيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٦٥ (بلغراد، يوغوسلافيا سابقًا). مؤسِّسُ ورئيسُ تحرير أوَّل مجلَّة أدبيَّة إلكترونيَّة أورُبِّيَّة، "بالكان ليتيراري هيرالد". نشر ١٥ كتابًا نثريًّا ومجموعة شعريَّة واحدة؛ وقامَ بِاقتِباسِ حوالى ٢٥٠ مِن الأعمال النَّثريَّة والشِّعريَّة وإخراجِها للإذاعة، وغطَّى أحداثًا صحافيَّةً في ٣٧ دولة لحساب الدَّولة اليوغوسلافيَّة؛ وهو الأمينُ العامُّ لمنظَّمة القَلَم (PEN) أرمان.

LES CHANSONS TRISTES

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in English.

№ 4

she
sadly packing winter clothes in the closet
trying to remember
where has she lost the past year
which was the first and last for many things
he
leaning against the bed
writes meaningless pathetic verses which do not even rhyme
but actually trying to remember
how and where the heck did he lose the past year
he comes closer to the window it's spring time
the street is dark and there is no more light, golden and grainy, from the wooden pole
that light that smells of fresh warm bread
and of winter
do you remember that some time ago we planned to travel to paris
and we still haven't gone
together
you say your tea is getting cold

it’s good to write poetry
you always have at hand a little piece of paper on which you can put the seeds from the cherry dumplings

Dušan Žugić دوشان زوغيتـنش

Serbian poet, humanist and engineer, born in 1971 (Sarajevo) where he lived until the 1990s, when, due to the civil war in Yugoslavia, he moved with his parents and sister to the Boka Kotorska, Montenegro. He spent his youth in Herceg Novi, where he published his first book of poetry. He graduated from the Maritime Faculty in Kotor, and has been a member of the Association of Writers of Serbia since 2018. He lives and works now in Belgrade.
Poète, humaniste et ingénieur serbe, né en 1971 à Sarajevo. Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعِرٌ وإنسانويٌّ ومُهَندِسٌ صِربِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد سارايفو عامَ ١٩٧١. في رصيده كتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

MANIFEST/MANIFESTO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Text in Serbian with English version.

MANIFEST

Ostavi poeziju za sobom
kao grad u kome si rođen,
kao poslednju veliku ljubav.

Napiši pesmu - zaboravi na pesmu.
Zasiti dušu pomorandžama.
Vrati se uvek ili se ne vraćaj nikad.

Ako je potrebno
zaustavi vreme,
petljaj,
padaj u nesvest;
sakrivaj se ispod sudopera.

Nikad ne prekidaj putovanje.

MANIFESTO

Leave poetry behind you
like the city you were born in,
like your last great love.

Write a poem – forget the poem.
Fill your soul with oranges.
Return always, or never return.
If needed,
stop time,
meddle,
faint;
hide under the kitchen sink.
Never abandon the journey.

Elena Luz Martinez **إلينا لوز مارتينيز**

Canadian poetess, author and essayist from Quebec. With published writings, and various cultural activities.
Poétesse, auteure et essayiste canadienne québéquoise. Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعِرةٌ ومؤلّفَةٌ وباحِثَةٌ كَنَدِيَّةٌ مِن الكيبيك. في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ متنوّعة.

LE DIABLE PLEURE AUSSI

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Text in French.

LA CAGE

«*C'est seulement maintenant que je comprends que toute violence est une violence*.»
Kim Thúy

1- L'OISEAU BLEU

Il était mille fois un oiseau bleu qu'on disait merveilleux. Son plumage d'une rare beauté captait la lumière, et son chant, pur et mélodieux, enchantait ceux qui l'entendaient. Dans toute la contrée, il était admiré. Mais un jour, un homme au cœur tourmenté le captura et l'enferma dans une spacieuse cage dorée.
— C'est pour te protéger, murmura-t-il en glissant une graine entre les barreaux. Ici, tu seras en sécurité, loin des envieux et de leur folie.
L'oiseau, d'abord surpris, observa les reflets dorés de sa prison. Il avait de l'espace pour voleter et de la nourriture en abondance. Alors, il chanta, croyant encore qu'un jour, on lui rouvrirait la porte.
Parfois, l'homme entrouvrait la cage, laissant croire à une liberté retrouvée. Poussé par l'instinct, l'oiseau tentait alors de s'élancer, mais un fil d'argent, solidement noué à sa patte gauche, l'arrêtait dans son vol. À chaque tentative, il se fracassait contre les barreaux, son chant se brisant dans l'écho métallique.

— Pourquoi fais-tu cela? demanda l'oiseau un jour, haletant après une nouvelle chute.
L'homme prit l'oiseau dans sa main et caressa doucement ses plumes.
— Parce que je t'aime. Parce que dehors, ils voudraient tous te posséder, te briser. Ici, je prends soin de toi.
L'oiseau baissa les yeux. Son cœur battait vite, trop vite.
— Mais à quoi sert un ciel que je ne peux atteindre?
L'homme soupira, resserrant légèrement ses doigts autour de la frêle patte de l'oiseau.
— Tu ne comprends pas… Un jour, tu me remercieras.

II - L'ENVOL

Les jours devinrent des mois, puis des années. L'oiseau ne chantait presque plus. Son regard s'éteignait un peu plus à chaque battement d'aile avorté. Pourtant, il n'avait pas oublié le goût du vent. Alors, il rassembla ses forces et, dans un ultime élan de désespoir, tira sur le fil d'argent qui entravait sa liberté. Il tira si fort que le métal entailla sa chair jusqu'à l'os… mais il ne s'arrêta pas.
Le fil finit par céder.
L'oiseau, tremblant, la patte ensanglantée, regarda une dernière fois la cage et l'homme qui le fixait, interdit. Puis, sans attendre, il s'envola.
Très, très loin.
Quand l'homme revint vers la cage vide, il n'y trouva que quelques plumes éparses, l'écho d'un chant autrefois vibrant et quelques graines intactes au fond de la mangeoire.
L'oiseau, lui, mit longtemps à guérir. Son aile était lourde du souvenir des barreaux, son chant brisé par trop de silences. Mais il se fit une promesse : plus jamais on ne l'enfermerait. Désormais, s'il choisissait de se poser çà et là au gré des saisons.
Pour chanter à nouveau. Pour s'envoler.

Elisabetta Bonaparte إليزابتّا بونابَرْتِه

Italian poetess, writer, lawyer and teacher, born on February 25, 1980. With two poetry collections: "Il volo della rondine" and "Antiche Verità", prizes, and cultural activities.
Poétesse, écrivaine et institutrice italienne, née le 25 février 1980. Elle a à son actif deux recueils, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.
شاعرةٌ وكاتبةٌ ومحاميةٌ ومدرِّسَةٌ إيطاليَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد ٢٥ شباط ١٩٨٠. في رصيدها ديوانان مَنشوران وأنشطةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ متَنَوِّعَة.

A MANI NUDE/WITH BARE HANDS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Italian with English version.

A MANI NUDE

Ognuno dovrebbe ascoltare con il cuore,
spegnere il frastuono del rancore

e riuscire a vedere
ciò che si sa solo guardare.

Ognuno dovrebbe offrire aiuto
affinché l'altro possa riempire un sorriso
cosicché ciascuno possa nutrirsi di gaudio
alla tavola della fratellanza.

Ognuno dovrebbe smantellare i pali
del proprio recinto
e seminare la pace
a mani nude
nell'intero mondo.

WITH BARE HANDS

Everyone should listen with their heart
turn off the din of resentment
and be able to see
what one only knows how to look at.

Everyone should offer themselves
so that the other can fill with a smile
and each can be nourished with joy
at the table of brotherhood.

Everyone should dismantle the poles
of their own enclosure
and sow peace
with bare hands
in the whole world.

Emilija Todorova إميليا تودوروفا

Macedonian-Australian poetess and writer, born in Skopje (North Macedonia). She has spent most of her career in executive and senior leadership roles. For several years she was engaged in a teaching capacity at the School of Modern Languages at Macquarie University, Sydney. For exceptional achievements in her career, she has been awarded several Australian awards, including the Australian Public Service Medal and a Medal for contributions to multicultural Australia. In her homeland, she worked as a freelance journalist, and essays to the Third Program of Radio Skopje. She was also one of the founders and deputy editor of a youth magazine for popular science. With published woks, prizes, and various literary and cultural activities.

Poétesse et auteure macédonienne-australienne, née à Skopje (Macédoine du Nord). Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعِرَةٌ ومؤلِّفةٌ مَقدونيَّةٌ أُستراليَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد سْكوبيِه (مَقدونيا الشَّماليَّة). لها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وجَوائِزُ وأنْشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّة.

БАШТИНА/INHERITANCE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Macedonian with English version by the poetess.

БАШТИНА

Откако се прости еден по еден од сите
и сетне од себеси
смртта му ја наследив

Ја завиткав во марамче од моја рака вкрст везено
ја ставив на дно чекмеџе
со калап сапун и гранче сува лаванда да ја вардат од молци
како што правеше мајка ми со алиштата
сакав да ми остане цела и чиста засекогаш

Ја вадев често: ќе ја одмоткав внимателно
да проверам да не потемнела
да не се вгнездил во неа некој црв
некоја поганија да не би да ја нагрубила
се гледавме долго в очи без очи
и бесшумно ги глодавме ковчињата на часовите
ја држев меѓу дланките додека не ни се изедначеа температурите
во тој термички еквилибриум бевме едно-исто
нештовност-ништовност / иднина-небиднина/вера-невера / зафаток-отфаток

Молчалива беше смртта
само еднаш проговори
рече
немам веќе топлина да им дадам на твоите дланки

Кога следниот пат го отворив чекмеџето
видов сум ја поарчила баштината

INHERITANCE

After one by one he farewelled everyone
and lastly himself
I inherited his death

I swaddled her in a handkerchief by my hand cross-stitched
and laid her at the bottom of a drawer
with a bar of soap and a sprig of dry lavender
like my mother used to do with the clothes
I wanted her to remain whole and pristine forever

I would take her out often
unwrap her carefully
to check that she has not tarnished
lest some canker infested her or vermin soiled her
we looked into each other's eyes without eyes
and silently gnawed the ossicles of time
I held her between my palms until our temperatures equalised

in that thermal equilibrium we were one and the same
somethingness – nothingness
presence – absence
faith – doubt
beginning – conclusion

Silent was the death
she spoke only once
I have no more warmth left to give to your palms
she said

Next time I opened the drawer
I realised I had squandered the inheritance

Éric Mériau إريك مِرْيو

French writer, with several published books, and various literary and cultural activities. He is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, honor prize for complete works, out of competition, 2026) for his zeal in the literary and cultural fields.

Écrivain Français, Eric Mériau qui écrit depuis son adolescence ce qu'il vit, ne croit point au mot «hasard» qu'il a chassé de son vocabulaire, dans un court poème, intitulé: Le mendiant des mots (2008). Membre de l'UERAA (Union des écrivains de Rhône-Alpes et Auvergne) depuis 2014, il aime à se définir comme un épicurien mystique, en contemplation active à l'endroit du monde... Éprouvant une singulière fascination pour le mot rencontre, il considère que l'homme vit, non pas parce qu'il naît mais bien parce qu'il sait qu'il va mourir. Il jongle entre une écriture d'observation, d'ambiance, se nourrissant largement de féconde nostalgie ou du climat généreux de son enfance, dans ses ouvrages poétiques, narratifs ou romanesques... La tristesse comme l'allégresse, la légèreté comme la gravité, la douceur comme la rudesse de notre condition, inspirent sa plume et il ne s'interdit aucun événement ou aucun sujet, pouvant avoir trait à une peinture singulière de notre monde... Ecrire un livre constitue pour lui presque toujours un acte de vie, permettant ainsi de mieux endurer notre propre finitude... Passionné donc par les mots, Eric Mériau considère que la création naît écriture et n'est qu'écriture. Selon lui, tous les arts communiquent entre eux via, justement, l'extraordinaire route de l'écriture qui les fait toujours se rencontrer. Il est ici déclaré lauréat du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, hors concours, 2026), pour son texte intitulé «Au Bord de l'Âme», ainsi que pour son zèle dans le domaine littéraire et culturel.

كاتِبٌ فرنسيٌّ يَكتُبُ ما يعيشُ، ولا يأخُذُ بمبدأِ الصَدفة في الحياة. في رصيده أعمالٌ مَنشورةٌ كثيرةٌ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَةٌ. وها إنَّه يُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة التَّكريم عن الأعمال الكامِلَة لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) تَقديرًا لِحَماسَتِه في المَجالَين، الأدبيِّ والثَّقافيّ.

Fatiha Benmansour Bedran **فتيحَة بن مَنصور بدران**

Moroccan poetess, author, translator and animator, living in Lebanon. With published works, prizes and various literary and cultural activities.

Poétesse, auteure, traductrice et animatrice marocaine, vivant au Liban. Épouse d'Antoine Bedran, elle est diplômée de l'Université Américaine de Beyrouth: B.A. en littérature anglaise, Master en littérature comparée, Teaching Diploma et Formatrice d'enseignants, de Cambridge University. Traductrice et animatrice de clubs de lecture, ainsi que d'ateliers d'écriture créative, elle a mené un parcours honorable dans l'enseignement, comme professeure et responsable du département d'anglais au Collège Notre-Dame de Jamhour des Pères Jésuites, professeure à l'École de traducteurs et d'interprètes et à l'Université pour Tous, et également examinatrice au baccalauréat français, nommée par l'Éducation nationale française. Lectrice passionnée, elle a reçu en 2014 le prix Tamayouz (Excellence) du comité national de l'UNESCO, ainsi que des distinctions des Pères Jésuites «en reconnaissance». Fatiha est auteure d'articles sur les arts marocains, publiés au Liban et à New York dans la revue Stars Illustrated. Elle est aussi l'auteure de huit romans de littérature anglaise simplifiés, version «retold», publiés au Liban par The World Heritage. Son roman historique «C'était et ce n'était pas Ouréana», paru en avril 2025 en France, a reçu un accueil critique favorable. Elle a collaboré avec le Centre Carnegie du Moyen-Orient et traduit de l'anglais au français «Les dossiers de la Tunisie», de Lahcen Achy, économiste au Fonds Monétaire International. Elle a également traduit vers l'anglais «Le Liban d'où je viens», de Henri Eddé. Madame Bedran a été nommée Art Critic pour Art NIDGE International en Cappadoce, et en tant que militante de la culture, elle a participé à de nombreux événements littéraires et artistiques, contribué à des colloques et séminaires au Liban et au Maroc, fondé l'Association des Marocaines au Liban et, plus récemment, le May Rihani Award (juin 2025). En tant que Directrice du Festival des Musiques Sacrées du Monde de Fès au Moyen-Orient (2012–2015), elle a invité des journalistes de Future TV, MTV et Elle Orientale, et initié des projets de coopération avec le Festival de Beiteddine et Beirut Chants.

شاعِرَةٌ ومؤلّفةٌ ومُتَرجِمَةٌ ومُيَسِّرَةُ أنشِطَةٍ مغربيَّةٌ، مُقيمَةٌ في لبنان. في رَصيدها أعمالٌ مَنشورَةٌ وجوائِزُ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

POÈMES EN MODE HAÏKU

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poems in French.

1- LES ÉTOILES

Si tu es absent
Pourquoi donc les étoiles?
Noir est mon ciel.

Étoile filante!
Et mon vœu n'a pas eu le lieu
De se formuler!

Étoiles là-haut
Qui se jouent de nos destins,
Descendez sur terre!

2- L'AMOUR

Elle marche, elle vole,
Flottant sur un nuage
C'est elle mon aimée!

Maître des couleurs
Peux-tu me peindre ces fleurs
Avec leurs senteurs?

Je te sais à moi
Ô bonheur, on s'accorde,
Grand désordre!

Tu es parti loin
Tu t'effaces de moi?
Et ma vie se glace!

3- AIR, FEU, VENT, EAU

Si j'étais l'Air,
Je serais souffle de vie
Sur les pierres.

Si j'étais le Feu,
Je te marquerais mien
Au fer rouge braise.

Serais-je le Vent?
Je soufflerais tes peines
Aux fins de la terre!

Eau jaillissante,
Source pure, absolvante,
Des coeurs tristes!

Félix Suárez **فِليكس سُواريز**

Mexican poet, essayist, critic and editor, born in 1961 (Ixtlahuaca, Mexico). With published works, awards and various cultural and literary activities.

Poète, essayiste, critique et rédacteur mexicain, né en 1961 (Ixtlahuaca, Mexique). Avec des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles et littéraires.

شاعرٌ وباحثٌ وناقِدٌ ومُحَرِّرٌ مِكسيكيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٦١ في إكْسْتْلاهُواكا (المِكسيك). في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ وأدبيَّة.

HE VISTO A MI MADRE ASOMADA AL JARDÍN

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Spanish.

UNO

Con voz inaudible
ha dichopara sí:
"Nada vale la pena".
Es mi madre enferma,
recordándome,
al final de sus días,
el sabor tibio y desolado
de su pecho.

DOS

Mi madre frio de noche
dulces almendras tristes
en mi corazón.

TRES

Mi madre:
se ha sentado un furioso
toro de sangre
en su riñón.

CUATRO

La ausencia de lluvias apura el crecimiento de insectos y plagas en el jardín: brotan de entre las grietas y el polvo, como oscuras maldiciones de la tierra; van y vienen zumbando, revoloteando en enjambres devoradores sobre las hojas agónicas de la siempreviva.

CINCO

He visto a mi madre
asomada al jardín:
sabe que éste será
un año seco, duro.
Sin esperanza.

Photo: Dino Ignani

Franca Mancinelli

فْـرَنْـكا مانشينِلّي

Italian poetess, born in 1981 (Fano, Italy). All her writings to date are available in English, in John Taylor's translation, and published at The Bitter Oleander Press (Fayetteville, New York): *The Little Book of Passage* (2018), *At An Hour's Sleep from Here* (2019), as well as a volume gathering her prose narratives and personal essays, *The Butterfly Cemetery* (2021). Her fourth and recent poetry book, *All The Eves That I Have Opened*, has been published by Black Square Editions (New York) in 2023. Her work has been translated into more than fifteen languages.

Poétesse italienne, née en 1981 à Fano (Italie). Tous ses écrits sont traduits en anglais, et en partie dans plus de quinze langues.

شاعِرةٌ إيطاليَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٨١ في فانو (إيطاليا). مجملُ إنتاجِها الشِّعريِّ مُتَرجَمٌ إلى الإنكليزيَّة، فيما تُرجِمَ بعضُه إلى ١٥ لغة.

TRE SILLABE DI SILENZIO
THREE SYLLABLES OF SILENCE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Italian with English version by John Taylor (Black Square Editions, 2023).

DA TRE SILLABE DI SILENZIO

tutta la forza del mondo
non sposta un raggio di luce

ora sei tu il cardine

–da queste ceneri
ti sto versando la voce –

*

Alogenuri d'argento

non si chiudono gli occhi.
Vedo da dentro –il buio
dal germe a questo incavo:
scrittura, mia camera oscura.

*

aspetto che scenda la luce, resto qui, fino a che iniziano a camminare le pietre. Si schiudono come uova deposte da una madre che si è fatta di sabbia. Affiorano a un tratto le piccole zampe e la testa. Vengono a un mondo che ha già chiuso gli occhi. Mi avvicino: le stringo in una mano, le tengo sul petto. Poi le accompagno a riva, le riconsegno.

*

siamo noi, polline e polvere.
Poche ore per ere di lontananza.
Come la chioma di un albero prima

della bufera. Avere due occhi
riconoscerti. Di ogni tuo nome
porto alla bocca
tre sillabe di silenzio.

FROM THREE SYLLABLES OF SILENCE

all the world's strength
can't shift a ray of light

now you're the mainstay

—from these ashes
I'm pouring you the voice

*

I wait for the light to dim, stay here until the stones start walking. They hatch like eggs laid by a mother who has made herself of sand. All of a sudden the small legs and the head emerge. They come into a world that has already closed its eyes. I come closer: I hold them, place them on my chest. Then I accompany them to the shore, I hand them back.

*

that's us, pollen and dust.
A few hours for eras of distance.
Like the crown of a tree before
the storm. Having two eyes,
recognizing you.
Of every name you've had
I bring to my mouth
three syllables of silence.

Georgiana-Laura Gheorghe جورجيانا-لَوْرا جيُورْجِه

Romanian poetess, born on October 31st, 1989 (Danube, Brăila, Romania). She's a sensitive soul that expresses her feelings and opinions on paper. She has a Master's Degree in Translation and Interpretation at "Dunărea de Jos" University of Galaţi (Romania) and a Bachelor's Degree in the English Language and Literature – French Language and Literature – Philology at "Spiru Haret" University of Bucharest, Faculty of Letters – Bucharest (Romania). She published in many national and international literary magazines and collective anthologies. As a literary freelance translator, she collaborates with many writers. She participated in many national and international literary competitions and projects. Her latest translated book was „My Twenty One Poems for the Twenty First Century", by Bhagirath Choudhary (NNLP, 2021 and FGC Ambassador, 2022). She won many prizes and awards. She published three bilingual poetry books through which she wants to encourage the readers to discover themselves and she gives answers to the following question „What is life?": „Philosofical Poems", Alchimia Cuvântului Publishing House, Mogoșoaia, 2022; „The Chest of Life", Liric Graph Publishing House, Făurei, 2021 and „What is life?", Liric Graph Publishing House, Făurei, 2019. When she doesn't write

and translate, she listens to music, goes on a walk, navigates on the Internet, goes shopping and travels. She has her nose in an interesting book most of the time.
Poétesse et traductrice roumaine, née le 31 octobre 1989. S'inscrivent à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعِرةٌ ومُترجِمَةٌ رومانيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد ٣١ تشرين الأوَّل ١٩٨٩. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

ÎNCURAJARE/ENCOURAGEMENT

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Romanian and English.

1

Viața este ca o cursă cu obstacole
Plină de teste care, uneori,
Pot să îți reducă încrederea în sine, pot să îți taie aripile
Și să te facă să crezi că totul este imposibil.

Nu dispera, întinde-ți aripile și zboară,
Luptă pentru ceea ce crezi,
Dă tot ce poți și alege înțelept,
Fii un războinic, nu un prăpăstios!

Life is like an obstacle course
Filled with tests that can sometimes
Lower your confidence, cut your wings
And make you believe that everything is impossible.

Don't despair, spread your wings and fly,
Fight for what you believe in,
Give it all you got and choose wisely,
Be a warrior not a worrier!

2

Încerci ce încerci, munca ta nu este suficientă,
Atât de multe așteptări, atâta nedreptate,
Deznădejdea te acoperă ca o plapumă de zăpadă,
Începi să îți pierzi răbdarea.

"Va fi vreodată munca ta răsplătită?" te întrebi.
Nu dispera și urmează aceste cuvinte înțelepte:
"Ce este al tău este pus deoparte.
Ai răbdare și nu renunța!"

Try as you might, your work is not enough
So many expectations, such injustice,
Hopelessness covers you like a blanket of snow,
Your patience is running thin.

"Is your work ever going to be paid off?" you ask.
Don't fall into despair and follow these wise words:
"What is meant for you will find its way.
Be patient and never give up!"

Giancarlo Sissa جيانكارلو سيسّا

Italian poet, born in 1961 in Montava (Mantua, Lombardy, Italy), living near Bologna. He has published Laureola (1997), Prima della tac e altre poesie (Before the CT scan and other poems) (Marcos y Marcos, 1998), Il mestiere dell'educatore (The educator's craft) (Book Editore, 2002), Manuale d'insonnia (Insomnia manual) (Aragno, 2004), Il bambino perfetto (Manni, 2008), Autoritratto (poesie 1990-2015) (italic/pequod, 2015) and Persona minore (qudulibri, 2015), Archivio del Padre (Father's Archive) (MC edizioni 2020), Tamen (Moretti & Vitali Editori, 2023). Since 2023, he has been editor of L'anello critico – Annuario della poesia italiana contemporanea (The Critical Ring – Yearbook of Contemporary ItalianPoetry) (Carta Canta Editore), and since 2024, he has been editor-in-chief of the online magazine of the Independent Poetry Association. He works as a 'narrator on stage' in Alessandra Gabriela Baldoni's theatre project 'Rosaspina, il tempo del sogno' (Rosaspina, the time of dreams). His poems have been translated into several European languages.

Poète italien, né en 1961 à Mantua (Lombardie, Italy). Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعرٌ إيطاليٌّ، مِن مَواليد العام ١٩٦١ في مونْتافا (لومبَرديا، إيطاليا). في رصيده كتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

PONT NEUF

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in its English version.

And what does it matter if you bring wine
to a table where nobody drinks it?
only letters we write, ill-advised
but as true as any morning drinking,
or fog, the fog that carries
words elsewhere—but it does it slowly—
like your hand at night that is
that place where I rest and love

and only letters we write, ill-advised
- or night - but we write them loudly

so long I waited for you
until we'll become something different
or that simple one we don't even know
- caress without death - on the Pont Neuf
the light in the snow was pink

Gordan K. Čambar **غوردان ك. تـْشَمْبَر**

Montenegrin poet, writer, editor, and publisher, born in 1962. Member of Montenegrin Pen Center, Montenegrin Society of Independent Writers, Society of Montenegrin Journalists, etc.; Editor-in-chief: INTERVJU (Interview) Magazine, Novina Zaton (newspaper), Portal ODGOVOR (Response); Chief/Responsible Editor of *Festival kratkeknjiževneforme* (Short Literary Form Festival) in Zaton; and Founder/organizer of ZATONSKO KULTURNO LJETO (Zaton Summer Festival).

Poète, écrivain, journaliste et éditeur, né en 1962. Il a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعرٌ وكاتبٌ وصِحافِيٌّ وناشرٌ مُنتِغريٌّ، مِن مَواليد العام ١٩٦٢. في رصيده كتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ أدبيَّة وثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

SARAJEVO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Montenegrin with English version.

SARAJEVO

Skivao sam ja stihove
o tebi šeheru moj
nego me bilo sramota
što nijesam bio tu
kada si krvario.
kada su htjeli da te pogube.
Skivao pa raskivao
ko da su rasušene baskije
a ne samo riječ nakvašena.
Bio sam daleko
ali sam kalemio sjećanje
na dunji žutoj pokraj stare kuće
osluškivao korake
čikme mjerio njima.
Snio u krilu nekog
bistričkog basamaka.

Miljacka mutna odnosila
ružne misli
Pridržavao grudi da se ne otmu
kada te u pjesmi pomenu
drhtao ko dijete malo
kad sam te ranjenog sanjao
prizivao imena onih
od kojih su rane zarastale.

Prepričavao
Davorove besjede
Kemine pjesme
Kindžetove tužne oči
Švabove bravure
Mersadove konje.
Šeheru, evo te opet grlim
odjekuje bat koraka
Miskinovim pločnikom
jes da se nebo mutno
spušta na dohvat ruke
ali neka, ni to mi ne smeta.
Zagrli me
zagrli me noćas jako.
Ko što mati to umije činjet.
Ko djevojka bujnih grudi.
Zagrli me ko brat brata.

SARAJEVO

I composed verses
about you, my *şehir,*
but was ashamed
for not being there
when you were bleeding,
when they wanted to execute you.
I hammered and unhammered them
as if theywere dried fence rails
and not just the soaked words.
I was far away
but I grafted my memory
on the yellow quince next to the old house
listening to the steps
and measuring alleys by them.
I dreamed in the lap of some
of the Bistrica staircase.

The muddy Miljacka River carried away
awful thoughts
I held my chest so that it wouldn't break away
when you are mentioned in a song
I trembled like a little child
when I dreamed of you, wounded
called out the names of those
from whom the wounds would heal.
Recounted
Davor's addresses
Kema's poems
Kindžet's sad eyes

Švabo's bravados
Mersad's horses.
Ṣehir, here I am hugging you again
the beat of footsteps echoes
on the Miskin's sidewalk.
True, the sky is murky
lowering to within reach
but let it be, I don't mind it either.
Embrace me,
hug me tight tonight
like a mother who knows how to do it,
like a girl with ample bosom,
give me a huglike a brother to brother.

Idrissa and Aminata Michka Barry إدريسا وأمينياتا ميشكا بارّي

Very young Senegalese brother and sister, poet and poetess of tomorrow!
Idrissa *est né le 9 décembre 2015 à Saint-Louis du Sénégal. Il a bouclé ses dix ans le 9 décembre 2025. Elève à l'école élémentaire El Hadji Moctar Justin Ndiaye de Saint-Louis, en classe de CM2/B avec une brave maîtresse, madame Penda Diop Diaw, qui l'adule et le motive dans l'art. Fils de poète, très tôt, il se régalait de vers que son père Mallé Barry (prix littéraire Naji Naaman, 2025) lisait à sa mère. A l'âge de cinq ans, il émerveille dans la restitution des poèmes de son père et d'autres poètes. Alors celui-ci, commence à l'initier. Dans la même dynamique, à sept ans, il s'impose dans la production d'écrits et écrit un premier poème pour sa maîtresse adorée. Son déclic véritable fut la lecture du haïku de sa petite sœur "poétesse" exceptionnelle Aminata Michka. En 2025, lors de la cérémonie de clôture de la semaine nationale de l'école de base, il est lauréaté comme meilleur élève mais s'est emparé également du prix de poésie des classes de CM1. Maîtrisant la langue de Molière, langue de communication familiale, le "poète" s'excelle dans les textes de production d'écrits et griffonne beaucoup de poèmes classiques ainsi que des haïkus. Les thèmes abordés tournent autour de son environnement naturel: l'école (sa maitresse, les bons élèves, les cancres incompris…), le petit jardin familial (belles plantes et oiseaux morts), les jeux et rêves d'enfants, les bergers avec leurs troupeaux comme ses grands parents peulh (vaches, moutons, chèvres et rêves de berger) mais aussi la paix.*
Aminata Michka *est née le 20 janvier 2017 à Saint-Louis du Sénégal. Actuellement (en 2025) âgée de huit ans et onze mois, elle fréquente l'école élémentaire El Hadji Moctar Justin Ndiaye de Saint-Louis, en classe de CE2/B avec sa vaillante maîtresse madame Camara qui encourage ses prédispositions. Du ventre de sa mère, elle percevait déjà les vers que son père écrivait et lisait à sa mère. A l'âge de cinq ans, elle restituait les vers de celui-ci. Dans la même dynamique, à six ans, elle maîtrise* ***le loup et l'agneau*** *que son grand-frère en classe de CE2 apprenait lui-même apprenti poète. Tenant compte de son intérêt pour l'art, son père l'initie à la versification japonaise et elle s'illustre avec son premier Haïku sur l'****éphémère****, inspiré d'une chenille morte dans le jardin familial. En 2025,*

en classe de CE1, lors de la cérémonie de clôture de la semaine nationale de l'école de base, elle émerveille en restituant le poème ***Fierté de ma nation*** *coécrit avec son père. Michka, en sus de sa créativité poétique et au-delà du haïku, impressionne lors des récitals de poèmes dans le gestuel, le ton et le temps. A cela, s'ajoute sa bonne muse, sa maîtrise de la langue française et sa capacité de mémorisation impressionnante de beaux poèmes notamment* ***Demain dès l'aube*** *de* ***Victor Hugo****. Présentement,* ***Aminata Michka*** *s'apprête à publier avec son grand-frère deux recueils:* ***La Pluie des autres*** *et* ***le Goyavier m'a dit*** *pour partager ses écrits. Quant à* ***Idrissa****, il compte publier en plus et à titre individuel* ***Les vers qui me tombent du ciel*** *s'il trouve éditeur pour partager sa passion.*

شَقيقٌ وشَقيقةٌ مِن السِّنغال، طفلانِ شاعِرانِ لِلمُستقبَل!

RÊVE D'UNE GAÏNAKA/HAÏKUS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poems in French.

IDRISSA

RÊVE D'UNE GAÏNAKA[1]

Petite gaïnaka, la savane est ta demeure.
Sous le soleil qui dore et la rend meilleure,
Tu guides tes moutons aux cornes de vague
Dans les herbes hautes où l'ombre s'y divague,
Ta flûte compose un cerdou[2] ancestral
Qui berce tes bêtes sous la lune pâle.
Sous les étoiles de diamant,
Ton rêve de beaux troupeaux est le firmament.
Le jour revient et tu l'accueilles sereine
Belle bergère peulh[3] : l'âme de la savane.

AMINATA MICHKA

HAÏKUS

1- DÉSESPOIR

Entre les ruines,
un rêve de paix s'envole
pour un jour meilleur.
Larmes sur le sable,
poupées de cendre et de poussière,
le futur s'efface.

2- SOUFFRANCE ET MORT

*En vocabulaire***,**
ce nouveau mot qui détruit,
ils apprennent drones.
Poussière et deuil,
cœurs brisés sous les décombres,
le silence pleure.

1- Féminin de gaïnako, se lit gaynaka et signifie bergère en langue peulh. Tout enfant peulh, garçon ou fille, est avant tout, initié comme berger.

2- C'est une chanson ou poésie peulh qui parle de sa vie et de ses rêves à l'image de son troupeau.

3- On retrouve le peulh en Afrique de l'ouest, centrale et en Ethiopie. Originaire de la Syrie, ce peuple compte environ soixante (60) millions d'âmes. Jadis nomade, mais aujourd'hui presque sédentaire, il transhume et passe l'essentiel de sa vie dans la savane à la recherche de pâturages pour le bien de son troupeau, sa source de richesse.

3- RÉSILIENCE
Enfants aux yeux forts,
leurs rires malgré le chaos,
l'avenir persiste.

4- ESPOIR
Ciel bleu sur Gaza,
les olives fleurissent
paix, l'aube viendra.

Irena Pavlova De Odorico **إيرينا بافلوفا دِه أودوريكو**

Macedonian poestess, journalist, and literary critic, living and working in Italy for more than two decades. She writes and publishes in both Macedonian and Italian. With published works, awards, and cultural activities.
Poétesse, journaliste et critique littéraire, vivant en Italie depuis deux décades. Elle a à son actif 16 livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعِرَةٌ وصِحافيَّةٌ وناقدةٌ أدبيَّةٌ مَقدونيَّةٌ، مُقيمَةٌ في إيطاليا منذ أكثَر مِن عَقدَين. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّة.

Мајките/THE MOTHERS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)
Poem in Macedonian with English version.

Мајките
Својот царски рез
Го чуваат
И откако ќе си ја сменат кожата
Како змиите
Ох
Колку ги боли
А лебот сите деца
Ги чекал
На масата од мајчината надеж
Топол мек примамлив
Што испарува во ноздрите
На татковците
Кои доручкуваат
Ручаат
Вечераат

Без оглед на сè.
Без оглед
На исходот Од сè.

THE MOTHERS

Their caesarean section
They keep it
Even after they change their skin
Like snakes.
Oh,
How much it hurts them;
And the bread, all the children
are waiting for it
At the table of mother's hope
Warm soft alluring;
That evaporates in the nostrils
To the fathers
Who have breakfast
They are having lunch
They are having dinner
Regardless of everything.
Regardless
Of the outcome of everything.

Jacques Stanley Fleury **جاك ستانلي فلوري**

Haitan-American poet, author and educator, born in Port-au-Prince (Haiti). With four published works of essays, fiction and poetry, and various cultural activities.
Poète, auteur et éducateur haïtien-américain, né à Port-au-Prince (Haïti). À son actif s'inscrivent quatre livres publiés et diverses activités culturelles et littéraires.
شاعِرٌ ومؤلّفٌ ومُرَبٍّ هايتيٌّ أمريكِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد بُرْتوبْرِنْس (هايتي). في رصيده أربعةُ كُتُب مَنشورة، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ وأدبيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

IMMORTAL LINES OF POETRY

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)
Poem in English.

WHO AM I?

if you peel layer
upon layer
upon layer

maybe then and only then
you will find me...
for i am a multilayered entity...
a building block of heterogeneity
i can be fierce and unflinching
apathetic and also doting
docile and also volatile
lovable and also irritable
compulsive and also discernible

I am a man
I am a "black" man
I am an American
I am a "black" American
I am a DNA test from
Ancestry dot com's family tree
And twenty-three and me
I am African ancestry
I am Afro Haitian ancestry
I am European ancestry
I am the legacy of a middle classfamily in Haiti
I am the legacy of America's social and economic disparity
I am the story of Horatio Alger's characters thriving over adversity

I am a malady
I am a remedy
i am a rainbow
i am a shadow
I am a son
I am a brother
I am an uncle
I am an author
I am an educator
And pervasive human valor coconspirator
I am in attrition
I am in progression
I am an amalgamation
I am perfectly imperfect
And imperfect perfectly
I am a thesis of social injustice
I am a vision of personal apotheosis
I am all this and more...

I am ME!

Jahongir Nomozov (Jahongir Mirza) **جاهونـجير نوموزوْف (جاهونـجيرميرزا)**

Uzbek poet and journalist, born on January 24, 1997 (Pop district, Namangan region). With published writings, and various cultural activities. He tragically passed away (suicide) in April 15, 2026, and he was posthumously awarded the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, Merit Prize, 2026).

Poète et journaliste Ouzbek, né le 24 janvier 1997 (Pop, Namangan). Avec des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles. Tragiquement décédé (suicide) le 15 avril 2026, le Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, Prix du Mérite, 2026) lui a été attribué à titre posthume.

شاعِرٌ وصِحافِيٌّ أوزْبِكِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد ٢٤ كانون الأوَّل ١٩٩٧ (پوپ، نامانغان). في رصيده كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مختلِفة. تُوُفِّيَ على نَحو مأساويٍّ في ١٥ نيسان ٢٠٢٦ (إنتِحار)، وقد نالَ بعدَ الوَفاةِ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة لعام ٢٠٢٦ (جائِزة الاستِحقاق).

DARD/PAIN

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Uzbek and English.

DARD

Vujudimga singib ketgan ishq,
Ko'ngil to'lmas gar kuylamasam.
Mening har bir yozgan she'rlarim,
Haqiqatga ichilgan qasam!

Ko'zlarimda porlagan uchqun,
Bu – Samodan to'kilgan nurlar.
Yuragimda ochilgan orzu –
Tun qizlari, namozshom gullar...

Umidlarim xazon bo'lmagay,
Yashnatadi dilimni bahor.
Yetmish ikki tomirlarimni,
Gullatguvchi bir buyuk dard bor.

Haq mehridan bunyod bo'lganman,
Kimligimni bilgaymi hayot?!
Murg'akkina, kichik jussamda,
Qancha ishq bor, qancha iste'dod...

Haq mehridan bunyod bo‘lganman...

PAIN

Love is absorbed into my body,
I cannot help singing a love song.

Each of these poems that I wrote
Is an oath I gave to the truth.

The sparks you see in my eyes
Are the lights come from Heaven
And the wishes bloomed in my heart
Are the mirabilis you have never seen.

My hope will never wither, dry up
Spring always flourish my soul.
There is a great pain which is able to
Flourish my veins and bones at all.

I was made from love of The Almighty
Does the life know who I am?
In my tiny body, in my little chest
How much talent and love do I have?

Does the life know who I am?!

Jean-Charles Dorge جان-شارل دورْج

French poet, and director of publications, born on June 10, 1954. Memberships include: Founder and President of "La Ronde Poétique" (since 1983). With published works, prizes, and various cultural activities.
Poète français, né à Paris le 10 juin 1954. Président-fondateur de "La Ronde Poétique" depuis 1983. Président de la Société des Auteurs et Poètes de la Francophonie (SAPF) depuis 2015. Président de la Société des Poètes Français (SPF) depuis 2016. Directeur de publications (Prométhée, Florilège, L'Agora). Commandeur de l'Ordre International des Arts et des Sciences; Grand prix des Lettres "Arts-Sciences-Lettres" (2014); Prix Paul Verlaine de la Société des Poètes Français (SPF); Médaille d'or du rayonnement culturel de la Renaissance Française (2022). Parmi ses recueils publiés: Les Parfums du Songe, Les Feux de l'Horizon, Les Chemins étoilés.
شاعِرٌ ومُديرُ مَنشورات فرنسيٌّ، مِن مَواليد ١٠ حزيران ١٩٥٤. في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ وجوائِزُ وتكريماتٌ وأنشِطةٌ ثقافيّةٌ متنوّعة.

LES SABOTS DANS LA MASURE/오두막의 나막신

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in French with Korean version by KIM Jin-ha (Seoul).

LES SABOTS
(Villanelle)

Les sabots dans la masure
Inactifs dans un recoin
Se moquent de leur usure.

Ils voudraient reprendre allure
Même emplis d'un peu de foin
Les sabots dans la masure.

Ils gardent fière courbure
Et, prêts à partir à point,
Se moquent de leur usure.

Nos aïeux, qu'on se figure,
En prenaient le plus grand soin
Des sabots dans la masure.

Mes vieux pas dans la froidure
Et mon âme sans besoin
Se moquent de leur usure.

Car, amis, je vous l'assure
D'hier le présent n'est loin,
Les sabots dans la masure
Se moquent de leur usure.

나막신

- 전원시 -

오두막의 나막신
구석에서 가만히
낡아도 괜찮다.

지푸라기 부스러기 가득해도
다시 걷고 싶겠지
오두막의 나막신

아직은 의연히 둥그런 곡선
제때에 길 떠날 채비하고
낡아도 괜찮다.

생각해 보면 우리 선조들이
가장 크게 마음 쓰던
오두막의 나막신

차가운 데로 내딛는 내 늙은 발걸음
부족할 것 없는 내 영혼
낡아도 괜찮다.

왜냐면, 벗들이여, 장담컨대
지금 이 시간이 어제와 멀지 않으니까,
오두막의 나막신
낡아도 괜찮다.

Jesús Armando Molina Quiroz (Yeshua Molina) **هيسوس أرماندو مولينا كيروز** (يشوا مولينا)

Mexican poet, teacher and cultural promoter, born on February 23, 1994 in Zamora (Michoacán, Mexico).With published works, and various cultural activities.
Poète, instituteur et promoteur de culture mexicain, né le 23 février 1994 à Zamora (Michoacán, Mexique). Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.
شاعرٌ ومُدَرِّسٌ ومُرَوِّجُ ثقافةٍ مِكسيكيٌّ، مِن مَواليد ٢٣ شباط ١٩٩٤ في زامورا (المكسيك). له كتُبٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

ELLOS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Spanish.

Mis alumnos entreabren sueños perdidos
y nuevas palpitaciones.
La parábola del tiempo corre por su pluma,
llevan los tenis rotos y las libretas desgastadas.
Anhelan salir y esquivar la muerte,
beber afecciones y descargar el alma;
sus manos son primavera moribunda,
catadores de nostalgias primerizas
y verdades urdidas al anochecer.
Nos vemos a diario,
sin falsas sonrisas, sin una letanía,
solo así: ellos con sus sinsabores
y yo con mis letras.

Kabishev Alexander Konstantinovich **كابيشِف ألِكسانْدر كَنْسْتَنْتينوفيش**

Russian poet, novelist, journalist, cultural promoter, and artist of a new direction in literature and art - choism. With published works and various cultural activities.
Poète, romancier, journaliste et promoteur de culture russe. Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعرٌ وروائيٌّ وصِحافيٌّ ومُرَوِّجُ ثقافةٍ روسيٌّ، في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مَتَنَوِّعَة.

Я в толпе/I'M IN THE CROWD

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Text in Russian with English version.

Я в толпе

Открыв глаза, я не сразу понял, что происходит, вокруг было много света, шума и десятки, сотни людей вокруг меня. Первая мысль, которая пришла в голову – им нет дела до меня. Они все, справа и слева смотрели вперед и куда-то шли. Заметив, что они все в движении внутри большого тоннеля со светлым потолком и полом, я понял, что и сам иду, но куда и откуда?

Я постарался вспомнить, что было до этого, но в памяти была пустота. Не мог вспомнить даже своего имени, а только шел вперед с толпой. Решив немного освоиться, я осмотрелся по сторонам и оценил идущих вокруг – это были люди разных возрастов, мужчины и женщины, одетые, как мне казалось по-весеннему или осеннему. Некоторые из них говорили, некоторые шли молча, кто-то безынтересно тыкался в телефон. Люди были не только справа и слева от меня, но и спереди и позади. Даже с высоты своего роста выше среднего, я не мог разглядеть пункт назначения, в который мы шли, или хотя бы начало-конец этой толпы. Туннель казался бесконечным в обоих направлениях.

I'M IN THE CROWD

When I opened my eyes, I didn’t immediately understand what was happening, there was a lot of light, noise and dozens, hundreds of people around me. The first thought that came to mind was that they didn't care about me. They were all looking ahead, right and left, and walking somewhere. Noticing that they were all in motion inside a large tunnel with a light ceiling and floor, I realized that I was going myself, but where and from where?

I tried to remember what had happened before, but there was a void in my memory. I couldn't even remember my name, but only walked forward with the crowd. Having decided to get used to it a little, I looked around and assessed those walking around – they were people of different ages, men and women, dressed, as it seemed to me, in spring or autumn. Some of them were talking, some were walking in silence, and some were poking at the phone without interest. People were not only on my right and left, but also in front and behind me. Even from my height above average, I couldn't make out the destination we were going to, or at least the beginning and end of this crowd. The tunnel seemed endless in both directions.

Kang Byeong-Cheol **كانغ بيونغ-شول**

South Korean author, poet, columnist, translator and Doctor of Philosophy in Political Science, born in 1964 (Jeju City, South Korea). With 20 books, spanning poetry, fiction, and

essays, prizes and various contributions to social activities, and international conferences around the world (as in Fiji, Canada, and Japan).
Écrivain, poète, journaliste et traducteur sud-coréen, né en 1964 à Jeju City (Corée du Sud). Il a à son actif 20 livres publiés, des prix et plusieurs contributions à des activités sociales et des conférences internationales.

كاتبٌ وشاعِرٌ وصِحافيٌّ ومُتَرجِمٌ كوريٌّ جنوبيّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٦٤ في جيجو سيتي (كوريا الجنوبيَّة). في رصيده عِشرون كتابًا مَنشورًا، وجوائِزُ، ومُشاركاتٌ في أنشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ ومؤتمراتٍ دوليّة.

선조들의 노래/OUR ANCESTORS SANG SONGS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Korean with English version.

선조들의 노래

슬픔 가득한 날에도 선조들은 우아하게 노래했지!
높은 산 너머 푸른 들에서,
살구꽃이 햇살에 물드는 모습을 떠올렸어.

삽을 메고 일하던 그들은 한 사람씩 밭에 들어갔어
처음부터 끝까지 힘들지만,
작물을 수확하는 즐거움에 충만했었지

파도가 바다 위를 내달리면서,
일몰은 감동적인 장면을 선사하네
눈물이 떨어질 때 기억해야 할 것은,
내일은 우리 모두를 위한 새로운 하루가 온다는 것

우리의 전통 노래는 아름답고 진실하지
모두에게 사랑받고 우리 마음속에서 자라났어
영원히 이어지며,
새벽처럼 우리 후손들에게 전해져야 해

노래하자, 선조들이 노래를,
"범 내려온다! 범이 내려온다!장림 깊은 골로 대한 짐승이 내려온다!"

OUR ANCESTORS SANG SONGS

In times of sorrow, our ancestors sang with grace,
In green fields beyond the mountains tall,
Apricot blossoms bathed in sunshine; they'd recall.

Shouldering the plow, one by one they'd toil,
Working hard in the garden soil,
Their labor, though tough, brought them joy,
Producing crops, they felt employed.

The waves crash and rush over the sea,
As the sun sets, a touching scene to see,
We must remember, until tears fall,
Tomorrow brings a new day for us all.

Our traditional song, so beautiful and true,
Loved by all, in our hearts it grew,
May it forever live on and on,
Passed down to our descendants, like the dawn.

Let's sing our ancestors song,
"Bum is coming down! a tiger is coming down!
A beast is coming down through the valleys in the vast forest"

Konstantinos N. Fais كُنْسْتَنْتِينوس ن. فايس

Greek visual artist, researcher and media author. Born in 1987 in the city of Ioannina, northwest Greece, he studied at the Department of Civil Engineering of the Polytechnic University of Bari in Italy (POLIBA), while in 2016 he obtained a certificate of specialization in Financial Administration and Unit Management from the Department of Economics of the University of Ioannina. He is self-taught and his art, which is related to the History and Maritime field, attempts to transmit the ancient evolution of Human Civilization, starting from the Greek and expanding on the broader Mediterranean as well. Konstantinos is a Masterclass artist of UNESCO Piraeus and Islands and the International Action Art Fair, a cultural partner of HERMES Expo International from the USA, he holds the title of ''Distinguished Scholar'' at the International Academy of Ethics in India (IAE), and the international ORCA certificate from Germany for his contribution to culture, as well as a certification from National Academy of History and Geography from Mexico (UNAM) and the Global Federation of Leadership and Intelligence. In addition he has art pieces in the PIAF method for blind people. Given that he is the founder of the *Road of Hercules* campaign, a cultural movement with the aim of providing and highlighting Mediterranean heritage in its whole through the myth of mighty Hercules, he created this literary work, ***exclusively*** for the 24th season of the Naji Naaman Literary Prizes, geared toward sparking the world to study the ethics and intellectuality of the Greek long, epic legacy. In order to achieve that, he gathered elements from his personal 10-year long research from four fields, mythology, history, archaeology and philosophy, and he unified them under his personal literary and directing style to a unique one narration.

Artiste visuel, chercheur et auteur de médias grec. Né en 1987, il est autodidacte et son art, lié à l'histoire et au domaine maritime, tente de transmettre l'évolution antique de la civilisation humaine, depuis la Grèce jusqu'à l'ensemble du bassin méditerranéen.

فنَّانٌ بَصَرِيَّاتٍ يونانيٌّ، وباحثٌ ومؤلِّفٌ إعلاميّ. مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٨٧، وهو فنَّانٌ عصاميٌّ، وفنُّه، المُرتَبِطُ بالتَّاريخ والمجال البحريِّ، يُحاولُ نقلَ التَّطوُّر القديم للحضارة الإنسانيَّة، بدءًا مِن اليونانيِّين، وتَوَسُّعًا ليشملَ منطقةَ البحر الأبيض المتوسِّط.

HERCULES the LIONHEARTED

The chronicles of the magnificent Troy

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Text in English.

Literature in general, entails putting pen to paper, storing safe, and shaping the spirituality and ethics of human civilization. When it comes to epic events of our distant past, we are talking about numerous benefits for our society. They reveal to us the glory and the mistakes of our ancestors across the centuries, making us keener and shaping our identity. Therefore, let's close our eyes and travel through time, going back to the famous Bronze Age in the area of the Eastern Mediterranean. A bold undertaking, for it's doubtful whether we could endure everyday life. As we dip into this vibrant era, we encounter a tapestry of cultures, each contributing to the rich mosaic of human experience. Amidst the advancements in trade, art, and warfare, the lessons learned from both triumphs and failures resonate, reminding us of the complex legacy we carry into the present. A period of history defined by the widespread employment of bronze, which as a metal alloy played a central function in the economies of the time, just as oil does today. It was an era during which leading ancient civilizations flourished, and their glory and works still resonate today. An era which the post-classical Greeks called the "Heroic Age", because as they believed, heroes, fascinating hybrid creatures, and divine entities roamed the earth alongside ordinary, struggling people. These narrations not only shaped the cultural identity of entire nations, but also established a framework for understanding human nature and morality. The courage, the sacrifice, and the quest for glory continue to influence modern storytelling, reminding us of the timeless struggle between ambition and the consequences that often follow. It took courage to be part of such a world, without the comforts of the current era, with a highly developed and extremely dangerous sea commerce and competition, that oftentimes led to a multitude of conflicts.

The most known military event of the period is the Trojan War. A military campaign of bravery, hope, but also fear and violence, it was a struggle that affected all of humanity. It was a conflict between the Mycenaean civilization of the Greeks of that era, and the Trojans in Anatolia. The primary reason that sparked this 10-year war? The abduction of beautiful Helen, the wife of King Menelaus of Sparta, by Paris, a Trojan prince. This act not only ignited the flames of war but also set the stage for legendary tales of valor and betrayal, ultimately leading to the fall of Troy and the enduring legacy of the heroes involved. Legend has it that a fleet of 1,000 ships sailed from the Greek peninsula to the Anatolian shore, and the protagonists of this conflict were, on the one side, allmortal figures, while on the other, the immortals that intervened relentlessly, causing destruction and famine. The mortal figures were the so-called heroes, brave men, superior in both spiritual and physical essence to ordinary mortals, each with their own special personality, with love for their homeland, pious and ambitious. As the heroes clashed on the battlefield, their fates intertwined with the whims of the gods, each encounter was marked by valor and tragedy. The struggle for glory and honor would echo through the ages, shaping legends that would inspire generations to come. Still, let's be honest… none of these heroes represented the pinnacle of heroism of that era, not even Achilles, the protagonist of that war. Nor was Helen the first woman who played a key role in a military conflict, and nor was this the first fall of Troy. It is no coincidence that warriors, both young and old ones of that much-discussed war and era, loved to refer to previous generations of warriors and reminisce about their almost divine nature.

Oral tradition sets us back a few decades before the events of the Trojan War, when the city was besieged and sacked by, not just another prominent figure of the ancient world. For we are definitely talking about the epitome of heroism, embodied in the figure of Tyrinthian Hercules from Greece, son of Alcmena, a military commander who represented the upper limit of every warrior's imaginary ability. Yes, in a manner he is the glorious grandfather of all heroes. His story is magnificent in every aspect. He was born in one of the oldest cities in the world, seven-gated Thebes, in central Greece. Son of Zeus, ruler of Mount Olympus, and Alcmene, a member of the royal house of Tiryns and said to be the most beautiful and intelligent of all mortal women of the time. A particularly enchanting detail is the night of his conception in his mother's womb, on which a strange phenomenon occurred between the sun and the moon, making it last three times longer than normal. Hercules was a fearless warrior and a skilled defender of mortals, but also a descendant of earlier heroic figures of antiquity, such as Perseus and Danaos. He caused envy even before he was born. This story survived and was toldduring the Trojan War by King Agamemnon of Argos, narrating how the god Zeus was deceived by his wife, Hera, regarding the birth of Hercules, which she cunningly postponed so that not Hercules but his cousin Eurystheus, born before Hercules, would become king of Argos. Disputes over the throne were common among royal houses, let alone among the upper classes. Hercules the Unconquered, performed his first heroic deed when he was only 8 months old, one night when Ursa Major was setting in the West, strangling with remarkable ease two huge snakes sent to kill him by his stepmother,

Hera. From that terrible night, he received the nickname Hercules Primigenius in Latin literature, meaning the original hero. In the age of 18, he chose the path of virtue over material pleasure and continued until the very end of his life, civilizing everything in his path and punishing injustice and tyranny.

In short, Hercules outbalanced everyone in everything. He was a master of the art of war and a giant in stature, 7 feet tall according to ancient references and a very spiritual leader, for he was taught science, archery, horse riding, and music by the old great masters of his time, including centaur Cheiron. Animposing figure, recognizable by very far, on his return from an expedition on the banks of the Thermodon river, on the coast of northern Anatolia on the Black Sea, he entered the Sea of Marmara with his fleet. Sailing past the Hellespont, he observed to the south, far in the hinterland, the magnificent citadel of Troy with its luxurious and vast suburbs. Built in a strategic location, it was the ideal place for cultural and commercial exchanges. Having almost 2,000 years of history at that time, it was built on the famous North Anatolian Fault, a major tectonic boundary. A geological condition that often caused supernatural phenomena in the city, thus reinforcing its already spectacular, mythical reputation. Troy was the predominant city of the Troad, founded by Ilus, a prince of Dardania. Laying on a low spur that extends westward along the north side of a large maritime embayment, the city was representing a maritime passage that provided access to and from the Black Sea from the Aegean Sea and the Mediterranean Sea. The river Scamander led through an alluvial plain to the embayment and to the north, a low valley, river, and marshland plain called Simois. All maritime traffic would wait in Troy's large embayment for a safe anchorage and for favorable winds. Given the situation, maritime officers exacted tolls on shipping traversing the route to and from the Black Sea and for that reason the city even maintained a strong naval fleet to control access to and from the Dardanelles. Presenting hinterland resources, the citizens were attracted to systematic hunting and fishing. The rich range and environs were full of pastureland for pigs, sheep, goats, cattle, and later horses, making the city famed for breeding and exporting foals and horses.Troy was clearly a place that could amass great wealth, meaning that it was always going to attract people who might want to sack it.

Hercules though, observed a very weird scene: a young and beautiful girl dressed in white, and waist-length, dark hair, tied on a big rock to the external shore of the city's bay, facing the sea. She was scared, her face was petrified, as she was facing death himself. He entered the bay, and giving orders to his men to remain on the ships, he disembarked and remained there staring in bewilderment at the poor girl. Determined to find out what was going on, heand his guards followed the road that led to the central entrance of the first, outer wall of the city. Really such a marvel of a city. Troy was composed of the Lower Town and the Citadel, encompassing lots of hectares. Hercules, explaining his purposes, passed with his comrades the first guards at the main gate and entered the lower level, where at first, they could see flat and small houses and laboratories, constructed mainly from stone, while some of them were made of wood. Probably the lowest class of the Trojans. Soon the scene changed, with larger buildings, and there was a wide paved highway leading to the citadel's Main Gate, passing through the whole Lower Town. Then they arrived at the citadel; a main street was leading from the main gate to the upper level, where the king's Palace was. The citadel's fortified walls were impressive, with an excellent construction technique, causing Hercules to observe them with a bit of… silent excitement. Not strange at all for a man of his fame and nature. With a circumference close of almost 1 km, 4-5 meters wide, and 7 meters in height, founded deeply by extending 1 meter below the ground and with a layer of hard-packed soil between the foundation trench base and underlying bedrock, the walls acted as some kind of anti-seismic feature as well. Massive wall blocks were laid alternately to maximize strength, andmultiple, very tall towers could be seen, with 5 stone gateways with huge stone stelae and posterns. The citadel's main wall bastions were massive too. They were accessed from the 2nd storey only, almost 20 m in height and projected 8 meters from the wall, with sharp-edged points and stone base that rose at least 9 m on a massive base on bedrock. All of them were spanning the fortification walls of both the citadel and the lower city, affording an excellent view of the plain. The citadel's interior contained 3 terraces rising in height from the exterior to the center. It was subdivided into six sections by streets leading into the citadel's center. There were trapezoidal, 1-3 storey, palaces with internal pillared spaces and vertical offsets, an obvious design of wealth and a technique for minimizing earthquake damage. They were arranged in concentric circles rising towards the citadel center. The northwest side of the citadel's fortifications contained a 2.5-meter-wide passageway. The Main Gate was very old, being the main entry to the city for way more than a millennium already. To the south side of the gateway, it was visible from very far, a projecting, particularly tall, stone-built bastion. In one of the main gates, an overlapping enclosure wall was forming an indirect L-shaped access. In that way, a killing hall was created, exposing potential attackers to projectile fire from two or more angles. A cemetery lay about 600 meters south of the citadel. You could see horses and chariots in almost every road, especially close to the

citadel and in it. Hence, Troy was characterized by new weaponry & approaches to warfare: horses & chariots, chariot warriors, and sword-fighting. It was more than clear that Troy's engineers constructed a whole urban system of the era so severe attacks and natural strikes could be faced, and the city itself was standing there strong and in pride. All this seemed familiar to Hercules and his men, reminding him the city of Mycenae and Argos in Greece.

Our hero, also called Leader of the Muses, with his hoplite convoy arrived at the king's palace at the top of the city. A legendary man for a legendary city. At that time, Laomedon was king, and when he met the hero and knowing his reputation and deeds, he immediately explained to him the very difficult situation. A few time ago, Poseidon and Apollo were sent from the gods to serve Laomedon. He honored Apollo with sacrifices as a reward for his service, but he did not honor Poseidon, who had served him by fortifying Troy. Poseidon and Apollo got mad, and they sent a plague and the most terrible sea monster, Cetus, which flooded the land by spitting out the sea, causing a devastating tsunami which devoured all the people it found in the fields. Laomedon asked the advice of the oracle, and he was told to tie his daughter, Hesione, to the shore so that she could be devoured by the terrifying and other worldly monster. He dressed his daughter in royal attire and exposed her to the monster. Hercules, hearing the terrible story and having promised to receive immortal horses from Laomedon, which were given to him as a ransom by Zeus for having abducted Ganymede, Laomedon's brother, built a high wall for protection, and stood at the top of it to face the monster. The ferocious monster appeared on the horizon, and as it approached, it seemed like it was bringing the whole Underworld on Earth by causing another tidal wave, which grew larger as the monster approached. Hercules, beyond being an experienced hoplite, was a sharp-minded engineer of his time as well. The fortified wall repelled the wave and when the monster opened its mouth, he jumped into it all at once. After cutting it up from the inside for three days, he came out and he crushed his skull with his club too. However, that's the legendary version, a very strong allegory from the corrupted version of the actual event. Rationalizing it, the monster Cetus in reality was King Ceton, a great, powerful, violent and obnoxious king. As for the so-called tidal wave, some say that it was his large navy with which he destroyed all the coastal partsof Asia in the Aegean Sea, so those people used to pay a tax. In addition, the day this navy arrived at Troy, a huge earthquake shook the north coast of East Anatolia, causing a massive tidal wave. Some cities were ordered by Ceton's soldiers to give horses, others cows, and others young girls. In the case of Troy, Hesione was demanded as a payment, not just ordinary girls. King Laomedon refused, and he asked Hercules to defend the Trojans. Hercules accepted to intervene with his men, and the first of the two great battles was about to begin.

Ceton arrived at the area with his navy fleet, causing waves on the southwest coast of Hellespont. His troops were composed of a large number infantry hoplites. Additionally, in the front line, big cages carried by horses and soldiers were unloaded and aligned, containing African and Asian lions and boars with teeth reinforced with bronze. On Troy's field, Heracles and Laomedon lined up their troops too. Their military composition was more elaborate. Hercules had a dozen of heavy-armored Mycenaean infantry. Laomedon's troops were composed of heavy infantry, horse and bull chariots used by elite and skilled warriors with leather skullcaps, textile body armor, and large wooden, hide-covered shields, cavalry for flanking and shock, and light infantry. Each Trojan chariot has a crew of three: the driver, an archer, and a swordsman. A squadron of chariotry with Hercules and Laomedon in charge, with an arrayed line abreast, was advancing in front of an infantry phalanx. The enemy's troop were more brutal, with beasts and hot-blooded warriors, while the Trojans presented a more sophisticated approach with two-wheeled fast machines and heavily armored warriors. The first ones were acting through wild instincts, the second ones by tactic. Hercules was standing on a bigger chariot with Leomedon, and really, he was a larger-than-life man. Standing strong, muscularly, large-shouldered built, with a longdark beard and short hair, with grey temples, eyes set well apart in deep eye sockets, powerful neck and jaw, and clean-lined nose. Then there were his panoply and weapons, a full-body suit of interlocking bronze plates that covered the torso, neck, and limbs, awell-sharpened sword, a big bow, and his club made from a strong olive tree from Greek land. At the top of it, the most iconic part of his appearance, was his lion pelt. In other words, he resembled an unstoppable, war-machine of bronze and flesh, causing terror to enemy's eyes. The sign from Hercules himself was given loudly, and the battle began. Trojans attacked the first line of the beasts from a distance, shooting arrows in high trajectories to bring plunging fire not only upon the beasts, but also on the formation's middle and rear ranks as well. By alternating arrow volleys and cavalry charges throughout from early morning until nightfall, Hercules with the Trojans took a steady toll on the enemy's troops, reducing their ranks a few men at a time. With all the beasts being killed, apart Hercules' chariot, all other drivers turned their vehicles, while the heavy hoplites rushed to the remaining middle and rear ones. Once Hercules' chariot entered the rank, he jumped from it and began to displace them with ease, causing heavy casualties.

After a while the battle was over, Ceton himself was slaughtered by Hercules, and the survivors turned to their ships and fled to the Aegean Sea. Both sides had casualties, but those of the invaders certainly outnumbered those of the Trojans by far. The threat was successfully eliminated, and King Laomedon expressed his gratefulness to Hercules. Troy and Princess Hesione were safe now, and Hercules was waiting for his reward… but it never came. The Trojan king broke the deal again, and Hercules got furious. He departed with his ships for Greece, assuring Laomedon that he would come back one day to take his revenge. Mighty son of Alcmena many years later, and having completed his famous 12 tasks for King Eurystheus, returned to Troy with a fleet of ships, some say only 6, others say 18, to claim what Laomedon had promised him. So, he sent his twin brother Iphicles and Telamon to the city to demand both the mares and Hesione back. Laomedon had a different opinion; he threw the ambassadors into prison and planned an ambush for the others, including Hercules. He had his other sons as willing helpers in this act. Except for Priam, who brought two swords to the prison, and secretly gave them to Telamon and his companions, revealing his father's plan and causing their release. Telamon and his companions killed those of the guards who resisted and, fleeing to the sea, gave Heracles' army a full account of what had happened. They then prepared for battle and went out to meet the forces pouring out of the city with the king. Hercules advanced in person with his select troops against the city and left in command of the ships Oicles, the son of Amphiaraus. This time the whole scenery was different. In contrast with Ceton's case, Hercules didn't have chariots in his troops, but he did have heavy-armored infantry, hoplites with long experience in epic battles. Trojans did have chariotry, nevertheless, there were a few drawbacks: Trojan chariots were big and heavy, thus slower and less maneuverable than the incredibly fast Hercules' troops. Troy's population and troops had suffered from past battles, including Ceton, and intense natural phenomena, having lost part of their potential. Most important of all, the presence of the enemy had not been expected this time, and it proved impossible for King Laomedon, to collect a passable army, but gathering as many soldiers as he could he advanced with them against the ships, in the hope that if he could burn them, he could bring an end to the war.A fierce battle ensued, but Hercules' courage gave the commanders the upper hand, and their military excellence proved decisive in the outcome of the battle. Finally, Laomedon withdrew and he was slain himself and most of the soldiers with him. The buildings were looted, the streets deserted, Troy had fallen. Hercules then punished those who had participated in the conspiracy with the king, except for Priam. Thanks to the spirit of justice he had shown, he gave him the kingdom, concluded a treaty of friendship with him, and then departed. Heracles crowned Telamon with the meed of valor by bestowing upon him Hesione, the daughter of Laomedon, for in the siege he had been the first to force his way into the city, while Heracles was assaulting the strongest section of the wall of the citadel. The first conquest of Troy, one of the metropolises of that distant era, was perhaps Hercules' greatest military campaign, but it was not his only one. Not to mention that it's only a small fraction of his story.

It is now becoming clear why Hercules' campaigns and quintessential life, especially Troy's first sack, echoed strongly to later Trojan War. Many of his ancestors participated too. His son Tlepolemus, the leader of the Rhodian army of the Greeks, who, according to tradition, praised his father by claiming in fact that he was a much more capable general, pointing out that he conquered Troy with a single attack and only six ships. Telephus, a very tall and handsome man, was another one, and also his grandsons Phidippus and Antiphus participated with glory, leading a contingent of thirty ships to the war. Even the weapons used in the first siege of Troy by Hercules, his bow and arrows, were carried to the second war by the last mortal to have offered his services to him, Philoctetes. Hercules was such a skilled warrior that he left an indelible mark even on the gods. The mother of the goddess Aphrodite, Dione, told her daughter how the hero, participating in a battle against the city of Pylos in southern Greece alongside Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, and Athena, inflicted a painful wound with an arrow on Hera, but also on Hades, the ruler of the underworld. Hypnos, god of sleep, remembered with sadness how Hera once sent him to put Zeus to sleep so that she could attack Hercules' ships and banish him to the island of Kos. Even Zeus himself remembers how angry he was when Hera sent Hercules to Kos. Yet, Hercules did not only have the curse, he also had the favor of the gods. Goddess Athena recounts how many times she helped Hercules in his labors at the behest of his father, Zeus, the most difficult of which was the abduction of Cerberus, the fearsome, huge shepherd dog, that guarded the deep cave at the Cape Taenarum, in Peloponnese, in Greece, believed to be the''Entrance to the Underworld''.

There was a sacred reason for his constant campaigns and his unceasing struggle with the supernatural and the divine. He did this after receiving an oracle, in order to purify himself for the murder of his own family, following a frenzy, instilled in him by his own stepmother, Hera. He performed superhuman deeds throughout a huge part of the known world of his time, spreading his fame around the globe. He slew terrible monsters, tyrannical figures, bandits, and despotic kings, he founded cities in his wake, becoming the

progenitor of entire nations. He slew the nine-headed Lernaean Hydra, the three-bodied king of Tartessus, Geryon, the eagle that devoured Prometheus' entrails on Mount Caucasus, the enormous Erymanthian boar, the man-eating giant Antaeus in Libya, and Busiris in Egypt, and he is credited with a construction of a highway through the mountain range of the Alps and all of the northwest coast of the Mediterranean. Just some of his achievements. Not to mention his role in the Gigantomachy, where he helped the Olympians rout the Giants. Being a hero of great contrast, he even served as a slave to both King Eurystheus and Queen Omphale of Lydia.

The Iberian Peninsula took its name from his son Iberus, of the hero's union with Atlas's daughter, Asterope. In Celtic, he fell in love with the daughter of a prince, with whom he had a son, Galates, from whom the whole country took its name. From Celtine, the daughter of King Brettanus in central Europe, he had a son, Celtus, from whom Celtica took its name. From a monstrous woman in Eastern Europe, he had three sons, the youngest of whom, Scythes, gave his name to the country of Scythia. His only daughter, Pandæa, inherited his entire kingdom in Asia, and from her descended the Pandaean people, with a host of rulers in the aftermath tracing their ancestry back to this descendant of his. Hercules was also the founder of humanity's greatest multi-sport event, the Olympic Games which apart from teaching us ethical values like excellence and respect, reminds us to this day, humanity's origins and the constant vigilance and struggle required for survival.

However, everything's repeats in a circle, including history. The Fall of the heroic Bronze Age came about 3,200 years ago, and it came violently. For decades a series of intense social and environmental upheavals and numerous conflicts led to the almost complete collapse of human civilization. Regimes, arts, entire urban centers, commercial networks, crops, names, and the major part of every kind of archive... almost everything was lost. As recorded in a surviving inscription from that period, entire nations were disrupted, causing their successive collapse. In addition, a seismic storm dealt the final blow to human civilization. Fear and death spread everywhere, and the few survivors fled to high altitudes to save themselves, living in small shelters and huts. Along with it, in the darkness of time, the fall of the Mythical Age swept away everything heroic and epic, except memories, wandering like ghosts among the ruins of once iconic cities and golden coasts. Heroes, monsters, and divine beings were now the subject of night stories and recitations around the home's fire, up in the dark and cold mountains. Narrations that were narrated accompanied by musical instruments by the aoidoi, respected poets, such as Phaemios and Demodokos, reciting the glory and heroic deeds of the protagonists of another, mysterious, and at the same time spectacular era.

Hercules, the celebrated Savior, was immortalized through these evening stories, whose brilliant presence on earth vanished one generation before the Fall of the Heroic Age, at the summit of Mount Oeta in Greece, when he was 50 years old. Even so, unlike the rest of the heroes, legend has it that a cloud enveloped him and carried him to the sky a mid loud thunderclaps, and that from the fire on which his body was burning, a swarm of locusts flew out, ravaging the countryside like a plague before being destroyed. On Mount Olympus, he was welcomed by everyone and, most importantly, by Hera, who not only reconciled with him but also gave him her beautiful daughter Hebe as his wife, the "nectar-bearer to the gods", with whom they even had two children, Alexiares and Aniketus. Memorable is the realization of Achilles, one of the main characters of the Trojan War, when he felt his death approaching. He remembers that even Hercules, the greatest of heroes, could not escape death, as he was overcome by destiny and the wrath of the goddess Hera. Furthermore, Odysseus, another of the main warriors in the second siege of Troy, in his quest to return to his homeland, went to the Underworld and met the ghosts of many of his own people and glorious heroes. The last one he encounters is that of Hercules, and the scene had a very particular sense. Hercules looked repulsive, deadly, and dramatic, monologuing for a few moments about the achievements and hardships of his earthly life. After a while, his shadow disappeared again mysteriously into the fog of the Underworld, leaving Odysseus terrorized and speechless. A very inspiring passage of Hercules' life, for he was a hero of practical virtue, a man of noble serviceableness, but his excesses had their flipside. By the time of his material death, something of him remained below, his human part, the one that recalls all his actions and passions on earth, which mainly shaped his character and fame. Hercules of the heavens, meaning his ascended, divine part, would still tell of his feats too, only to mention that all of that is trivial. He has won his way to the Intellectual Realm, being way more than flesh, perfect and serene and having won the combat of wisdom. That's why he existed in both realms at once.

Over the centuries after his death, there were many monuments dedicated to him on the roads he traveled, with some ancients even mentioning his footprints, which no one could walk on. Many famous personalities and dynasties traced their origins back to Hercules. The father of modern medicine, Hippocrates, King Alexander the Great, King Leonidas I of Sparta, King Pyrrhus I of Epirus, the famous

Fabii family of the Roman Republic, and Mark Antony from the Roman Empire. One of the greatest military figures, the Carthaginian general Hannibal, drew inspiration from the hero's achievements too. Many other emperors attended to be identified with him, like Andrian, Commodus, and Traian. Roman orators consider him king not only of all of Greece, but of every empire lying from East to West. Consider that he made his appearance in Buddhist iconography as Buddha's faithful companion and protector.

Similarly, for medieval historians, Hercules was a benefactor of all people, traveling around, eliminating evil and every other misfortune in life. Many of the most important cities of the Mediterranean Sea were associated with his name: Tartessos on the Iberian Peninsula, Tyre, in present-day Lebanon, is strictly connected to him regarding its founding and imperial purple, Carthage, and of course ''Urbs Aeterna," Rome. Africa, is said by legend to have taken her name from Afrus, son of Hercules the Libyan. In medieval times, Rodrigo Jimenez de Rada, a Spanish bishop and historian of the 13th century, established a founding myth based exactly on Hercules' siege of Troy, strictly relating it to the city of Barcelona. The House of Burgundy in France and the kings of Castile have claimed descent from Heracles. On the centuries that followed, Hercules became an important aspect for the Renaissance and Enlightenment descriptions, being used as an exemplary role in Voltaire's writings, while Michelangelo graphic studies on him seek to invest the exploit with a new visual dynamism. The 17th-century Spanish king Philip IV claimed descendance from the hero too.

There's an epic conclusion to all this… majestic and somehow strange chapter of humanity. Hercules actually did pass away, either literally or allegorically. No megalithic tomb, no monument, simply because his stellar legacy shines exactly where it belongs, in the ocean of stars above us in eternity. Even if under a completely allegorized perspective, story of Hercules' heroism encoded learnings about the psychological struggles necessary to achieve virtue. As a consequence, ancient philosophers set Hercules' life up in the sky. Hercules was also known as the ''Averter of the evil'', and every dawn, the sun frees us from darkness and all evil things on earth from east to west, which is why he was called Hercules at the time. Thus, his 12 labors around the world marked the equal division of the sky into the 12 signs of the zodiac. His lion-skin became the symbol of power, his club, the conquering of adverse conditions. So, try to feel his energy during the crystal-clear nights, wherever the place, wherever the age, by observing with serenity at his constellations, watching Hercules the Kneeler battling the dragon Ladon. Observe with devotion the Milky Way, produced by Hercules' spilled milk, while his stepmother was breastfeeding him, or Sagitta constellation, the arrow used by Hercules to kill the eagle of Jove that perpetually gnawed Prometheus' liver. His heritage, isn't just another story of physical prowess, it's an eternal reminder of bravery and virtue to all mankind, serving as a beacon of hope and courage for current generations facing their own trials. Our ancestors, both modern and ancient, are watching us from the stars, so every single one of us, shall fulfill our destiny, by following their exemplar.

Lan Xin (Samei) لان كْسين (سامِيْ)

Chinese-English bilingual writer, poet and translator, President of the World Naxi Culture Society, the only female inheritor of Dongba Culture inscribed on UNESCO's Memory of the World Register, and Dean of the China Yulong Wenbi Dongba Culture Academy. With published wrtings, and cultural activities.

Écrivaine, poétesse et traductrice sino-anglaise. Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

كاتبةٌ وشاعرةٌ ومُترجِمَةٌ صينيَّةٌ-إنكليزيَّةٌ ثُنائِيَّةُ اللُّغات، في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

LANXIN SAMEI'S LEGENDARY JOURNEY IN DONGBA CULTURE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Text in English.

In the thousand-year inheritance history of Dongba culture, no woman had ever broken the iron rule of "passing down only within the clan and only to males" — neither foreign women nor women of the Naxi ethnic group themselves. Women had always been excluded from the inheritance system, until the emergence of Lanxin Samei. This Han writer from an intellectual family in Hunan embarked on a spiritual adventure spanning ethnic groups and genders, becoming the first and so far the only female inheritor in the history of Dongba culture. She was even recognized by the Dongba community as the reincarnation of Panzi Samei, the Goddess of Wisdom and Ancestor of Human Divination, writing the most mysterious contemporary footnote to this ancient civilization.

The story began at a Dongba painting exhibition in 2017. At that time, already an internationally renowned bilingual writer, Lanxin was invited to host the opening ceremony of a national tour exhibition, where she accidentally met Aheng Dongta, the 17th-generation Dongba inheritor. Without worldly pleasantries, the two immediately fell into a high-dimensional soul conversation, ranging from spiritual experiences to the true meaning of life, with a tacit understanding as if reunited across time and space. Aheng Dongta admitted that Lanxin was the first person who could talk with him about topics beyond the three-dimensional world, and if she were male, he would definitely accept her as a disciple — but the Dongba tradition of "passing down only to males" became an insurmountable barrier at that time. For thousands of years, this rule had never made an exception for any woman, not even for women of the Naxi ethnic group.

This encounter was like a foreshadowing of fate, and since then, Lanxin's connection with Dongba culture has grown deeper and deeper. Her innate extrasensory talents and spiritual awareness continued to manifest in her exchanges with Aheng Dongta: she mastered the core of the I Ching in three days, with divination results identical to ancient Dongba methods; she could accurately perceive multi-dimensional spaces and often communicated with ancient spirits in her dreams. These traits made Aheng Dongta see new possibilities for the inheritance of Dongba culture. After nearly a year of secret trials — from compassion and great wisdom to spiritual potential and sense of mission — Lanxin passed all tests with excellent performance.

At the end of 2018, Aheng Dongta braved widespread opposition and officially broke the thousand-year tradition at the Dongba Dharma assembly in Aming Ling Cave, Shangri-La, accepting Lanxin as the first female inheritor in the history of Dongba culture. The news shocked the entire Dongba community, and many Dongbas strongly opposed it on the grounds of "violating ancestral teachings". After all, this was the first time in thousands of years that a woman had stepped into the core circle of Dongba inheritance. But Lanxin responded to the doubts with actions: she spent five years reading 100 volumes of Dongba ancient books, proficiently mastering core skills such as Dongba hieroglyphs, chanting, and rituals; she co-retranslated the three great epics with Aheng Dongta, launching trilingual readers to bring the "divine books" to the world; she founded a public welfare academy to build an inheritance platform for Dongba inheritors, traveling to Dongba families adhering to the tradition in Yunnan, Sichuan, and Tibet.

The real turning point came from the revelation of Goddess Panzi Samei in a dream. In 2020, Lanxin clearly saw the goddess appear in her dream, personally drawing parallel universe diagrams and concentric circles, telling her the mission of her multiple incarnations — "being herself yet more than herself". After learning about it, Aheng Dongta affirmed that this was a sign of the goddess descending — Panzi Samei, whom Dongbas had longed to dream of all their lives, actually appeared to the first female Dongba inheritor in history in a dream. At the subsequent Dongba Dharma assembly, Aheng Dongta gave her the name "Lanxin Samei", where "Samei" refers to Panzi Samei, meaning "Lanxin with the light of wisdom".

As Lanxin delved deeper into and promoted Dongba culture — appearing at the UN Chinese Language Day, touring Europe, and promoting cultural exchanges — the once-opposed Dongbas gradually changed their attitudes. They witnessed Lanxin helping Dongba inheritors with compassion, interpreting ancient books with high-dimensional wisdom, and saw the divine nature of Panzi Samei's "benefiting all sentient beings" in her. Today, Dongba inheritors in Yunnan, Sichuan, and Tibet all respectfully address her as "Panzi Samei", pour tea for her with their family's only silver bowls, and regard her as the goddess incarnation sent to save Dongba culture.

66- Lan Xin (Samei)

٧٩- لان كسين (ساميْ)

From a Han writer to the reincarnation of a goddess, Lanxin Samei's journey is full of mystery. Her existence not only broke the absolute barrier of "passing down only to males" in Dongba culture that had lasted for thousands of years but also confirmed the truth that spirituality has no national borders and great love has no ethnic boundaries. Why did this thousand-year spiritual connection specifically befall a Han woman? As the only female inheritor in the history of Dongba culture, what other uncovered cosmic codes lie behind her connection with Panzi Samei? This legendary journey is still waiting for more exploration and witness.

Laura Trimarchi

لورا تريماركي

Italian Monegasque poetess, dramatist and actress, born and lived in Naples until 1987. Surrounded by a family of artists, she developed an interest in music, dance and theatre at an early age. In 1987, she moved to the Principality of Monaco, where she began working as an Artistic Agent in the field of music and theatre with Trimarchi International Events. She joined the board of directors of Dante Alighieri in Monaco, participating in the organization of prestigious events. In 2020, she moved to the charming medieval village of Dolceacqua (Medieval Italy). In 2023, she left Dante Alighieri and joined the board of directors of the cultural association “Il Teatro della Vita” in Monte-Carlo as Artistic Director. She is also the founder and President of the poetry competition “Le Parole della Vita” in Monte Carlo. As an actress, in addition to playing multiple roles in many theatre productions, she has often brought poetry to the stage in Italy and abroad (Norway, China, Russia, France). As a poet, she has won many awards and published two collections of poetry: “Di versi si nasce” by Albatros ed. and “Solitamente scrivo sui muri” by Antea ed.

Poétesse, dramaturge, actrice et agente artistique italo-monégasque, née à Naples qu’elle quitte en 1987 pour Monaco jusqu’en 2020 quand elle décide de résider dans le village de Dolceacqua en Italie médiévale. Elle a à son actif des œuvres publiées, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرةٌ ومُمَثِّلَةٌ وكاتبةُ مَسرح ووَكيلةٌ فنِّيَّةٌ مونَاكِيَّة. مِن مَواليد ناپولي الَّتي تركَتها في العام ١٩٨٧ لتعيشَ في موناكو حتَّى عام ٢٠٢٠، ففي قرية دولْتُشِه أكْوا بإيطاليا العُصور الوُسْطى. في رصيدها مؤلَّفاتٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُختلِفة.

UN AUTRE REGARD

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in French.

Je vois le monde à travers les yeux d'un chat
Depuis la niche d'un chien
Du haut d'un vol d'oiseaux
Au milieu du tumulte des pas humains.

Derrière les barreaux d'un espace confiné
Tout est présent.
Je garde les peurs et les méfiances du passé
L'avenir je ne peux l’imaginer.

67- Laura Trimarchi **٧٨- لورا تريماركي**

Si les animaux pouvaient parler
Ce ne serait que poésie.

Version originale "Altro sguardo"
depuis "Di Versi si Nasce" - Ed. Albatros Il Filo - 7 Juillet 2022

Lauren Mendinueta **لورين مِنديتويتا**

Colombian poetess, born in 1977 (Barranquilla, Colombia). With several published books, prizes and various cultural and literary activities.
Poétesse colombienne, née en 1977 à Barranquilla (Colombie). À son actif s'inscrivent plusieurs livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles et littéraires.
شاعرةٌ كولومبيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد العام ١٩٧٧ (بَرَّانكِيَّا، كولومبيا). في رَصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ وأدبيَّةٌ مُختلِفة.

EL TEATRO DE LA MEMORIA

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in Spanish.

IGUANA Y MIRLOS TOLEDIANOS

I

Ignorada por lo que sabe
la iguana toma su tiempo
en un cuenco dorado.

II

Veo al mirlo ir de rama en rama,
lo recordaré cuando la memoria me busque.

III

En el centro del espejo
la mano se desliza sobre el roble,
el mirlo conquista el cielo.

IV

La piel tersa del lenguaje de la memoria dice mirlo
y la pluma se agita en la palabra vuelo.

V

El mirlo es indiferente
a la mano terrestre que lo espanta.
La mirada vuela
huésped de la forma de mi sueño.

Laurence Chaudouët **لورانس شودووِهْ**

French poetess and novelist, certified professor of modern letters. With published works and various literary and cultural activities.
Poétesse et romancière française, professeure certifiée de lettres modernes. S'inscrivent à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعِرةٌ وراوِيَةٌ فرنسيَّةٌ، أستاذةٌ مُجازَةٌ للآداب الحديثة. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ وأنشِطةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ متنوِّعة.

UN RÊVE DE BALANÇOIRE

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in French.

UN GOÛT DE CAFÉ

Ce bol posé sur la table est entré dans l'ivresse
Vide il irradie de toutes les présences révélées
Ce n'est pas la couleur ce n'est pas la matière
C'est son être entier qui dit la lumière verte
Les prairies auréolées la courbe des blés rendus à l'aube
Ta main sur les feuilles l'assomption des herbes hautes
La pluie dans son obstination farouche, et la patte furtive
D'un écureuil effarouché, que tu as gardé
dans la paume du premier matin d'automne

Li Guanchen **لي غْوانْشُنْ**

Chinese poetess, born in July 1956. Member of the Shanghai Writers Association in China. She has published three poetry collections: "Life of Water Lilies," "Awakening of Water Lilies," and "The Red Wall in Life." She currently serves as the Vice Chairman of the Pudong New Area Writers Association in Shanghai.
Poétesse Chinoise, née en juillet 1956. Elle a à son actif trois recueils publiés et différentes activités culterelles.

شاعِرةٌ صينيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد تمُّوز ١٩٥٦. في رصيدها ثلاثةُ دواوينَ مَنشورةٍ وأنشطةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتنوِّعة.

爱的信仰/FAITH IN LOVE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Chinese poem with English version by Lina Moon.

爱的信仰

爱
洒在春天的路上禾苗
渴望一缕阳光
雨露滋润着大地
缘的梦想
构筑成家的敞亮

爱
融进夏日的骄阳
大路
延伸一条宽敞
创业历练着艰辛
道的坚实
奠基事业的力量

爱
丰盈秋季的果实
枫叶
装点一片鲜红
生活美满着幸福
梦的温婉
拥抱最诚的遐想

爱
绘成冬天的雪景
冰凌
凝结一道希望
理想拥抱着未来
心若阳光
路依然在信仰的远方

FAITH IN LOVE

Love
Spilled on the road of spring, nurturing the seedlings
Yearning for a ray of sunlight
Rain and dew nourishing the earth
Dreams of destiny
Constructing a bright home

Love
Merging into the summer's scorching sun
The road extends wide
Entrepreneurship experiencing hardships
Solidity of the path
Laying the foundation for a career

Love
Abundant fruits in autumn
Maple leaves
Adorning a patch of crimson
Life brimming with happiness
Gentleness of dreams
Embracing the most sincere fantasies

Love
Painting a winter snow scene
Icicles
Condensing a ray of hope
Ideals embracing the future
If the heart is like sunlight
The path still lies in the distant faith.

M. Cem Temuroğlu **م. جم تيمورأوغلو**

Turkish writer, aphorist, and brand creator, born in 1976 (Istanbul, Turkiye). Educated at Galatasaray High School and Marmara University, he is the founder of the ambient scent brand *Véronique*, produced in Valencia, Spain, specifically for Turkiye. With published writings and various cultural activities.
Écrivain, aphoriste et créateur de marque, né en 1976 à Istanbul (Turquie). Il a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.
كاتِبٌ وشاعرٌ حِكَمِيٌّ ومُبتَكِرُ علاماتٍ تجاريَّةٍ تُركِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد العام ١٩٧٦ (إسطنبول، تركيا). في رصيده كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتنوِّعة.

AFORIZMALAR/APHORISMS

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)
Aphorisms in Turkish and English.

1. Doğarken masum, büyürken tanık, yıllar ilerledikçe savcı, yaşlanırken hâkim ve ölürken de birazcık suçluyuzdur.

Innocent at birth, witnesses as we grow, prosecutors as years pass, judges as weage, and a little guilty as wedie.

2. Tek başına kaldığında, hayat terk edenleri değil seni sorgular.
When left alone, life interrogates you, not those who left.

3. Sürekli yıprattığın halde değerini artırdığın tek şey hayatındır.
The only thing whose value increases as you wear it out is your life.

4. Doğanın çıkmayan tek lekesi insandır.
The only stain that nature cannot remove is man.

5. Artık düşündüğünde değil, düşünmemeyi seçtiğinde varsın.
You exist not because you think, but because you choose not to think.

6. Doğa acımasızdır. Güçlüyü av, güçsüzü avcı yapmaz.
Nature is merciless. It does not make the strong the prey, nor the weak the hunter.

7. Yaşamın amacı tartışılır fakat ne olmadığı kesindir.
The purpose of life is debatable, but what it is not is certain.

8. Yalnızlık sıkı dosttur, ölene dek terk etmez.
Solitude is a loyal friend; it never leaves you until death.

9. Bitkiler ve hayvanlar, günün birinde dile gelip de insanoğluna seslenecek olsalardı, ilk sözleri "Yapmayın!" olurdu.
If plants and animals were ever to find a voice and address human kind, their first word would be: Don't!

Maria Grazia Vai — ماريا غْراتسْيا فاي

Italian poetess, author, and artist, born on August 5, 1964 (Casorate Primo, Pavia, Italy). With published works and various literary, musical, and cultural activities.
Poétesse, auteure et artiste italienne, née le 5 août 1964 à Casorate Primo (Pavia, Italie). Elle a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires, musicales et culturelles.
شاعرةٌ ومؤلّفةٌ وفنّانةٌ إيطاليّةٌ، مِن مَواليد الخامِس مِن آب ١٩٦٤ في كازوراتِه پريمو (پافيا، إيطاليا). في رصيدها أعمالٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيّةٌ وموسيقيّةٌ و ثقافيّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

COME FOSSERO USIGNOLI
COMME SI C'ETAIENT DES ROSSIGNOLS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Italian with French version.

COME FOSSERO USIGNOLI

Di cieli senza pioggia
e finestre illuminate

vorrei navigar l’inchiostro
del mio dire
sognando di altri voli
tra le fronde
oramai bianche
e di altre poesie
tornare
a salutar l’arrivo del mattino
che non invecchia
le panchine
né il ciliegio
e matura i miei frutti
per altri cent’anni.

COMME SI C’ÉTAIENT DES ROSSIGNOLS

Des cieux sans pluie
et des fenêtres éclairées
je voudrais faire couler l’encre
de mes mots
en rêvant d’autres envols
parmi les feuilles
désormais blanches
et avec d’autres poèmes
recommencer
à saluer l’arrivée du matin
qui ne vieillit
ni les bancs
ni le cerisier
et mûrit mes fruits
pour encore cent ans.

Marie-José Pascal **ماري-جوزِه باسْكال**

French poetess, with published writings, several prizes, and various cultural activities.
Poétesse française, ayant à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles, ainsi que des prix attribués par la Société des Poètes Français dont le prix Paul Verlaine, 2023, et le prix Jacques Prévert, 2025.

شاعِرَةٌ فرنسيَّةٌ، في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ، وجوائِزُ، إلى أنْشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

L’ENFANT INSPIRÉ *suivi de* LA PASSAGÈRE D’UN SONGE

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in French.

RIMBAUD DE L'IMPOSSIBLE

Rimbaud de l'impossible, éternel voyageur!
Affranchi des frontières et des règles sociales,
Tu cours en partance pour des terres inconnues
Ivre jusqu'à l'extrême tel un torrent fougueux
Loin des remparts de pluie et des villes brumeuses
Poète à toute heure, vagabond sans attache
Tu nous fais partager tes frissons et ta fièvre
Dans tes débordements de phrases anarchiques
Les voyelles s'habillent de couleurs somptueuses
Et les mots insensés pleuvent comme de l'or
Sur les pavés mouillés des vieilles cathédrales.
Va! Rien ne résiste au verbe quand c'est toi qui l'anime.
Sublime et inquiétant, voilà ce que tu es et à vouloir te suivre
On y perdrait la moitié de son âme.
Rimbaud de l'impossible, éternel voyageur
Laisse-nous prisonniers, laisse-nous enchaînés,
Toi, seul tu étais fait pour cette vie d'errance.

Maureen Alsop **مَوْرين أَلْسوب**

American poetess, visual artist, instructor, mentor, consutant and registered psychologist. Diplomas include Ph. D., psychology and M.F.A., Creative Writing. With several awards, books in poetry and fiction, chapbooks and articles.
Poétesse américaine, artiste visuelle, formatrice, mentor, consultante et psychologue agréée. Elle a à son actif des prix, des livres et des articles publiés.
شاعِرةٌ وفنَّانةُ مَرئِيَّات ومُدرِّبَةٌ ومُرشِدَةٌ ومُستَشارَةٌ واختِصاصيَّةٌ مُجازَةٌ في عِلمِ النَّفس. في رصيدها جوائِزُ وكُتُبٌ ومقالاتٌ مَنشورَة.

ARBOR VITAE

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)
Poem in English.

I am an assassin to my own measures. I measured
the light. But when I think of it, when I think
of the light, it's fair to say that light assumes its place.
And it is fair enough to promise
an attraction to the earth exists. And the earth,

briefly gives, but in counterturn, folds
a devastation toward us.
Meanwhile, the earth exalts the spirit.
And in my mind, I must say, there
were pleasant effects, the light,
a yellow soot, ochre yarrow,
like the center of their lips.

Milena Drpa ميلينا دُرْبَهْ

Poetess, short story writer, and teacher from Bosnia and Herzegovina, born in 1950 (Gornja Slatina, near Šamac). She graduated in Serbo-Croatian Language and Literature from the Pedagogical Academy in Tuzla. Throughout her entire professional career, she worked as a teacher of Serbo-Croatian, first in Donji Kladari near Modriča and later in Modriča. During her working life, she was actively engaged with young poets. In 2000, she founded the "Mladost" Literary Club in Modriča, which she continues to lead to this day. Working with young literary creators represents an important and lasting part of her life. She entered the world of writing while still in primary school and has remained in that world throughout her entire life. Just as she had imagined, through long creative years, the dreams she dreamed in childhood gradually came true. Milena Drpa writes poetry, short stories, children's poetry, haiku, short prose, lyrical notes, reviews, essays, and literary criticism.
Poétesse, nouvelliste et institutrice de la Bosnie Herzégovine, née en 1950 à Gornja Slatina, près de Šamac. Elle a à son actif des livres et des recueils publiés, ainsi que différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرةٌ وقاصَّةٌ ومُدرِّسةٌ مِن البوسنَة والهِرسِك، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٥٠. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ ودَواوينُ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

IZVEDI NAS, DOBRI
LEAD US OUT, O, THE GOOD ONE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Bosnian with English version by Ana Pravilović.

IZVEDI NAS, DOBRI

O, Dobri, kapnu li kad u oči tvoje
zrncca praznine da svjedoče o nama,
da li ti se misli zle istine boje
o našem lutanju po pustim stazama?

Vidiš li od magle koja sve nas davi
šarenu lažu što nam puni ruke,
u kojoj nema ni daška ljubavi,
riječi samilosti, ni milošte puke?

Osjetiš li, Blagi, da venama teče
tečnost koja nije topla i rumena,
da li te u nesnu i moj bol zapeče
što je pod kamenjem riječ zapretena?

Moraš ti, Jedini, neke staze naći
do plavih dubina čovjekovih sanja
i svojim božanskim rukama dotaći
mjesto gde moć raste, a duša uranja.

LEAD US OUT, O, THE GOOD ONE

O, The Good One, do the drops of emptiness
ever fall into your eyes, to witness about us?
Does your mind loath the ugly truth
of our wonderings along the desolate paths?

Can you see, in this suffocating fog
the colorful lie, of which we've handfuls,
devoid of even a bit of Love,
a kindly word, a touch of empathy…

Can you feel, o, The Gentle One, that
nothing warm and red runs in our veins,
Does my pain bother you in your vigil,
my word buried away under the stones?

Surely, The Only One, you can find the ways
to the blue depths of our human dreams,
and you can touch, with your divine hands
this powerful place where our souls belong.

Milosav Mišo M. Mladenović **ميلوساف ميشو م. مْلادِنوفيتْش**

Serbian academic, artist painter, iconographer, poet, and novelist, born in 1936 (Arilje, Serbia), living in Belgrade since 1939 where he was educated, graduated, and completed his specialization at the Academy of Fine Arts. He managed to combine Serbian Byzantine art in the best way through restoration, conservation, and poetry. In parallel with painting, he is engaged in writing, So far, he has published 5 books, i.e.: Diary of a Viewer, 2006; Ariljski Svitac, 2013; Autumn Sun, 2015; Paradoxes, 2021, and Daščice, 2025.
Universitaire, peintre, iconographe, poète et romancier serbe, né à Arilje (Serbie) en 1936, vivant à Belgrade. Il est parvenu à combiner l'art byzantin serbe à travers la restauration, la conservation et la poésie. Il a à son actif quatre livres de prose et de poésie, et un roman.

جامِعِيٌّ وتَشكيلِيٌّ وشاعِرٌ وروائِيٌّ صِربِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد العام ١٩٣٦ (صِربيا)، مُقيمٌ في بِلغراد. حافَظَ على الفنِّ البيزنطيِّ الصِّربِيِّ بتَرميم الإيقونات والتُّحَف والمحافظة عليها وقَرضِ الشِّعر فيها.

CALM *after a load has been thrown off*

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in English.

Calm, like a wand after a storm
that stands upright, as if nothing had shaken it,
nor uprooted it from the ground
from which it had risen,
worthy of all the misfortunes that had passed.

Pride, as if it were pouring out of itself,
and it is an ordinary wand,
yet I rarely encounter it.

Mirko Stikić **ميركو سٰتيكيتـٰش**

Serbian poet, and author, born on May 30, 1958 (Lazarevo, near Zrenjanin, Serbia). He graduated from the Faculty of Economics at the University of Belgrade. As a graduate economist, he worked in Republican and provincial administrative bodies in Novi Sad. For much of his career, he served as an independent advisor in monitoring and analyzing economic trends, later as a financial inspector, and also as a tax consultant. He has published four collections of poetry so far, with a fifth book in preparation.
Poète et auteur serbe, né le 30 mai 1958 à Lazarevo (Zrenjanin, Serbie). Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعرٌ ومؤلّفٌ صِربيٌّ، مِن مَواليد الثَّلاثين مِن أيَّار ١٩٥٨ في لازاريڤو (صِربيا). في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

MATI DRHTAVOM RUKOM OGNJIŠTE ČUVA
MOTHER GUARDS THE HEARTH WITH A TREMBLING HAND

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Serbian with English version.

MATI DRHTAVOM RUKOM OGNJIŠTE ČUVA

Jeseni, jeseni žuta jeseni
Zavičaj zove a srce ište
Što budiš čežnju i setu u meni
Tu spoznah život toplo ognjište

Sve je k'o nekad al' ništa isto
Ni petla gordog što zoru budi
Ni starog duda ni one višnje
Netragom nestaše dragi ljudi

Tek mati stara na pragu stoji
Drhtavom rukom ognjište čuva
Godine odavno prestala da čuva
Kroz baštu banatska košava duva

Iz gradske vreve s prazninom u duši
Uvek iznova zavičaj vuče
K'o keruši gladno promrzlo kuče
Hitam ognjištu dok vetar jauče

MOTHER GUARDS THE HEARTH WITH A TREMBLING HAND

Autumn, autumn, yellow autumn deep,
The homeland calls, the heart obeys.
Why do you stir this longing, this quiet ache in me—
Here I first knew life, the warmth of the hearth.

All seems the same, yet nothing truly is:
Not the proud rooster calling dawn awake,
Nor the old mulberry, nor the sour cherry tree—
Dear people vanished, leaving no trace.

Only my aged mother stands upon the threshold,
With trembling hand she guards the hearth still.
Long ago she ceased to guard her years—
Through the garden, the Banat wind blows cold.

From city crowds, with emptiness inside,
Again and again the homeland pulls me back.
Like a starving, frozen stray,
I rush toward the hearth as the wind howls.

Muhammad Islam Fida محمّد إسلام فِدا

Pakistani poet and satirist, writing in Urdu and English. Senior editor at "Jang" newspaper, and comedy writer, his works blend humour, insight, and poetic elegance. His verses carry philosophical undertones, offering both reflection and delight to readers.
Poète et satiriste pakistanais, écrivant en ourdu et en anglais. Avec des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعرٌ وكاتبٌ ساخِرٌ پاكِستانيٌّ، يكتبُ بالأُرديَّةِ والإنكليزيَّة. في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

ندائے فِدا/THE CALL OF FIDA

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Poem in Urdu with English version by Engr Dr. Naila Hina (NNLP, 2025).

نعتِ رسولِ مقبول صلی اللہ علیہ وآلہ وسلم

جب حبیبِ خدا آپ ہیں
مصطفیٰ، مجتبیٰ آپ ہیں

صورتِ رحمتِ عالمیں
میرے رب کی عطا آپ ہیں

بعدِ رب جس کا ہے تذکرہ
خلق میں جا بہ جا آپ ہیں

دیں مکمل ہوا آپ پر
ہر نبی سے جدا آپ ہیں

نعت کہنا وظیفہ مرا
کنزِ الفت مرا آپ ہیں

آپ کی مجھ پہ رحمت رہے
میرے دل کی رجا آپ ہیں

میرے دامن میں کچھ بھی نہیں
آسرا بس مرا آپ ہیں

آپ کے ذکر سے ہے سکوں
میرے دکھ کی دوا آپ ہیں

کیوں نہ مدحت کروں میں فدا
جب مرا مدعا آپ ہیں

YOU ARE MY REFUGE

When you are the Beloved of God,
You are Mustafa, you are Mujtaba.

Embodiment of mercy for all worlds—
A divine gift from my Lord, you are.

After God, the one most mentioned,
In every heart and soul, you are.

The faith was completed upon you,
Distinct from every prophet, you are.

Reciting your praise is my sacred duty,
The treasure of love, you are to me.

May your mercy always embrace me—
The hope within my heart, you are.

My hands hold nothing of worth,
My only support, truly, is you.

Peace flows from your blessed name,
The cure for all my pain, you are.

Why wouldn't I sing your praise, O Fida,
When my deepest purpose, you are?

Natalie Bisso ناتالي بيسُو

Russian-born poetess, novelist, essayist, critic, philanthropic, and songwriter, based in Germany. President of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune" (ILACT), head of the German Branch of the Writers' Union NA. Author of 13 original collections, more than 150 songs, and co-author in more than 200 international anthologies around the world. Some of her poems are translated into 45 languages.
Poétesse, romancière, essayiste, critique, philanthrope et auteure-compositrice, née en Russie et basée en Allemagne. S'inscrivent à son actif 13 recueils et plus de 150 chansons, elle est traduite en 45 langues.

شاعرةٌ وروائيَّةٌ وباحثةٌ وناقِدَةٌ وكاتِبَةُ أغانٍ، وُلِدَتْ في روسيا وتُقيمُ في ألمانيا. لها ١٣ ديوانًا و١٥٠ أغنية وأعمالٌ وأنشِطَةٌ كثيرة.

ОСТАТЬСЯ ЧЕЛОВЕКОМ/TO REMAIN HUMAN

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Russian with English version.

ОСТАТЬСЯ ЧЕЛОВЕКОМ

Дороги разные нас в этот мир ведут,
Свой путь был в мире пройден и Иудой.
Родиться человеком - это чудо,
Остаться человеком - это труд!

Не успевая и молитву всю прочесть,
Становишься мишенью, словно в тире,
Остаться б человеком в грешном мире,
Где в спину выстрел - норма или месть.

Но каждый волен выбирать свой путь,
Достойно жить, с любовью и во благо,
Нести свой крест не горбясь и с отвагой,
Чтоб полной грудью, не боясь, вздохнуть.

TO REMAIN HUMAN

Different roads lead us to this world,
Judas has already passed his way in the world
Being born a human is a miracle,
Staying human is hard work!

Without even having time to read the whole prayer,
You become a target, as if in a shooting gallery,
To remain a man in a sinful world,
Where a shot in the back is the norm or revenge.

But everyone is free to choose his own path,
to live with dignity, with love and for the good,
To carry his cross without hunching and with courage,
To breathe deeply, without fear.

Niamat Elhamri نِعمَت الحَمري

Moroccan writer, poetess, and cultural organizer. She serves as Editor-in-Chief of Asad Magazine for Children and Deputy Editor-in-Chief of Barcelona Literary Magazine, General Secretary of the World Writers Union, Member of the Arab Writers Union and Arab Cultural Union, and Ambassador of International Federation of Arts and Literature (UNIFAL). With published works and various cultural activities.
Auteure, poétesse et activiste culturelle marocaine. Elle a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.
مؤلّفةٌ وشاعرةٌ وناشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مَغربيَّة. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

WARD 36

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Short story in English.

. .

BLUE FEAR

On that pitch-black night, I accompanied my father, *Raïs* Abdelkader, to the sea for the very first time. I was just entering my twenties, impulsive, eager, hungry for adventure. I had always listened to his stories about the sea, the art of fishing, and the mysteries of the deep, truths only those who had plunged into its heart could understand. I didn't know that night would teach me everything at once, the moment our worn-out boat struck a rock harder than iron.
Suddenly, I was fighting for my life in sheer panic. The sea swallowed everything around me; the air vanished; the surface seemed near, yet impossibly far. I saw the sky through the water, blurred, distorted, like a distant dream. I heard nothing but the screams of the sailors and my father's voice calling my name.

My vision dimmed as the suffocation deepened. Light faded. Colours drained away. My life flickered before me, my mother's face, my siblings, my beloved, to whom I had promised to return before dawn.

My father, *Raïs* Abdelkader, was a man in his fifties with a broad chest and a face tanned by sun and salt. He had spent his whole life in the coastal city of Larache, a traditional fisherman who set out each morning in his old wooden boat, casting nets he wove himself with the help of his crew. Before sailing, he would always lift his gaze to the sky and say:

"In the name of God. May He make the sea gentle and bless us with His bounty." And the fishermen would reply in unison:

"Amen, O Lord, don't send us home empty-handed."

He knew the sea as he knew himself, its names, its currents, its stars and winds. He could find his way back even in the darkest night. To him, the sea was more than a source of livelihood, it was a refuge, a second home, perhaps even a blue embrace where he could pour out his sorrows whenever the land grew too heavy.

But on that winter night, everything changed.

The sea was calm at first, then the storm ambushed us in the depths. The wind slapped the waves, and the boat rocked like a drunk crashing into a wall.

Someone shouted, *"Let the nets loose!"*

But it was too late.

The boat splintered apart. Our companions drowned one after another. My father fought the waves, helplessly watching the end unfold before his eyes.

Before rescue arrived, I regained a flicker of consciousness amid the vortex of terror. Reaching out blindly, I grabbed a piece of the shattered boat, gasping and crying out into the void. I saw my father not far away, his eyes half-open, clinging to the remains of a fishing net.

I called to him. I swam closer. We held onto each other, as if clinging to life itself. Together, we battled the sea with exhausted bodies until we saw the faint beam of a rescue boat and heard the rescuers shouting through the darkness.

We were saved together.

But the truth is, something in my father never was.

I survived the sea.

He didn't.

Something inside him drowned that night, something that never rose to the surface again.

From that day forward, my father changed. He withdrew into a long, suffocating silence. He became afraid of blue, of the sea, of the wind, of the night, of water itself. He even avoided bathing.

Each night, the sea returned to him in his dreams. He saw his drowned companions alive, speaking to him. He blamed himself for their deaths. He sank into post-traumatic torment, undiagnosed, untreated, sometimes frightened even of himself.

One afternoon, he climbed to the rooftop, looked toward the horizon, inhaled the scent of the distant sea, and listened to the cries of the seagulls. Then he leaned forward into the empty air, weary of everything, until I arrived just in time to grab him, saving him for the second time from certain death.

It was then I realized I could no longer bear the thought of losing him.

We forced him to see a psychiatrist, who referred him to a mental health clinic.

Since then, he has become one of those silent figures who wander the corridors of Ward 36, eyes searching for something unseen, something only they can perceive.

Panagiota P. Lambri باناغيوتا ب. لامبري

Greek poetess and author, born in Rodavgi (Arta, Greece). She has graduated from the School of Philosophy of the Aristotle University of Thessalonoki, and served in Secondary Education. She writes articles, publishes book reviews, short stories, travel texts and poetry.

Poétesse et auteure grecque, née à Rodavgi (Arta, Grèce). Après des études universitaires en philosophie, elle devient institutrice dans les classes secondaires. À son actif s'inscrivent des nouvelles, des poèmes, et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرةٌ ومؤلّفةٌ يونانيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد رودافْغي (أرتا، اليونان). درسَتِ الفلسفةَ وعلَّمَتها في الصُّفوف الثَّانويَّة. في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ وأنشِطَةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

Χαρταετοί/KITES

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Greek with English version.

Χαρταετοί

Χαρταετοί πολλοί πέταξαν πάλι,
σε συννεφιασμένο ουρανό αυτή τη φορά.
Μερικοί τους σπάγκους τους έκοψαν
γυρεύοντας θαρρείς λευτεριά.
Στο υπέροχο, ουράνιο τους ξάνοιγμα
άλλοι σε ηλεκτροφόρα σύρματα πιάστηκαν,
άλλοι σε δέντρων και θάμνων κλαδιά
κι άλλοι σαν κουρελιασμένες ανέμισαν ίριδες
μέχρι που τα εφήμερα ίχνη τους χάθηκαν
στης γαλάζιας θαλάσσης τα ύδατα,
σε ρείθρα απρόσιτα ή σε λιβάδια χλοερά.

Κάποιοι περήφανοι κι όμορφοι χάρτινοι αϊτοί
σ' ανθρώπων χέρια ξέμειναν ετούτη την Αποκριά!
Ίσως πετάξουνε κι ίσως χαθούνε άλλη φορά!

Όμως, ανεμόδαρτοι, προσφιλείς χαρταετοί μου,
πόσο πολύ των ανθρώπων τη ζήση θυμίζετε,
που κι εκείνη, με σπάγκο κομμένο ή χωρίς,
σε ηλεκτροφόρα σύρματα, όχι σπάνια, πιάνεται,
με ξεσχισμένα τα πολύχρωμα ρούχα της,
εγκαταλειμμένα στου ανέμου το βίαιο χάιδεμα,
στη ρύμη του χρόνου εμπαιζόμενη, συχνά προχωρεί;
Κι όλα τούτα μέχρι η ύστατη ώρα να φτάσει,
μέχρι το σώμα τους να καλύψει η αρχέγονη γη.

KITES

Many kites once more took flight,
beneath a cloud-laden sky this time.
Some cut their strings,
seeking, it seemed, a kind of freedom.
In their splendid, heavenly widening
some were caught on humming wires,
others in the branches of trees or shrubs,
and others fluttered like torn irises
until their fleeting traces disappeared
in the blue waters of the sea,
in unreachable gutters, or in grassy fields.

Some proud and lovely paper eagles
remained in human hands this Carnival.
Perhaps they'll flyand perhaps be lostanother day.
Yet you, windswept, familiar kites of mine,
how greatly you resemble the life of humans
which too, with string cut or still intact,
is often caught in electric wires,
its bright, many-colored garments torn,
abandoned to the wind's harsh caress,
moving on, mocked in the current of time.
And all of it until the final hour arrives,
until ancient earth lays its cover on the body.

Pero Pavlović بيرو بافلوفيش

Poet and writer from Bosnia and Herzegovina, member of domestic and international associations. With 43 published books, and poetry translated into 15 languages.
Poète et écrivain de la Bosnie-Herzégovine, membre d'associations nationales et internationales. Auteur de 43 livres publiés et de poèmes traduits en 15 langues.
شاعِرٌ وكاتبٌ مِن البوسنَة والهِرسِك، وعُضوُ جمعيَّات محلِّيَّة ودوليَّة. في رصيده ٤٣ كتابًا مَنشورًا، وشِعرٌ مُتَرجَمٌ إلى ١٥ لغة.

PAPIN POSJET TURSKOJ I BABILONU
POP'S VISIT TO TURKEY AND LEBANON

I don't know how to hate, I'm learning to love

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in English.

Pope Leo XIV, Peter the Rock, is a living image of Christ,
a peacemaker who leaves his "Galilee", the Vatican,
and goes on his first missionary journey,
to "Tyre" and "Sidon", to the regions of the "Decapoli",
to Constantinople and Beirut, Turkey and Lebanon,
where Christians are a minority.
He came to share the love of his heart with them
and with all the peoples with whom Christians live.
He came to regions where languages, religions and cultures mix.
He came to bear witness to faith in one God,
who created everything, sustains everything and governs everything.
He came to disarm human hearts for peace
which only God can give and man can sustain.

He came to say that every man is the image of God,
that every man has his own name and surname, his own dignity
which must be preserved and respected.
He came to testify that every human being under the Sun,
and the sky that embraces us, has the right to life and freedom.
The Pope speaks of harmony in the unity of diversity,
of the triumph of peace and justice.
The Pope speaks of conflicts and violence
that have awakened ancient fears,
which must cease and give way to peace and love.
The Pope will honor Constantinople with a beautiful metaphor,
a megalopolis that has two lungs,
Asia and Europe,
which are connected by three main bridges.
In Martyrs' Square in Beirut, the Pope planted an olive
tree of peace in memory of the land of cedars, beloved Lebanon.
He presented a golden rose at the shrine of Harissa
to Mary, Our Lady of Lebanon.
He conquers the world with love and the spirit of reconciliation between people.

Petros Isaakidis بِـتْـروس إيزاكيديس

Greek poet, short story writer, and researcher, living in Cape Town (South Africa). Medical doctor (epidemiologist), he has worked in Kenya, Gaza & West Bank, Cambodia, India, Thailand, South Africa, and elsewhere. He holds a Master of Arts in Creative Writing (with distinction) from the University of Cape Town. He has published extensively in scientific journals, while his poetry and prose—in English and Greek—have appeared in various magazines, His Flash-fiction stories have been included in antologies, such as “In Other Stories” (Karavan Press, 2025). His bilingual poetry collection *Volcanoed/ηφαιστειωθείς* was shortlisted for the *Thraca Award 2024* and published in 2025 (*Thraca/Botsotso*).
Poète, nouvelliste et chercheur grec, vivant au Cap (Afrique du Sud). Il a servi en tant qu’épidémiologiste dans plusieurs zones de guerre. Il a à son actif des recueils et des écrits publiés, et des activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعرٌ وقاصٌّ وباحثٌ يونانيٌّ، مُقيمٌ في كيپ تاون (إفريقيا الجنوبيّة). عملَ كطبيب في عدد مِن المناطق الَّتي طالَتها الحُروب. في رصيده دواوينُ وكِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

Ματωμένη γάζα/GAZA, STRIPPED

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Greek with English version.

Ματωμένη γάζα

Την έβδομη μέρα δεν ξαποστάσαμε, ούτε γιορτάσαμε
Το σάμπαθ ή την Κυριακή, είχαμε μια γη να καταστρέψουμε.

Ξεκινήσαμε –την έκτη μέρα- με τους ανθρώπους και τα ζώα,
Κάψαμε τις ιστορίες τους και σκορπίσαμε τη στάχτη τους.

Την Πέμπτη μέρα ρίξαμε όλα τα πουλιά από τον ουρανό,
Πνίξαμε τα ψάρια και τα κήτη στη θάλασσα – οι ψαράδες

Ήδη πνιγμένοι από την προηγούμενη μέρα, δύο χιλιόμετρα
Από την ακτή – μια θάλασσα που ήταν από καιρό στέρφα.

Ο ήλιος, το φεγγάρι και τα αστέρια ήταν τα επόμενα στη σειρά
Όλα τα σκεπάσαμε – την τέταρτη μέρα – με σύννεφα σκόνης

και καπνούς και τέφρα, χωρίς σταματημό βομβαρδίζοντας,
μέχρι που σαβανώσαμε τη γη ολάκερη –την Τρίτη μέρα-

ώστε κανένα φυτό να μην πια να βλαστήσει, ν' ανθίσει ή
να καρποφορήσει στα χαλάσματα. Και ποιος είχε πια χρεία

τα φυτά, ούτως ή άλλως, από την ημέρα που έλλειψαν τα ζώα
τα πουλιά κι οι άνθρωποι; Την προτελευταία μέρα ρουφήξαμε

Τις θάλασσες και την ατμόσφαιρα ολόκληρη, σταγόνα σταγόνα,
Και μόνο το φωσέμεινε –την πρώτη μέρα-
Ένα φως γκρίζο σαν το μίσος μας
Ένα φως ψυχρό σαν την οργή μας.

Εν αρχή ήν το σκότος και το χάος, και τώρα,
ξανά, σκότος είναι το μόνο που απόμεινε.

GAZA, STRIPPED

on the seventh day we didn't rest, we didn't
celebrate sabbath, or sunday, we had a land to ravage
we started, the sixth day, with humans and beasts
we cremated their stories and scattered their ashes
the fifth day we extinguished all the birds in the sky
and the fish in the seas, the fishermen already dead
from the day before, drowned while fishing two
kilometres from the coast of a sea that was fishless
already. the sun, the moon and the stars were next-
on the fourth day- we smothered them in dust clouds
and black smog and fireballs, day and night bombing
we shrouded the earth in rubble on day three
so, no plants could grow and bloom and fruit and no one
needed the plants anyway, from the day the birds and
animals and humans vanished. the penultimate day
we drained the last drop of the seas and the atmosphere

and only light remained on day one, the last day,
a light that corrodes like our hatred
a light that pierces cold like our rage
in the beginning, there was only darkness
and now, again, darkness is all there is

Rika Inami ريكا إينامي

Japanese poetess, lives in Akita Prefecture (Japan). She has graduated from the First Department of Literature at Waseda University, and is a member of The Japan Tanka Poets' Society, Mirai Tanka Association, Murō Saisei Study Association, and Akita International Haiku Network (formerly Akita International Haiku, Senryu and Tanka Network). She has been composing tanka poetry since 2003. With published books, prizes and various cultural and literary activities.
Poétesse japonaise, vivant à Akita (Japon). Elle a à son actif plusieurs recueils et différentes activités culturelles et littéraires.

شاعِرةٌ يابانيَّةٌ، مُقيمَةٌ في أكيتا (اليابان). في رصيدها عددٌ مِن الدَّواوين، إلى أنشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ مختلِفة.

幽の盆 西馬音内の盆踊
ETHEREAL BON ODORI IN NISHIMONAI

(preface - *préface* - prefacio - المُقَدِّمَة)

Text in Japanese and English.

幽の盆 西馬音内の盆踊

本書は秋田県羽後町の西馬音内にしもない の盆踊ぼんおどり を詠った短歌集です。 西馬音内の盆踊は日本の三大盆踊りの一つであり、1981 年 に国の重要無形民俗文化財、2022 年には風ふ 流りゅう 踊おどり の一つとし てユネスコの無形文化遺産に登録されました。同盆踊りは、8 月 16 日、17 日、18 日、盂蘭盆会の送り盆の夜、秋田県羽後町 西馬音内の本町通りが中心となり、通りにそって踊り輪を作り 開催されます。 起源については、記載されている記録はなく全て伝承によ る ものですが、その起源はおよそ 730 年を超えて遡るといわれています。踊りには、来きた る刈り入れの秋を迎えるにあたっての豊 年祈願と慰霊がこめられているといわれます。
踊り輪に宵の早い時間に参加する子どもは浴衣を着て鉢巻を し、子ども以外の踊り子は編あみ 笠がさ を目深にかぶり、あるいは黒い 彦三ひこさ 頭巾ずきん といわれる頭巾で顔を覆い隠して輪の中に入り踊りま す。顔を覆って踊るのは、慰霊の盆踊りであり、盆に降りてきた死者の霊が踊り輪に入り生者と一緒になって踊るからだと言 い伝えられています。 子ども以外の踊り子の衣装は着物地の端切れを縫い継いだ 端縫はぬい をまとい、あるいは他の多くの踊り子は藍染めの浴衣を着 ます。

踊りには、がんけと音頭の 2 種類があります。特に女性の踊 り子は動作よどみなく、体全体で繊細優美に流れるように踊り ます。手足の動きだけでなく編笠や頭巾に隠した目のあてどころ、うなじや頭の微妙な仕草は踊りそのものへ注がれる踊り子 の深い愛情でしょうか。そこはかとない妖艶華麗な舞は自然体 の優しさから生まれてくるに相違ありません。 こうして 8 月 13 日の夕べ、盆に彼岸から降りてきた死者の 霊は、16 日からの送り盆に彼岸へと帰還する前に踊り輪の中 で生者に交じり共に踊り、心ゆくまで踊ったあと帰ってゆきま す。盆踊りの最終日の頃、西馬音内には涼風がそよぎ、町の人々 は漸く頭を垂れ始めた稲穂がかおるなか、五穀豊穣へと向かう 初秋を迎えます。 本書には、秋田国際俳句ネットワーク（旧・秋田国際俳句・ 川柳・短歌ネットワーク）のホームページと未来短歌会の短歌 誌に掲載された 21 首をおさめました。 短歌の英語訳につきましては、アメリカの詩人エド・ブレム ソン氏にご協力いただきました。心より感謝申し上げます。

*2023 年 12 月– **稲美 里佳***

ETHEREAL BON ODORI IN NISHIMONAI

This book is the tanka anthology on the Nishimonnai Bon Odori (dance) in Ugo Town, Akita Prefecture. The Nishimonai Bon Odori is one of Japan's three major Bon Odori dances. It was classified as a National Important Intangible Folk Cultural Property in 1981 and a UNESCO Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity, as one of the "Furyu-odori" dances, in 2022. On the nights of August 16, 17, and 18, during the Bon festival, the Bon Odori is held mainly on Honcho Street in Nishimonai, Ugo Town, with a dance circle formed along the street. There is no written record of the Nishimonai Bon Odori's origin. However, according to the traditional oral story, it is said to date back more than 730 years. The dance is said to encompass prayers for a good harvest in the coming harvest season and the memorial to console the spirits of the departed.

Children who join the dance in the early evening wear yukata (summer kimono) and Hachimaki (headdress). Dancers other than children dance in the circle wearing woven straw hats called Amigasa or black hoods called Hikosa-Zukin, concealing the dancers' faces. It is said that they dance with their faces covered because it is the Bon Odori (dance) of consolation. The spirits of the Dead who have descended on the Bon Festival from the other world join the dancing circle and dance with the living. Except for children, dancers wear costumes called Hanui made from scraps of kimono sewn together, such as kimono-patchwork, while most other dancers wear indigo-dyed yukata.

There are two types of dances: Ganke and Ondo. Female dancers, in particular, dance with their entire bodies in a delicate, graceful, and flowing manner without stagnant movements. Not only the movement of the limbs but also the subtle actions of the nape of the neck and the head and the placement of the eyes hidden by Amigasa and Hikosa Zukin would be the dancer's deep love poured into the dance itself. The mysterious and elegant dances undoubtedly emanate from the dancers' natural tenderness.

Thus, on the evening of August 13, the spirits of the deceased, having arrived from the otherworldly shore during the Bon Festival, join the living in the dance circle from the 16th and dance to their hearts' content before returning to the other world. Around the final day of Bon Odori, a refreshing breeze rustles through Nishimonai. The townspeople warmly welcome the early autumn amidst the fragrant ears of rice beginning to hang, anticipating a bountiful harvest. This book contains twenty-one pieces of tanka poetry published on the website of Akita International Haiku Network (formerly Akita International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Network) and in the Tanka magazine of Mirai Tanka Association.

I am grateful to the American poet Mr. Ed Bremson for his support in translating the tanka into English—my heartfelt thanks to him.

*December 2023 – **Rika Inami***

Rosa Aurora Chávez — روزا أورورا شافيز

Mexican poetess, writer, psychoanalyst, professor, and physician. She studied medicine and completed her residency in psychiatry, a master's degree in clinical research, and a doctorate in medical sciences at the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM) and the Ramón de la Fuente National Institute of Psychiatry in Mexico City. She is also a graduate of the Writers' School of the General Society of Writers of Mexico (SOGEM). She won the University Poetry Prize at UNAM; the third place in the children's story contest, Institute of Mexicans Abroad, Ministry of Foreign Affairs; third place in the short story contest of the Digital University Magazine; and an Honorable Mention in the Décima Muerte Poetry Contest. She is the author of the poetry book "The Word Is the Body." She has published in Alforja, Pauta, La Otra, La Jornada Semanal, Literal, among others. She has participated in the Hispanic American Poetry Laboratory of Carmen Nozal and in workshops led by Tanya Huntington, Rose Mary Salum, Malva Flores, and Oscar Oliva. Dr. Chávez has experimented with musical composition and audiovisual artistic production as alternative means of poetic creation. She has also conducted numerous investigations into the creative process. She is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, merit prize, out of competition, 2026) for her zeal in the scientific, literary and cultural fields.

Poétesse mexicaine, écrivaine, psychanalyste, professeure, médecin et docteure en sciences. Elle a étudié la médecine et effectué sa résidence en psychiatrie, obtenu une maîtrise en recherche clinique et un doctorat en sciences médicales à l'Université Nationale Autonome du Mexique (UNAM) et à l'Institut national de psychiatrie Ramón de la Fuente à Mexico. Elle est également diplômée de l'École des écrivains de la Société générale des écrivains du Mexique (SOGEM). Elle a remporté le prix universitaire de poésie de l'UNAM, et d'autres prix. Elle est l'auteure du recueil de poésie «La Parole est le Corps», et a contribué à différentes activités littéraires et culturelles. Madame Chávez a exploré la composition musicale et la production artistique audiovisuelle comme moyens alternatifs de création poétique. Elle a également mené de nombreuses recherches sur le processus créatif. Elle est ici déclarée lauréate du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix du mérite, hors concours, 2026), pour son zèle dans les domaines scientifiques, littéraires et culturels.

شاعِرةٌ وكاتِبَةٌ وطبيبةٌ نَفسِيَّةٌ وبْروفِسّورَةٌ مِكسيكيَّةٌ، في رصيدها كتاباتٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَةٌ. وها إنَّها تُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة الاستِحقاق لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) تَقديرًا لِحَماسَتِها في المَجالَين، الأدبيِّ والثَّقافيّ، كما في المَجال العِلميّ.

Rumbi Chen — رومْبي شِن

Rumbi Chen (pen name of Chenai Faith Rumbizai Dunduru) is a Zimbabwean author with an interest in public health particularly health economics and health promotion. Her work as

a writer and advocate centres on the intersections of culture, identity, public health, and social justice. She is a multilingual author, poet and creative professional with eight published books spanning Christian prose and poetry, environmental and sustainability themes, drama, and women's fiction. Passionate about preserving African cultural heritage, she also writes in her native language and several Zimbabwean indigenous languages, blending tradition with contemporary issues. Between 2013 and 2023, she volunteered as a creative writing coordinator and community health worker, using writing to raise awareness on health, drug abuse, climate action, and social justice. She has co-authored academic articles on cyberbullying and adolescent mental health and has appeared as a guest speaker on platforms like Voice of America. Rumbi believes in the transformative power of storytelling and collaboration to inspire change and promote cultural preservation. With a Master of Public Health and experience in community health research and creative writing, she connects academia, advocacy, and storytelling to raise awareness on social and environmental issues. Therefore, she is granted here the Naji Naaman literary prize (NNLP, merit prize, out of competition, 2026) for her zeal in the aforesaid fields.

Auteure Zimbabwéenne spécialisée en santé publique, notamment en économie de la santé et en promotion de la santé. Son travail d'écrivaine et de militante porte sur les liens entre culture, identité, santé publique et justice sociale. Sur ce, elle est ici déclarée lauréate du prix littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix du mérite, hors concours, 2026) pour son zèle dans les domaines précités.

كاتِبَةٌ زيمبابويَّةٌ مُهتَمَّةٌ بالصِّحَّة العامَّة، ولا سيَّما في مجالَي اقتِصاد الصِّحَّة وتعزيزها. وتركِّزُ في عملها ككاتِبَة وناشِطَة على التَّقاطُعات بين الثَّقافة والهُوِيَّة والصِّحَّة العامَّة والعدالة الاجتِماعيَّة. وها إنَّها تفوزُ اليومَ بإحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة الاستِحقاق لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) عن أنشِطَتِها السَّابقةِ الذِّكر.

Ryszard Wasilewski ريشارْد فاشيلِفْسْكي

Polish poet, satirist, and aphorist, born on March 25, 1938 (Kolumna, Łask). He is a prolific writer, with several awards and over 20 books of lyrical poetry, limericks, aphorisms and short satirical poems.

Poète, satiriste et aphoriste polonais, né le 25 mars 1938 à Kolumna (Łask). Il a à son actif des prix et plus de 20 livres publiés.

شاعِرٌ وكاتِبٌ ساخِرٌ وحِكَمِيٌّ بولونِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد كولومْنا (لاسك) في ٢٥ شباط ١٩٣٨. في رصيده أكثرُ مِن ٢٠ كتابًا، إلى جَوائِزَ عديدة.

MEMENTO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Polish with English version by Anna Maria Stępień.

MEMENTO

ile to już razy
i znowu
zachłanność potęgi
prostackich fanatyków

od których zależy
żeby ci którym rozkazano
zdobyli tyle przestrzeni
ile wyznaczą groby
więc niech wyją alarmy
nim miasto się wypełni
ogniem
i chrzęstem gąsienic
a niebo jakby miało runąć
ocaleć
z postrzałową raną pamięci

MEMENTO

so many times
and again
the greed for power
of boorish fanatics
on whom it depends
that those who received orders
gain as much space
as marked by graves
so let the alarms wail
before the city fills
with fire
and the crunch of tracks
the sky as if ready to collapse
to survive
with a gunshot wound of memory

Sabrina De Canio **صابرينا دِهْ كانيو**

Italian poetess and translator, born in Piacenza (Italy). General co-director and director of the international section of the Piccolo Museo della Poesia Oratorio di Zamberto, the only poetry museum in the world. She is also a founding member of the Italian Biennial of Poetry among the Arts.

Poétesse, traductrice et promotrice de culture, née à Piacenza (Italie). Avec des recueils publiés, prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعرةٌ ومُتَرجِمَةٌ ومُرَوِّجَةُ ثقافةٍ أيطاليَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد پياسِنتزا (إيطاليا). في رصيدها دواوينُ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

LEVARE LO SGUARDO/LOOKING UP

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Italian and English.

LEVARE LO SGUARDO

Levare lo sguardo
a guardare
ed essere guardata
con curiosità
fare domande
prendere decisioni
per opporsi a decisioni
andarsene o restare
vestirsi, svestirsi
mostrare i propri abiti e capelli
il proprio corpo
e non rinunciare al diritto
di conservare integre
le proprie parti intime,
mettere lo smalto e truccarsi
ballare
e mangiare al ristorante
con chi si vuole
ridere, a crepapelle,
senza coprire la bocca con la mano
baciare chi si ama per strada
dire no, non accettare,
rifiutare e rifiutarsi
spendere i propri soldi,
ereditare, lasciare
quando non si vuole continuare
tradire,
senza pagare con la vita
essere madre senza un padre
scrivere,
solo per sé, o pubblicare
viaggiare sola
guidare, studiare, fare politica
recitare, dipingere, scolpire
nuotare
con il costume
e talvolta senza
libera di frequentare o no

luoghi religiosi tutti i giorni
di rifiutare un matrimonio sgradito
rifiutare l'omertà,
fare un contratto e firmarlo
o rifiutarlo,
volare
guadagnare quanto un uomo,
mangiare
insieme agli uomini e non prima o dopo,
le mani addosso solo per l'amore,
avere diritto ad una carriera
in ogni campo,
mostrarsi alla finestra e agli ospiti
senza nascondere per forza il volto
non essere imprigionata, sfruttata, stuprata,
offesa, maltrattata, venduta,
avere segreti.

LOOKING UP

Looking up
watching
being watched
inquisitively
asking questions
making decisions
disagreeing with them
going or staying
dressing up, undressing
showing off your clothes and hair
your own body
and not giving up the right
to keep intact
your private parts,
varnishing your nails, getting made up
dancing
nourishing yourself at the restaurant
with whoever you want
laughing, out loud,
without covering your mouth with your hand
kissing anyone you love on the street
saying no, not giving in,
rejecting outright
spending your own money, inheriting,
leaving

when you can't go on
being unfaithful,
without paying with your life
being a mother without a father
writing,
just for yourself, or for publication
travelling alone
driving, studying, engaging in politics
acting, painting, sculpting
swimming
in a costume
sometimes without
free to attend
religious places every day
turning down an unworthy proposal
refusing the code of silence,
entering into a contract and signing it
or being entitled not to do so,
flying
earning as much as a man,
eating
together with men and not before or after,
hands on just for love,
having the right to a career
in any field,
showing yourself at the window and to guests
without necessarily hiding your face
not being imprisoned, exploited, raped,
offended, mistreated, sold,
keeping secrets.

Simone Pansolin سيمونِيْ بانسولين

Italian musician and poet, focusing on the historical performance of stringed instruments and minimal poetic forms, mainly haiku. With songs, printed works, and various cultural activities.

Musicien et poète italien, spécialisé dans l'interprétation historique des instruments à cordes et les formes poétiques minimalistes, principalement le haïku.

موسيقيٌّ وشاعِرٌ إيطاليّ، يُركِّزُ على الأداء التَّاريخيِّ للآلات الوَتَريَّة وعلى الأشكال الشِّعريَّة البسيطة، ولا سيَّما الهايْكو.

LOVESCAPE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Haikus in Italian, English, and Japanese (by Mariko Sumikura, NNLP, 2018).

primo bacio —
il mare incornicia
un'onda

first kiss —
the sea frames
a wave

初キスを
海が縁取る
ひとつ波

forgio una chiave
con l'acciaio
di una serratura

forging a key
with the steel
of a lock

錠前の
鋼で鍵を
鋳造し

lungo abbraccio —
nel buio
i dettagli del silenzio

long hug —
in the darkness
the details of silence

長いハグ
暗闇のなか
無音の細々

Sorin Cerin (Hodorogea Sorin) **سُورِن شِرين (هودورودجا سُورن)**

Romanian philosopher, author, aphorist, essayist, poet and novelist, born on November 25, 1963 in Baia Mare (Romania), living in Bucharest. With several published books, and

various prizes, including Prix de poésie Jacques Prévert (2023), he is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, honor prize for complete works, out of competition, 2026) for his zeal in the philosophic, literary and cultural field.
Philosophe, auteur d'aphorismes, essayiste, poète et romancier roumain, né le 25 novembre 1963 à Baia Mare (Roumanie), résidant à Bucarest. Il a été primé par la Société des Poètes Français (dont il est membre aujourd'hui) du Prix de poésie Jacques Prévert (2023) pour son recueil de poèmes intitulé: Âme. Citons de ses œuvres majeures: Destin, son premier roman, 2003; The Origin of God, cycle philosophique publié aux États-unis en 2006, comprenant: *The Divine Light, Psycho, The Apocalypse, Exodus. De ses œuvres philosophiques parus entre 2007 et 2010, citons: Le Coaxialisme; Mort, néant, vie; Bilderberg Group; L'Antéchrist, l'être et l'amour; La logique coaxialogique. Auteur de plus de 22 volumes d'aphorismes, et de plusieurs recueils de poésie. Il est ici déclaré lauréat du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, hors concours, 2026), et ce pour son zèle dans le domaine philosophique, littéraire et culturel.*

فيلسوفٌ وكاتِبٌ وحِكَمِيٌّ وباحِثٌ وروائيٌّ رومانِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد ٢٥ تشرين الثَّاني ١٩٦٣ في بيا مارِه (رومانيا)، ومُقيمٌ في بوخارِسْت. في رصيده تاريخٌ مِن الأعمال المَنشورة، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَةٌ. وها إنَّه يُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجِي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة التَّكريم عن الأعمال الكامِلَة لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) تَقديرًا لِحَماسَتِه في مَجال الفلسفة والأدب والثَّقافة.

Souad Zakarani سعاد زكراني

Moroccan writer, poetess, and translator. Graduated with a Bachelor in French literature and English Linguistics, she worked as a foreign language teacher at a language institute in Casablanca. She is currently a translator for a local newspaper and has poetry, narrative, and critical contributions in various local and international literary newspapers and magazines.
Auteure, poétesse et traductrice marocaine. Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

مؤلّفةٌ وشاعِرةٌ ومُتَرجِمَةٌ مَغربيَّة. في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

ALTER EGO

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in English.

Watch myself on the other side
See the bits and pieces breaking through
Something's there and I cannot hide
As I'm gazing at this déjà-vu

Misty face on a seagull's cry
Opens eyes and breaks the wind into
Something lives that can never die
As the waves consume my other You

I never thought I'd find my
Alter Ego

So I'm standing on this cliff
Unexplainably aroused
As she's down there by the water
Dancing with my ghost...

Space time curves as our bodies fall
Through the void of possibilities
All in one, but I'm one in all
Just a drifter on the seven seas

Unexpected urgency
As the gap is widening in between
Me, surreal, and you, a dream
Gotha draw the line and take the scene

I never thought I'd find my
Alter Ego

Sultan Catto سُلطان كاتو

Turkish American poet, University Professor. Diplomas include a Ph.D. in physics, Yale University. Thesis and dissertation advisor at CUNY Graduate School and University Center, with several collections of poems, books on Mathematical Physics and journal aticles. He was granted many awards and medals from Turkiye, Poland, Greece, Romania, Eritrea, Kosovo, France and U.S.A. He is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, honor prize for complete works, out of competition, 2026) for his zeal in scientific, literary and cultural fields.

Poète et professeur d'université turco-américain. Avec un doctorat en physique de l'Université de Yale, il a à son actif des collections de poèmes et des livres et articles en physique mathématique, ainsi que des prix et des médailles des quatre coins du monde. Sur ce, il est ici déclaré lauréat du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, hors concours, 2026) pour son zèle dans les domaines scientifiques, littéraires et culturels.

شاعِرٌ وأستاذٌ جامعيٌّ تُركِيٌّ أمريكِيّ. دكتور في الفيزياء من جامعة يال، ومُستشارُ أطروحاتٍ ودراساتٍ عُليا. في رصيده عددٌ من الدَّواوين وكُتُبٌ ومَقالاتٌ في الفيزياء الحِسابيَّة. مُنِحَ جوائِزَ وميداليَّات مِن حَولِ العالَم، وها إنَّه يُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة التَّكريم عن الأعمال الكامِلَة لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) عن تاريخَيْهِ، الأدبيِّ والعِلْمِيّ.

Timothée Bordenave **تيموتهْ بُرْدُناف**

French author, poet, novelist, essayist, painter and photographer, born in 1984, living in Paris. He studied Law, and Information Sciences, T.B., and worked as library director. With more than twenty published books, he presented his artworks at more than forty national or international exhibitions.

Auteur, poète, romancier, essayiste, peintre et photographe français, né en 1984, vivant à Paris. Il étudia le droit et les sciences de l'information, et occupa le poste de directeur de bibliothèque. À son actif s'inscrivent plus de vingt livres publiés et des vernissages au niveau national et international.

مؤلّفٌ وشاعِرٌ وروائِيٌّ وباحثٌ وتَشكيليٌّ ومُصَوِّرٌ فرتسيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٨٤. في رصيده كتُبٌ ومعارضُ كثيرة.

DAVANTAGE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in French.

Qu'en est-il du Marivaudage,
Jadis, de mes vertes années,
Du tumulte de mon jeune âge,
Des corps éperdus d'ahaner?

Que devinrent mes moeurs sauvages,
Les soleils sur ma peau tannée,
Marches dans la nuit, longs voyages,
Les coups de sang, les avoinées?

Eh bien! Peut-être suis-je un mage:
J'ai transformé en mille pages,
Ces pétales de fleurs fanées…

Et cela me plaît davantage,
Paix, philosophie, or des sages,
Prières… L'épi à glaner!

Valentin Dimitrov **فالانتِن ديميتروف**

Bulgarian poet, short story writer, editor, and former navy officer. Born on October 27, 1946, he resides in Varna (Bulgaria). Graduated from the Nikola Vaptsarov Naval Academy in his hometown, he served in the Bulgarian Navy for 33 years, holding the rank of Captain

(Navy). Following his military service, he spent 22 years as the Editor-in-Charge for Varna of the national maritime magazine *Club OCEAN*, published in Sofia. His works have been featured in over 30 collections, almanacs, anthologies, and media outlets across 8 countries. He has translated two books from Russian into Bulgarian and has published 25 books of his own – 22 as a sole author and 3 as a co-author. His books have been published in Serbia, North Macedonia, and Croatia. His bibliography includes 10 maritime-themed books (novellas and short stories) and 15 satirical works (short stories, miniatures, epigrams, and aphorisms). He is the creator of two major anthologies: one dedicated to Russian-language aphorisms (featuring over 5,000 aphorisms by 420 authors from 27 countries) and another to Balkan aphorisms (containing 2,740 aphorisms by 137 authors from 6 countries). He is the recipient of 29 literary awards in Bulgaria and abroad. He is a member of the Union of Independent Bulgarian Writers (2008), and the Varna Writers' Association (2014). He is also a member and subsequently an Honorary Member of the Moscow Aphoristic Club (2015, 2019), a member of the Belgrade Aphoristic Circle (2018), and an Honorary Member of the Association of Croatian Aphorists and Humorists (2025).
Poète, nouvelliste, journaliste et ancien officier de la marine bulgare, né en 1946. Il a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.
شاعِرٌ وقاصٌّ وصِحافِيٌّ وضابطٌ سابقٌ في البَحريَّة البُلغاريَّة، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٤٦. في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائزُ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

5 APHORISMS

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Aphorisms in Bulgarian, English, Spanish and French.

На български

1. Държавата награждава героите с медали, народът – със слава, историята – с безсмъртие!
2. Афоризмите са спасителните пътеки на мисълта в словесната джунгла.
3. Закони без демокрация са диктатура. Демокрация без закони – хаос.
4. Когато глупостта е ежедневие, мъдростта е национален празник!
5. Изключенията доказват само тези правила, които са им удобни.

In English

1. *The state rewards heroes with medals, the people – with glory, history – with immortality!*
2. *Aphorisms are the rescue paths of thought in the verbal jungle.*
3. *Laws without democracy are dictatorship. Democracy without laws – chaos.*
4. *When stupidity is a daily occurrence, wisdom is a national holiday!*
5. *Exceptions only prove those rules that are convenient for them.*

En español

1. ¡El Estado premia a los héroes con medallas, el pueblo con gloria y la historia con la inmortalidad!
2. Los aforismos son las sendas de rescate del pensamiento en la selva verbal.
3. Leyes sin democracia son dictadura. Democracia sin leyes es caos.
4. ¡Cuando la estupidez es lo cotidiano, la sabiduría es una fiesta nacional!
5. Las excepciones solo prueban aquellas reglas que les convienen.

En français

1. *L'État récompense les héros par des médailles, le peuple par la gloire, l'histoire par l'immortalité!*
2. *Les aphorismes sont les sentiers de sauvetage de la pensée dans la jungle verbale.*
3. *Des lois sans démocratie sont une dictature. La démocratie sans lois — le chaos.*
4. *Quand la bêtise est le quotidien, la sagesse est une fête nationale!*
5. *Les exceptions ne confirment que les règles qui les arrangent.*

Võ Thi Nhu Mai (Mai White) **فو ثي نو ماي (ماي وايت)**

Vietnamese Australian poetess, educator, and cultural ambassador whose work bridges continents and voices. Appointed Student Chancellor of Asia at the Colombian Student Chancellery in Medellín in 2025, she has shared her words on international stages in Vietnam, Istanbul, Indonesia, and Korea. Currently a senior teacher in Perth, she is the author of five poetry collections and ten bilingual books, and has edited numerous anthologies, including two landmark volumes gathering more than 250 contributors and selling over 500 copies. She founded The Rhythm of Vietnam, a long-running literary platform dedicated to nurturing Vietnamese voices worldwide. She also reports for the Multicultural Press, documenting stories of community, culture, and connection. She was awarded by Vietnamese Consulate in Australia for cultural connection and by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Vietnam for preserving Vietnamese language overseas. She is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, merit prize, out of competition, 2026) for her zeal in the literary and cultural fields.

Poétesse, éducatrice et ambassadrice culturelle australienne d'origine vietnamienne. S'inscrivent à son actif des écrits publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles. Elle est ici déclarée lauréate du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix du mérite, hors concours, 2026), pour son zèle dans le domaine littéraire et culturel.

شاعِرةٌ، ومُدرِّسَةٌ، وسَفيرةُ ثقافَةٍ أُستراليَّةٌ مِن أصولٍ ڤيتنامِيَّة. في رصيدها كتاباتٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنْشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَةٌ. وها إنَّها تُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة الاستِحقاق لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) تَقديرًا لِحَماسَتِها في المَجالَين، الأدبيِّ والثَّقافيّ.

Vojislav Karanović **فويسلاف كارانوفيتش**

Serbian poet, essayist, translator, and radio drama writer, born on the first of January 1961 in Subotica, living in Belgrade. He received a degree in Yugoslav and general literature from the Faculty of Philosophy in Novi Sad. He has worked for years as an editor at Radio Television of Serbia (RTS), and produced a large number of television and radio programs

related to culture and literature. In addition to TV shows and programs such as *Metropolis*, he conceived and realized a cycle of television programs about contemporary poetry titled *Circles of Poetry*. These programs featured portraits of various poets, from Charles Baudelaire to contemporary authors.

Poète, essayiste, traducteur et auteur de dramatiques radiophoniques, né le premier janvier 1961 à Subotica, vivant à Belgrade. Il a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

شاعرٌ وباحثٌ ومُتَرجِمٌ وكاتِبُ دراما للإذاعة، مِن مَواليد الأوَّل من كانون الثَّاني ١٩٦١. في رصيده كتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ أدبيَّةٍ وثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

ЗАГРЉАЈ/AN EMBRACE

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Serbian and English.

ЗАГРЉАЈ

Обручи што грле бачву пуну горког
Вина. То су били наши дани.

Трпки укус црнице, упорно протицање река
(Као протицање крви кроз вене и артерије),
Шум лишћа, и таласи који су
Борама покривали јасно лице мора.
Варка, коју смо сви волели.

Нема више препознавања,
Присног смеха облака.
И лет ласте,
Несташно превртање по ваздуху,
Ми ипак нисмо разумели.

Тело би свако од нас
Радије био свукао:
Осећали смо га као тканину
Чије се нити брзо парају.

Сада, окружено зидовима
Које покрива слој густе маховине,
Остало је само срце.

Крв се као кончић дима
Извија ка небу.

Нема више ни срца.

Душо, умиј своје
Разгореле образе снегом.

Чују се само још дамари,
Котрљање звезда низ небо.
Као у мрачној кутији; тишина
Која опија; загрљај
У коме нема никога.

AN EMBRACE

The hoops embracing a barrel full of bitter
Wine. Those were our days.

The pungent taste of dark soil, the persistent flowing of rivers
(Like the flowing of blood through veins and arteries),
The rustling of leaves, and the waves
Covering with wrinkles the clear face of the sea.
An illusion, loved by all of us.

There is no more recognizing,
Familiar laughter of clouds.
And the swallow's flight,
Its restless turning in the air,
We still didn't understand.

Each of us preferred
To take off his body:
We felt it like a fabric
Soon to become unstitched.

Now, encircled by walls
Covered by a thick layer of moss,
Only the heart has remained.

Like a small streak of smoke the blood is
Rising to the skies.

Even the heart is no longer there.

Oh soul, wash your
Flaming cheeks with snow.

Only pulses can still be heard,
The rolling of stars down the skies.
As in a dark box; intoxicating
Silence; an embrace
In which there is no one.

Wang Fangwen **وانغ فانْغوِن**

Chinese poetess, from Xi'an (China). Contemporary Silk Road wandering poet, distinguished professor of the Modern College of Northwest University, member of the

Chinese Writers Association, and contracted poet of China Poetry Network. Served as president of the Silk Road International Poets Federation, president of the International Poetry Committee of the United Nations World Silk Road Forum, director of the Silk Road Poetry Research Center of Northwest University, editor-in-chief of "World Poets" Magazine, and editor-in-chief of "China Cultural Exchange" Magazine. Won the 2017 China Top Ten Contemporary Poets Award, the 2019 Russian Pushkin Poetry Award, the 2019 China Poetry Spring Festival Gala First Prize, the Second Boao International Poetry Festival Annual Poet Award, the 42nd World Poets Conference Honorary Doctor of Literature, the Tenth China Poetry Spring Festival Gala Top Ten Wandering Poets Award, the First Chang'an Du Mu Poetry Award Ancient Rhyme New Style Award and many other awards. Wrote 12 literary works including poetry collections "Sun Rain", "Silk Road Goose Shadow", "Silk Road Rainbow Shadow", "Ear of the Earth" and so on. Her poems and essays have been published in dozens of domestic and foreign magazines and newspapers, including "Poetry Selection", "Poetry Forest", "Green Wind", "Grassland", "Yalu River. Chinese Poetry Magazine", "Chinese Poets", "World Poets", "Contemporary Poets", "Overseas Digest", "China Culture Daily", "Writers' Daily", "European Poets", and the American "Comprehensive News". She is now granted the Naji Naaman Literary Prize (NNLP, merit prize, out of competition, 2026) for her zeal in the literary and cultural field.

Poétesse Chinoise, ayant à son actif des recueils publiés, des prix et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles. Elle est ici déclarée lauréate du Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix du mérite, hors concours, 2026), pour son zèle dans le domaine littéraire et culturel.

شاعِرةٌ صينيَّةٌ، في رصيدها دواوينُ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَةٌ. وها إنَّها تُمنَحُ اليومَ إحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة الاستِحقاق لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) تَقديرًا لِحَماسَتِها في المَجالَين، الأدبيِّ والثَّقافيّ.

Yang Geum-Hee

يانغ غويم-هي

South Korean poetess, professsor, and cultural activist, born in 1967 (Jeju island, Korea). She has served as the President of the Korean Association of World Literature and the President of Jeju PEN. With four collections of poems, literary awards, and various cultural activities.

Poétesse, universitaire et activiste culturelle sud-coréenne, née en 1967 dans l'île de Jeju (Corée). Elle a à son actif quatre collections de poèmes, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرةٌ وناشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ كوريَّةٌ جنوبيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٦٧ في جزيرة جيجو (كوريا). في رَصيدها أربعةُ دَواوين، وجَوائِزُ، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ متنوِّعَة.

바람과 물은 다투지 않네

THE WIND AND WATER DO NOT FIGHT

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Poem in Korean with English version.

103- Yang Geum-Hee **٤٢- يانغ غويم-هي**

바람과 물은 다투지 않네

아무리 깊은 상처가 있어도,
바람과 물은 여전히 자유롭네.
원한도 없고, 미움도 없으며,
복수를 꿈꾸지도 않네.

입이 있어도 원망하지 않고,
힘이 있어도 흐를 뿐이네.

거칠고 높은 벽을 만나도,
우아하게 흘러가며 멈추지 않네.
싸우지 않고 머물지 않으며,
조용히 숙이며 스쳐 가네.

길이 아무리 험하고 좁아도,
바람은 묻지 않고, 물은 흩날리네.
밤이든 낮이든, 어둠이든 빛이든,
스스로 길을 찾아가네.

THE WIND AND WATER DO NOT FIGHT

No matter how deep the scars may be,
the wind and water still stay free.
They hold no grudge, they bear no spite,
revenge is never in their sight.

With lips, they'd never curse or cry,
with strength, they'd simply drift on by.

When met with walls both rough and tall,
they glide with grace, they do not stall.
They do not fight, they do not stay,
they bow, they turn, then slip away.

No path too twisted, none too tight,
the wind won't ask, the waves take flight.
Through day and night, through dark and bright,
they find their way, no need for sight.

Yuri Moskalenko **يوري مُسكلِنكو**

Russian writer, poet, and playwright, born in 1961 (Armavir, Russia). Member of the Presidium of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune". He is the author of 6

novels, 6 collections of poetry, and a literary collection about the life of Russian poets of the early 19th century. His favorite genre is historical detective (the novel "The King is Found Dead" about the fourth world chess champion Alexander Alekhine) and the novel "Admirals" about the Battle of Trafalgar and the first female admiral in the 19th century. He has published on all continents except Australia, and is a winner and laureate of many International literary competitions.

Écrivain, poète et dramaturge russe, né en 1961 à Armavir (Russie). À son actif s'inscrivent des livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

كاتِبٌ وشاعرٌ ومَسرحيٌّ روسيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٦١ (أرمَفير، روسيا). في رصيده كتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعة.

IF I WERE A SULTAN…

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Text in its English version.

Tomorrow, no, there's no tomorrow! Today you will leave the theater, fall to your knees, and crawl along Shota Rustaveli Avenue from Lenin Square to Rustaveli Square! Uncle Gia was getting hot, not forgetting to pour ruby Kakheti wine to Valka. – Maybe then Sofiko will soften his heart a little and won't refuse to talk to you!

– On all fours, along Rustaveli Avenue? – The actor was surprised. – I'm not sick in my head!

– Eh, you're not just full of head! You're still shell-shocked on your neck, shoulders, elbows and knees! How could this sun of the Caucasus mountains, this crystal of a rushing stream, this rainbow of Tbilisi be offended by even a gesture!

What do you even know about rainbows? Many people think that it is seven-colored. Because we are in thrall to the number seven: seven days of the week. The Japanese believe that there are 30 colors in a rainbow. And wise people say that modern man is able to distinguish up to 250 basic color tones and 5-10 million shades.

Where were your eyes looking? What did they even see? You're not only inherently insane, you're also blind!

"Maybe,– Valka shrugged, "but the people who will be walking along Rustaveli Avenue at this time, they won't be blind!" How would you react to such a picture, Uncle Gia, when the famous actor of the Russian drama theater Griboyedov, at five minutes to ten, will crawl like a snail along the main avenue of Tbilisi?

"A famous actor, a younger one," drawled the old prop, "we've seen tougher actors. For example, Pasha Luspekaev. How he played Khlestakov – the whole of Tbilisi was breaking into our theater, several chairs were broken, as I remember now.

Željka Bašanović Marković **زِليكا باشانوفيش ماركوفيش**

Serbian writer of short and satirical stories, aphorist, and civil engineer, born in 1973 (Belgrade) where she lives and works. With published works, and various literary and cultural activities.

Nouvelliste, aphoriste et ingégneure civile serbe, née en 1973 à Belgrade. Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles.

كاتبةُ قصصٍ قصيرةٍ وساخِرَةٍ وحِكَمٍ، ومُهَندِسةٌ مَدَنِيَّةٌ صِربِيَّةٌ، مِن مواليد بِلغراد عامَ ١٩٧٣. لها كتاباتٌ مَنشورةٌ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ أدبيَّةٍ وثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعة.

ŠEŠIR/THE HAT

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

Text in Serbian with English version by Nevena Radošević.

ŠEŠIR

Samo bi Rembrant znao naslikati toliko bora koliko je njegovo liceživot izvezao, gusto kao goblen. Oči su mu jedino odavale živost. Caklile su se ispod teških smežuranihkapaka koji kao da nisu pripadali tim mladim očima. Maloizbačena gornja usana stvarala je zabrinut izraz lica. Možda je to biloi zbog retkih sedih brkova koji su kao visibabe visili nadole.

Pamtim da je uvek nosio šešir, štofani, crni. Često bi saginjao glavukad ga potrese priča i onda se nije mogao vide ti tužan izraz lica ni bolu očima. Taj šešir bio je maska za svet.

Vezao se za njega kao da je deo tela koji mu nedostaje. Mlada gola žena sela je na zatvoren klavir ispred njega. Toplotakože već je pravila mrlje na lakiranom drvetu. Znojila se.

„Hajde, šta čekaš!? Slikaj me!", podviknula je starcu. Na desnoj butiniimala je plavu podvezicu, to joj je bila jedina garderoba.

Uzeo je u ruke fotografski aparat i nanišanio je. Ruke su mu drhtale, nikako nije mogao da nađe pravi ugao.

Najzad je skinuo šešir sa glave i pružio ženi: „Evo ti, stavi ga ispred međunožja", reče joj promuklo. Sevnula je blenda kao da je šešir konačno dobio pravu priliku.

THE HAT

Only Rembrandt could paint so many wrinkles as his face had, embroidered by life, closely stitched together as in a tapestry.

His eyes were the only thing that gave off liveliness. They glazed under heavy, shriveled eyelids –a sight completely at odds with such young eyes. His slightly protruding upper lip created a worried expression. Maybe that was because of his sparse gray mustache that hung down like snowdrops.

I remember that he always wore a black tweed hat. When he would getshook by a story, he would bow his head, so others could not see the sad expression on his face or the pain in his eyes. That hat was a mask that he wore in public.

He grew attached to it as if it were a missing body part.

A young woman in the nude sat down on the closed lid of a piano in front of him. The warmth of her skin was already leaving stains on the varnished wood. She was sweating.

"So, what are you waiting for!? Can we just get started already!" she said to the old man brusquely. She wore a blue garter on her right thigh and that was it, she had no other clothing.
He picked up the camera and pointed it at her. His hands were shaking. He aimed for a good angle, struggling to find a perfect shot.
Finally, he took the hat off his head and handed it to the woman: "Here, put this in front of your crotch," he told her hoarsely.
He captured her with a click of the shutter, framing her flawlessly. It was as if the hat had gotten its perfect chance.

Zvjezdana Preradović **زفيـزدانا بريرادوفيش**

Croatian poetess, born on June 13, 1962 (Pakrac, Western Slavonia), living in Belgrade (Serbia) since 1991. With published works and literary and cultural activities.
Poétesse croate, née le 13 juin 1962 à Pakrac (Slavonie ouest), vivant à Belgrade (Serbie) depuis 1991. Elle a à son actif des écrits publiés et des activités littéraires et culturelles.
شاعِرَةٌ كرواتيَّةٌ، مِن مَواليد پاكراك (سلافونيا الغربيَّة) في ٣١ حزيران ١٩٦٢، مُقيمَةٌ في بلغراد (صِربيا) منذ عام ١٩٩١. في رصيدها كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مَتَنَوِّعَة.

OSLOBAĐANJE/LIBERATION

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)
Poem in Croatian with English version.

OSLOBAĐANJE

Ja sam kraljica
ovog oblaka prašine.
Vetar raznosi tugu iz navike.
Slobodna sam od zabluda.

Kaži mi vetre
koliko dugo boraviš u meni.?
Na koliko pogrešnih visoravni
zaustavljaš svoj dah.?

Sa pikovom damom
u dvostrukom špilu
rasplinjujem se
među prste neodlučnih.

Jutrom su vatre dogorele
u zažarenim licima
preskačući roditelje u sebi.
Rukama toplim od iskona
grle zaboravljeno dete u grudima.

Šta ćeš uraditi sa slobodom kada je potpuna?

LIBERATION

I am the queen
of this cloud of dust.
The wind scatters sadness out of habit.
I am free from delusions.

Tell me, wind:
How long have you resided in me?
On how many wrong plateaus do you stop your breath?

With the Queen of Spades
in a double deck
I dissolve
among the fingers of the undecided.

In the morning the firs had
burned down in flushed faces
skipping the parents within themselves.
With hands warm from the beginning
of time they hug the forgotten child in their chests.

What will you do with freedom when it is complete?

FGC

NAJI NAAMAN
FOUNDATION FOR GRATIS CUTURE

QUOTES – BRIEF OVERVIEW
CULTURAL INNOVATIONS

1- QUOTES

FREE AND OPEN CULTURE MAKES PEACE, 1969
IF THE PEN FAILS, THE SWORD'S ATTEMPTS WILL BE IN VAIN, 1993
CULTURE CAN NEITHER BE PURCHASED NOR SOLD, 2004
FREENESS FROM CHARGE IS CONTAGIOUS, 2008
LET'S KEEP THE BOOK ALIVE! 2018
LET'S READ MORE TO SEE FURTHER AND CLEARER, 2020
NAJI NAAMAN

2- BRIEF OVERVIEW

Having regard to the fact that Naji Naaman, humanist, writer and cultural promoter, nicknamed "the mad about gratis culture" for trying to globalize such culture, is still realizing his childhood dream by distributing *(since 1979)* his own books for free; and knowing that he created in 1991 a series of free of charge books that published hundreds of books in dozens of languages and dialects, and whose authors belong to the four corners of the planet;

Giving that the aforesaid series and other gratis cultural activities launched by Mr. Naaman *(literary prizes on international level, public kiosks for free of charge books, literary and cultural salon, public library for series and complete works…)* cost him all his time and his money, and led him in many occasions to bankruptcy and debt;

Being aware that such activities have exceeded his personal potential;

Naji Naaman found appropriate to establish in 2011 a non-profit association and non-governmental organization *(Naji Naaman Foundation for Gratis Culture - FGC)* in order to consolidate his free of charge cultural activities, both current and future, and foster widespread participation among all men and women working in or interested in the cultural sector, so should be strengthened more and more the continuity and expansion of free books, in the service of authors, and especially in the service of readers, as well as the continuity and expansion of all other cultural activities.

3- FREE CULTURAL INNOVATIONS

FREE BOOK SERIES
LITERARY PRIZES
CHAIN OF PUBLIC KIOSKS FOR FREE BOOKS
FREE WEB SITE AND FACEBOOK PAGE
WEDNESDAY GATHERING – NAJI NAAMAN LITERARY AND CULTURAL SALON
LIBRARY OF SERIES AND COMPLETE WORKS
MITRI AND ANGÉLIQUE NAAMAN COMMEMORATIVE ROOM
INTERNATIONAL DAY FOR GRATIS CULTURE
CULTURAL TOURISM PROGRAM
WRITERS MUSEUM – FINGERPRINTS
SUITES OF BOOKS PRESENTED TO NATIONAL AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES
MONDAY LITERARY AND CULTURAL CIRCLE

FREE BOOK SERIES

Established in 1991, this (unique) free literary series of books, entitled "Ath-Thaqafa bil-Majjan" (Free Culture), has published till now writings of worldwide authors in some 136 different languages and dialects (hundreds of titles, more than 500 000 copies).

LITERARY PRIZES

In 2002, a series of annual literary prizes (Jawa'iz Naji Naaman Al-Adabiyya/Naji Naaman Literary Prizes) is launched worldwide. Since, it continually awards laureates all over the world (1435 recipients out of 45471 candidates till 2026), and publish a yearly anthology. In 2007, another series of annual literary prizes is launched (Jawa'iz Naji Naaman Al-Adabiyyal Hadifa/Naji Naaman Targeted Literary Prizes), i.e.:

- Archbishop Nicolas Naaman Prize for Human Virtues;
- Mitri Naaman Prize for the Defense and the Advance of Arabic Language;
- Angélique Bacha Prize for the Consolidation of Family Ties;
- Marie-Louise El-Hawa Prize of Moral Literature for Children.

CHAIN OF PUBLIC KIOSKS FOR FREE BOOKS

Such kiosks (unique in the world) are offered since 2008 to various establishments, mainly pedagogical and cultural institutions, in order to facilitate the distribution of free of charge books to the public.

FREE WEB SITE AND FACEBOOK PAGE

www.najinaaman.org (being renewed), in English, Arabic, and French, is the web site where, between 2008 and 2014, activities and news of MNAC and FGC were exposed as well as free books published by MNAC, FGC, and friends. Since 2015, MNAC and FGC news have been available on two Facebook pages: Naji Naaman and Naji M. Naaman.

WEDNESDAY GATHERING – NAJI NAAMAN LITERARY AND CULTURAL SALON

Since 2008, Naji Naaman Literary and Cultural Salon (and its Writing Workshop), is held six times each season, and men and women of achievements are guests of honour. An annual free book gethers all speeches, discussions and photos.

LIBRARY OF SERIES AND COMPLETE WORKS

Established in 2008 and inaugurated in 2012, this (unique) library aims to preserve international cultural heritage and to offer the same to researchers and students.

MITRI AND ANGÉLIQUE NAAMAN COMMEMORATIVE ROOM

Inaugurated in 2012, this room exhibits to public, with no entrance fees, decorations, books, manuscripts and other personal things of late Mitri Naaman (1912-1994) and his wife Angélique Bacha (1925-2000).

INTERNATIONAL DAY FOR GRATIS CULTURE

This (unique) day is celebrated (since 2012) on May, 19 of each year all over the world by FGC's ambassadors. Various free of charge cultural activities are given to the public.

CULTURAL TOURISM PROGRAM

A (unique) cultural tourism is encouraged (since 2012 too) by receiving different groups in the MNAC and FGC premises, and initiating and inciting people in order to write, publish, maintain private libraries and preserve the heritage of outstanding writers, scientists and artists.

WRITERS MUSEUM – FINGERPRINTS

As from 2013, this (unique) museum invites selected writers to choose the very best of their writings in prose or poetry, to write it and sign it, to put their fingerprints on the paper, then to recite it in audiovisual.

SUITES OF BOOKS PRESENTED TO NATIONAL AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES

As from 2013 too, this (unique) activity is aiming to activate culture by offering suites of books (in several languages) to national and public libraries all over the world.

MONDAY LITERARY AND CULTURAL CIRCLE

Since 2013, the Monday Literary and Culturel Circle is held each week. Various themes and issues are evoked and debated.

NNLP

NAJI NAAMAN LITERARY PRIZES

GLOBAL STATISTICS

ALL TWENTY FOUR PICKING SEASONS (2002-2003/2025-2026)

GLOBAL NUMBER OF CANDIDATES AND MANUSCRIPTS
45471

RECEIVED FROM

144 COUNTRIES, i.e.:

Albania – Algeria – Argentina – Armenia – Australia – Austria – Azerbaijan – Bahrain – Bangladesh – Barbados – Basque country – Belarus – Belgium – Benin – *Birland* – Bhutan – Bolivia – Borneo – Bosnia & Herzegovina – Brazil – Bulgaria – Burkina Faso – Cameroon – Canada – *Catalunya* – Chile – China – Colombia – Congo – Costa Rica – Croatia – Cuba – Cyprus – Czech Republic – Denmark – Egypt – Estonia – Finland – France – Gabon – Gambia – Georgia – Germany – Greece – Guatemala – Haiti – Hong Kong – Hungary – Iceland – India – Indonesia – Iran – Iraq – Ireland – Italy – Ivory Coast – Japan – Jordan – *Kashmir* – Kazakhstan – Kosovo – *Kutai* – Kuwait – Kyrgyzstan – (La) Martinique – Latvia – Lebanon – Libya – Lithuania – Malaysia – Mali – Malta – Mauritania – Mauritius – Mexico – Moldova – Monaco – Mongolia – Montenegro – Morocco – Nepal – (The) Netherlands – New Zealand – Nicaragua – Niger – Nigeria – North Macedonia – Norway – Oman – Pakistan – Palestine – Panama – Paraguay – Peru – (The) Philippines – Poland – Portugal – *Punjab* – Qatar – *Quebec* – Romania – Russia – Sámiland – San Remo – Saudi Arabia – *Scotland* – Senegal – Serbia – Seychelles – Singapore – Slovakia – Slovenia – South Africa – South Korea – Spain – Sudan – Sweden – Switzerland – Syria – Taiwan – Tajikistan - Tanzania – *Tatarstan* - Tchad – Thailand – Trinidad & Tobago – Tunisia – Turkiye – Uganda – Ukraine – United Arab Emirates (UAE) – United Kingdom (UK) – United States of America (USA) – Uruguay – Uzbekistan – Venezuela – Vietnam – *Vojvodina – Wales – West Bengal* – Yemen, *Yi* and Zimbabwe.

PRIZES' YEARBOOKS IN

136 LANGUAGES AND DIALECTS, i.e.:

Albanian, Apache, Arabic *(literary and several spoken dialects)*, Armenian, Aromanian *(Vlach)*, Assamese, Azeri, Bambara, Bamum, Bantu *(Shona)*, Basque, Belarusian, Bengali *(Bangla)*, Bété, Bhojpuri, Bosnian, Bulgarian, Cacébar, Canaanite, Castellano *(Castilian)*, Catalan, Chinese *(traditional and simplified/three characters)*, Coptic, Creole, Croatian, Czech, Danish, Dutch, Dzongkha, Estonian, English, Esperanto, Euskara, Farsi, Filipino, Finnish, French, Galician, Garífuna *(Maya, Ixil)*, German, Goergian, Goransko, Greek *(ancient and modern)*, Guarani, Halita Sambali, Hausa, Hebrew, Hindi *(two characters)*, Hungarian, Icelandic, Igbo, Indonesian, Iranian, Irish, Isizulu, Italian, Japanese, kabyle, Kannada, Kaqchikel, Kazakh, Korean, Kurdish, Kyrgyz, Latin, Latvian, Lingala, Lingua Franca, Lithuanian, Macedonian, Maithili, Malay, Malayalam, Malaysian, Maleku, Maltese, Mandarin, Marathi, Maya, Moldavian, Moldovan, Mongolian, Montenegrin, Munukutuba, Nepali, Norwegian, Odia *(Oriya)*, Persian, Peul *(Pular, Fula, Fulani, Fulbé)*, Polish, Poqomchi',

Portuguese, Punjabi, Quechua *(Chanka, Huancayo, Runa simi)*, Rajasthani, Romanian, Russian, Sanskrit, Sepedi, Serbian *(in Latin and Cyrillic characters)*, Seychellois Creole, Shona *(Bantu)*, Sicilian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish, Swahili, Swedish, Syriac, Tagalog, Taiwanese, Tajik, Tamil, Telugu, Turkish, Ukrainian, Urdu, Uzbek, Vietnamese, Vlach *(Aromanian)*, Welsh, Wolof, Yi, Yoruba and Zoque.

TOTAL PRIZEWINNERS

1435 LAUREATES, i.e.:

24 EP *(encouragement prize)*, 5 EPOC *(encouragement prize, out of competition)*, 228 MP *(merit prize)*, 49 MPOC *(merit prize, out of competition)*, 703 CP *(creativity prize)*, 33 CPOC *(creativity prize, out of competition)*, 365 HPCW *(honor prize for complete works)*, 20 HPCWOC *(honor prize for complete works, out of competition)*, 6 GP *(Genius prize)* and 2 OUTP *(outstanding prize)*.

Abreviations: FGC (Naji Naaman Foundation for Gratis Culture); **FCG** (Fondation Naji Naaman pour la Culture Gratuite); **MNAC** (Maison Naaman pour la Culture); **NNLP** (Naji Naaman Literary Prize); **PLNN** (Prix Littéraire Naji Naaman); **NNTLP** (Naji Naaman Targeted Literary Prize); **PLCNN** (Prix Littéraire Ciblé Naji Naaman); **EP** (encouragement prize); **EPOC** (encouragement prize, out of competition); **MP** (merit prize); **MPOC** (merit prize, out of competition); **CP** (creativity prize); **CPOC** (creativity prize, out of competition); **HPCW** (honor prize for complete works); **HPCWOC** (honor prize for complete works, out of competition); **GP** (genius prize); **OUTP** (outstanding prize).

بمُحاولة انتزاعِ شعلةِ الأدبِ من الصَّفحات، فيما كلُّ كتابٍ يقعُ بين يديّ، يُغرقُ ثقافتي المتواضعة بطوفان معلوماتٍ خارجةٍ من بين دفَّتَيه، كضبابٍ بلَونِ الحِبْرِ ورائحةِ الورق.

أيا ربِّي، إنِّي أقدِّمُ لك كلَّ تَدويناتي، وجميعَ أفكاري وأفعالي، وذاتي الثقافيَّة بأسرها، وبخاصَّةٍ نقدي الانطباعيّ، فحرِّكْ قلبي لكي اجتنيَ منه الثَّمرةَ الَّتي ترغبُها منِّي ثقافةُ مَوطِني.

ما جَدوى النَّقد الانطِباعي؟ أتراه أدبًا أم علمًا؟ حتى ولو كان النَّاقد شريكًا للمُبدع، فما وجهُ الشَّركة، وكيف تتكاملُ قراءة النَّاقد مع النَّصِّ المَنقود؟ ولأنِّي لم أعُدْ إلى أوائِلِ النُّصوصِ الَّتي ربطَتْ بين كلمة ناقد ومَن يقوم بتحليل المادَّة الأدبيَّة وتفحُّصها كابن سلام الجمحيّ. ولم أناصِبْ جمهوريَّةَ أفلاطونَ العداء، هو الذي حملَتْ كتاباتُه دقَّةً ورقَّةً وروحًا وجمالاً. ولم يعنِ لي الهذيانُ الروحيُّ الَّذي أظهرَه زيغموند فرويد، في تحريره العقلَ الباطنيَّ من مكوِّناته الضَّاغطة عن طريق إظهارها إلى العلَن. كما أنِّي لم أَلِجِ العِلمَ الَّذي سبَرَت خفاياهُ المدارسُ النَّقديَّةُ الغربيَّة، كالبُنيَويَّة أو الماركسيَّة أو التَّشكيليَّة الرُّوسيَّة، أو مدرسة جنيف ونقدها الأدبيِّ الموضوعيّ... ولِذا، اَستكمِلُ سعادتي الكبرى بمعانقة نتاج كتَّاب، ووَضع مَضامينه في خدمة قرَّاء معاصرين من كلِّ الأعمار والتوجُّهات، بدل المُباهاة بامتِلاك مَضمون هذا النِّتاج.

فهل تستمرُّ الحكايةُ باستمرار الطَّوِيَّة الانطباعيَّة البعيدة عن الفلسفة في نقدي؟ هي التي سمحت لي أن أضفيَ وضوحًا وشمولاً على كلِّ كتاب أكتبُ به قراءة. فلا حاجة لي أن أعتنقَ المذاهبَ النَّقديَّة، والاتِّجاهاتِ الفلسفيَّةَ العميقةَ والمُتماسكة، لا لأنِّي لست في حاجةٍ إلى هذا العِلم الكانِز، بَل محاولةً منِّي للابتِعادِ عن استنباط الفِكر الجَدَليّ، وإبقاءِ نصِّي في إطار البساطة التي تَرتقي إلى الجمالِ، إذا استطَعْتُ لذلك سبيلاً.

وتستمرُّ حكاية ناقد باستِمرار خافِقٍ يولِّدُ نَبْضًا، على الرَّغم مِن أفول زمن الحِبْر، وسيطرة زمن الثورة الرقميَّة بكلِّ أشكالها. فهل ستستمرُّ الحاجةُ للنَّقد بوجود الذكاء الاصطناعيِّ الذي يفنِّدُ المؤلِّفَ ويُعطي انطباعًا أدبيًّا نابعًا من أبحاثٍ كُتبتْ على الورق، ومن آراءٍ طُبعَتْ على جداريَّات المَواقع الإلكترونيَّة؟ وكيف لنَقده أنْ يَحويَ روحًا، فللرَّبِّ وحدَه يعودُ الفضلُ في إعطاء الحياة للنُّصوص تأليفًا ونَقدًا؛ أليس هو الذي نفخَ الرُّوحَ في فِكرِ الكاتبِ وقَلَمِ النَّاقد؟

وها إنِّي، بعد أنِ اجتزتُ العديدَ من العقباتِ الكَأداءِ، بمساعدة شلَّةٍ من الأصدقاء المثقَّفين، لا أعلمُ مدى تأهُّبي لكلِّ مبارزةٍ واعتراكٍ وتضحيةٍ في حقل النَّقد. وسأستمرُّ

أجَل... إنِّي بريء، غيرُ مجرمٍ لأنِّي لم أرتكِبْ جرائمَ أدبيَّة، على الرَّغم من أنِّي أمتلكُ الموهبةَ، وأُخرجُ منها تقريظًا أو نقدًا موضوعيًّا. وإن كنتم تشكُّون في براءتي، اطلُبوا الدَّليل مِن توصيفِ أستاذي، فعندَه الخبرُ اليَقين!

كيف لكاتبٍ أنْ يخافَ ناقدًا لا يجعلُ نقدَه محكمةً معقودة؟ فمحرِّرُ هذه الأسطُر لم يمثُلْ أمام محلَّفين قد يجرِّمونه إنْ هو غيَّرَ في إفادته، كما أنَّه ليس قاضيًا يدينُ ويُبَرِّئ، ولا جلاَّدًا يقطعُ الرُّؤوس. فظروفُ الحياة وضعَتْه في مَوضِع النقد، وأصبح شريكًا للمُبدع، مُتواطِئًا معه في خدمة رؤياه، على الرَّغم من يَقينه بانْحراف وسائل الكاتِب عن جوهر غايته عند حصول هذا الأمر.

من مَوقعي البعيد عن الأكاديميَّة، لأنَّ تحصيلي أنتَجَ اختِصاصًا غيرَ أدبيّ، لم أمارسِ النَّقدَ الموضوعيَّ على الرَّغم من إجادَتي له، وقد تضاعفَتْ مهمَّتي. والخبرُ اليقينُ عن هذه المضاعفة جاءَتْ على خلفيَّة استِياء أحد الروائيِّين من نقدٍ بنَّاءٍ كتبتُه بإحدى رواياته. ولأنَّ سلاحي بساطةُ كتابةٍ تكشفُ عُمقَ مَعانٍ، ودرعي قلبٌ وخيال، استساغَ الكاتبُ قراءتي بروايته، لكنَّه كان يتجهَّمُ في كلِّ مرَّةٍ يُعيدُ فيها قراءةَ ما حَبَّرت. ومُنذ ذلك الوقت، رُحْتُ أكتبُ قراءتَين في كلِّ كتاب أو موضوع يقعُ تحت قلمي، قراءة موضوعيَّة أكاديميَّة، تبقى في الحرز، وأخرى تظهرُ مواصفاتُها في الدَّوريَّات والمواقع الإلكترونيَّة على شكل تقريظٍ مُحَبَّبٍ لدى كتَّابٍ ناشئينَ ومُخَضرَمين، لا لأنَّهم لا يتقبَّلون النَّقد، بل لأنَّ النَّرجِسيَّةَ تَسكُنهم. وإنْ كنتُ لا أُعَمِّمُ هنا، لكنَّ الأغلبيّةَ هي كذلك.

لم أعُدْ إلى مرجعٍ عصريٍّ متينٍ ومُقتَضَب، كثيفٍ ومُيَسَّر، من النَّقد الأدبيّ. فمعرفتي بالنَّقد كمنت في بُطون الكتب التي قرأتها، ولم أنَل من النَّقد النصيبَ الوافر، إلاَّ بعد قراءة أكثر من خمسمئة كتاب؛ فأصابني ما سُمِّي نقدًا حملَته إليَّ صفحاتٌ توصَفُ بالثَّقافيَّة يومَ كان الورقُ يباركُ ويُدينُ كلَّ حاملِ قَلَم، وقبلَ أن يتطوَّعَ مفهومُ الحداثة لِيُمسي ذريعةً تشرِّعُ الهَدمَ وتُبرِّرُ الإغراب.

صَلاةُ ناقِد

(النَّصُّ الكامل - texto completo - *texte intégral* - full text)

تعلَّمتُ الكتابةَ في المدرسة؛ وكأنِّي ما تعلَّمت. القلمُ في يدي يُخربشُ ولا يكتب، فالمعاني من دون تركيزٍ خربشاتٌ بعيدةٌ عن الرَّصانة.

الحلُّ كان عند أستاذ الأدب العربيِّ في المرحلة المتوسِّطة، قال لي: "الذنبُ ليس ذنبَك، إذ لم يكتشف موهبتَك أحدٌ". وكانَ، عندَما ينظرُ إلى فَيْض الحبْر على الورق، تنمو الضّحكةُ بين شفتَيه، وتَترعرعُ جملةٌ: "هذه كتابةُ تلميذ بارع في جميع الموادِّ ما عدا الأدب؛ في كِتاباتِك كلُّ شيء إلاَّ ملامح الأديب، علاماتُك جيِّدة في ما عدا الإنشاء. الأفضل لكَ الاَّ تُجيدَ الأدبَ في مسرح الحياة، على أنْ تتمكَّنَ بذكائِك من تحديدِ الصَّحِّ والخطأ، تمامًا كإسهابِك أمامي في تحليل كلِّ حادثةٍ مرَّتْ أمامَك في القرية".

زادَ عُمري فكبرت؛ ونزلَ عُمرُ أستاذي إلى الصِّفر، فغاب. خطفَه الموتُ عن دنيا التُّراب، فراحَ... راحَ بعيدًا في موكبٍ إلى حياةٍ جديدةٍ آمنَ بها، لكنَّ ضحكاتِه ونصائحَه لم تنخطِفْ، فهي... هي تَجري في ذاكرتي، تتمايلُ كالضَّباب في سكينة الرُّوح: "بذكائِك يجبُ أنْ تحدِّدَ الصَّحَّ من الخطأ"، وكأنِّي به يقول: "أنتَ ناقِدٌ بالفِطرة"!

لا أحملُ في دَواخلي إلاَّ انطِباعي عن كلِّ حادثةٍ مرَّت في حياتي منذ الصِّغَر. هي انطباعاتٌ صادقةٌ وهبَتْني إيَّاها الحياة. لا أتذكَّرُها للتَّمويه والتَّضليل، أو للظُّهور بمَظهَرٍ غيرِ مَظهري. فالتَّزويرُ جريمة، وكيف لي أنْ أرتكِبَها؟

وها إنِّي أجَدْتُ النقدَ الانطِباعي. فالتَّقريظُ يجدُ عشَّاقًا ومُعجَبينَ لأنَّه يعيشُ في عالم الكتَّاب المُزَوَّر. فقراءتي بالكتب واللَّوحات تعيشُ في وحشةٍ وغربة، لأنَّها أصليَّة لا تعرفُ التَّزوير، إذْ هي صادرةٌ عن قلبٍ نَقيّ. كيف هذا وأنا أكتبُ التَّقريظَ بعيدًا عن النقد الأكاديمي؟

فكرةُ المسرحيَّة

تتداخلُ حياةُ خمس شخصيَّات خلال خمسة أيَّام، في صراعٍ مليءٍ بالتَّحدِّيات، حيث تواجهُ كلُّ شخصيَّة تجربةً قاسيةً تؤثِّرُ في حياتها وتحرِّرُها من قبضة الكاتب ماجد الَّذي يُحكمُ قبضتَهُ على مَسار حياة تلك الشَّخصيَّات المسرحيَّة، ويحرِّكُها تحت سطوة قلمهِ كفيما يأخذهُ تفكيرُه وإبداعُه. وتقودُ ثورةَ التَّحرُّر فتحيَّة الَّتي تذهبُ إلى البعيد، ممَّا يُدخلُ الكاتبَ في نفق رهاب الكتابة المُظلِم. فهل سيستطيعُ ماجد هذا تجاوُزَ الأيَّام الخمسة، أم لن يستطيع؟!

مُلَخَّصُ قصَّة المسرحيَّة

يتسبّبُ ماجد، وهو كاتبٌ مسرحيٌّ ناجحٌ ومَشهور في مُنتصف الخمسين من عمرهِ، في وفاة الطِّفل سامي عن طريق الخطأ، ويدخلُ في أزمة نفسيَّة حادَّة تُبعدُهُ عن الجميع، ويرحلُ إلى منطقة ريفيَّة بعيدة لِيَختَلِيَ بنفسهِ؛ ويستأجرُ هناكَ أحدَ الأكواخ. وفي أثناء وجوده في الكوخ تَقومُ عاصفة قويَّة ويُصابُ في رأسهِ، فيفقدُ الوعيَ. وتشاءُ الصُّدَفُ أنْ تمرَّ إحدى السيِّدات قي المَكان، وتجدُهُ، فتقومُ بإسعافِهِ وتُداويهِ وتَرعاهُ، لِيَكتشفَ في ما بعدُ حقيقتَها، وأنَّها فتحيَّة، جدَّةُ الطِّفل سامي الَّذي تسبَّبَ هو في وفاتِهِ، وكانَتْ تخطِّطُ للانتقام منهُ...

يوسف يونان طراد **Youssef Younan Trad**

Lebanese ex-military, literary critic and novelist, born at Barhilioun (Bcharreh - Lebanon) in 1961. With two published books, two prizes, and various cultural activities.

Ancien militaire libanais, critique littéraire et romancier, né en 1961 à Barhilioun (Bcharré – Liban). Il a à son actif deux livres publiés, deux prix, et diverses activités culturelles.

عسكريٌّ لبنانيٌّ سابِق، ناقِدٌ أدبيٌّ وروائيٌّ، مِن مواليد بَرحِليون (بشَرِّي) عامَ ١٩٦١. في رَصيده كتابٌ في النَّقد: "قراءاتٌ فلاَّح"، وآخَرُ في الرِّواية: "عطرٌ ودماء"، وجائزتان؛ وهو عضوٌ مؤسِّسٌ في نادي الكتاب اللُّبنانيّ.

تصرخُ بي: "غسيلُك ابْتَلَّ"؛ وأنا – عالقةً خارجي –
كيف أفتحُ ولو نافذةً صغيرةَ فيَّ لِنَختبِئَ أنا وأنتَ، والبَحْرُ، وحَبْلُ الغَسيل؟

التِّلفازُ يغرقُ، وَحدَهُ شريطُ الدَّمِ في أسفلِه استَمِرُّ بالرَّكضِ
أمام سمكةِ القرشِ الَّتي كسَّرَتْ إطارًا يحجزُها فوقَ الجدارِ بفَكِّها الورقيِّ، ونَجَتْ..

مَن يُمسكُ بكَومَةِ الرَّسائِلِ، والمُلاحظاتِ، وأرقامِ الهَواتِفِ، وأنفاسي،
كي لا تَتوهَ وسطَ ملابسي الداخليَّةِ، ولا تذوبَ مع عقرَبَيِّ السَّاعةِ وأصابع يدي؟

مَن يُمْسِكُ يدي، ويصنعُ مِن المحبَسِ الذَّهبيِّ بِبنصرِها طَوْقَ نجاةٍ أو مشنقة؟

حذائي أضيَقُ مِن أنْ يتَّسِعَ لِوَجَعي..
ومسمارُ القَدَمِ يَنخرُ عميقًا في أعلى معدَتي، ويُشعرُني بالغَثيان.

أين أجدُ ضفَّةً تُنقذُني، أو حبَّةَ أسبِرين غارِقَةً، أُنقذُها بلِساني المُرِّ، وأطْفو؟

Naeem bin Fath bin Mabrouk Beyt Nour **نعيم بن فتح بن مبروك بيت نور**

Omani writer, playwright, dramatist, and radio author, born in 1969 (Mirbat, Zofar, Sultanate of Oman). With published books, prizes and various cultural and educational activities.
Ècrivain, dramaturge, scénariste et auteur radiophonique omanais, né en 1969 à Mirbat (Zofar, Sultanat d'Oman). Il a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles et éducatives.

كاتِبٌ عُمانِيٌّ، ومؤلِّفٌ مَسرحِيٌّ ودرامِيٌّ وإذاعِيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٦٩ في مرباط (ظفار، سلطنة عُمان). في رصيده كُتُبٌ ومُشارَكاتٌ في أنشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ وتربَوِيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

يَومٌ آخَرُ لِنَجتازَه

(مُلَخَّص - summary - *résumé* - resumen)

البَحْرُ يشدُّني ككلِّ الأشياء إليه،
يجبُ أنْ أستيقظَ، أنْ أسحَبَني بهدوءٍ مِن يدي،
أنْ أُنادي لاسمِك الصَّغيرِ تحتَ الوسادة، كي لا نَغرَق،

اِسمُك المبَلَّلُ بقُبْلَتي الوحيدةِ عبرَ سمَّاعَةِ الهاتِفِ
المَطمورِ في ألفِ حُلُمٍ وقصيدة..

الغرفةُ ضيِّقةٌ، أضيَقُ مِن أنْ تتَّسِعَ لِتَنهيدَةِ يَتيمةٍ،
أو لِعنوانٍ من كلمةٍ واحدةٍ للقصيدةِ الواقِفَةِ في حَلقي منذ أربعةِ أشهر،

قلَمي ينزفُ آخِرَ قطرَةِ دَمٍ سوداءَ، ويَسقطُ،
وجَنيني، قبلَ أنْ يُتِمَّ شهرَه الأوَّلَ يَتَخَلَّى عن رحمي الهَشِّ، ويسقطُ هو الآخَر..

مَن يعرفُ اسْمي؟ مَن يلفظُه لمرَّةٍ واحدةٍ ويُشعلُ بداخلي حزمةً مِن ضَوء؟
مَن يهزُّه بقوَّةٍ، عساني أتنفَّسُ، أتكلَّمُ أو أضحكُ، أو أُجهِشُ لِبُكاء.

مِن أثَرِ نَحتِ السَّكاكينِ بِجانِبِ سريري انبثَقَتْ صفصافة،
ومِن أثَرِ لَمْسِ يدَيك بِخَصري ماتَ حَقْلُ أقحوان،
حينَ فكَّرْتُ للمرَّةِ الأولى بالفرار..

في دمي يَطفو عقربانِ كان مِن الواجِبِ
أنْ يدقَّ مُنَبِّهُ ساعتِهما قبلَ كثيرٍ لأستَيْقِظ..

السُّمُّ يَجري في عُروقي الآنَ،
والكحلُ يُعَبِّدُ طريقًا نحو نَحْري، ويحصدُ القمحَ مِن فوق وجنتي،

بينما أفكِّرُ بإدخالِ الغسيلِ، بتنظيفِ السَّطحِ،
وإخراجِ كَلبي ذي القَوائِمِ الثَّلاثِ لِقضاءِ حاجته..

إنَّها تُمطرُ بغَزارة، وجارتي الَّتي لا أعرفُ ما اسمُها بعدُ،

حينَ كفَّ عن محاولةِ النَّجاة..
تذكَّرَ أنَّه
لم يَكُنْ غارقًا أصْلاً.

حين كفَّ عن شَرحِ نفسِه..
فهمَه العالَم.

حينَ ظنَّ أنَّ هذا هو السُّقوطُ الأخير..
همسَتْ له الأرضُ بهُدوء:
"أخيرًا وصلتَ إليّ".

Mona Rose Doughan Jamaleddine مُنى روز دوغان جمال الدّين

Lebanese French bilingual poetess, novelist and translator, born in 1965 (Beirut). With published books and various cultural activities. She is granted here the Naji Naaman literary prize (NNLP, creativity prize, out of competition, 2026).

Poétesse, romancière et traductrice bilingue libano-française, née à Beyrouth en 1965, ayant à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles. Elle est ici déclarée lauréate du prix littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix de créativité, hors concours, 2026).

شاعرةٌ وروائيَّةٌ ومُتَرجِمَةٌ لبنانيَّةٌ ثُنائِيَّةُ اللُّغات (تكتبُ بالعربيَّة والفرنسيَّة)، وثُنائِيَّةُ الجنسيَّات (تحملُ الجنسيَّتَين، اللُّبنانيَّة والفرنسيَّة)، مِن مواليد بيروت عامَ ١٩٦٥. في رَصيدِها كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة. وها إنَّها تفوزُ اليومَ بإحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة الإبداع لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) عن قِصَّتِها المُعَنْوَنَة "ألْزهايْمر".

Mounira Nassib مُنيرَة نَصيب

Libyan poetess, writer and journalist. With published works and cultural activities.

Poétesse, écrivaine et journaliste libyenne, avec des livres publiés et des activités culturelles.

شاعرةٌ وكاتِبَةٌ وصِحافيَّةٌ ليبيَّة، من مَواليد طُبرُق (ليبيا). مُجازةٌ في العُلوم، قسم البيولوجيا، جامعة عُمَر المُختار، طُبرُق، ٢٠٠٨. لها كُتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ واهتِماماتٌ في الشَّأنَين، الأدبيِّ والثَّقافيّ.

في غُرفَتي بَحْر

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

حينَ ضاقَ الأخرسُ بالكلام..
تركَ صوتَه في الدَّاخِلِ ونَجا.

حينَ أثقلَ اللَّيلُ خطواتِ التَّائه..
أطفأَ السُّؤالَ في صدره فوجدَ الطَّريق.

حينَ ضاقَ الكَوْنُ في عينَيْه..
خلعَ اللَّيلَ عن قَلبِهِ
ودخلَ المَعنى حافيًا.

حينَ صارَتِ الطُّرُقُ كلُّها مَرايا..
كسرَ صورتَه بهدوءٍ ومَرّ.

حينَ سقطَ الصَّوتُ من حنجرتِه..
تعلَّمَتْ يداهُ لغةَ الهواء.

حينَ غابتِ اللَّمسةُ عن أطرافِه..
صارَ قلبُه يمدُّ يدَه أوَّلاً.

حينَ فَقَدَ التَّوازن..
اتَّكَأَ على خوفِه كعصا وَوَصَل.

حينَ تعلَّمَ الانتِظار..
جلسَ الزَّمنُ بجانبِه مُتْعَبًا.

حينَ خذلَه التَّفسير..
سلَّمَ الأمرَ للغموضِ وتَنَفَّس.

حينَ لم يعُدْ للنَّجاة مِن معنًى واضِح..
ابتَسَمَ لِلتِّيهِ قليلاً ومَرَّ بسلام.

الجُثَّة

(مُلَخَّص - *résumé* - resumen - summary)

هي روايةٌ قصيرةٌ من نَحو ٦ آلاف كلمة، تدورُ أحداثُها حولَ شخصيَّةِ مجنونٍ يموتُ ميتَةً غامِضَةً، وتبدأُ جُثَّتُه رحلتَها من ثلاَّجة المَوتى في المستشفى إلى المشرحَة، فالمقبَرَة، مُستَرجِعَةً تفاصيلَ مِن حياتِها القاسية (قصص الحبّ، الصِّراع مع العائلة والمجتمع، يوميَّات الجنون...)، وتستعدُّ لقيامتها باستِعراضِ أفعالها وتخيُّل المُرافعاتِ الممكنة لمُحاجَجَة الآخرين، والرَّدِّ على كلِّ عضوٍ من أعضاء الجسدِ يومَ الحِساب، وتحميلِه المسؤوليَّةَ في ما حدَثَ في الحياة الدُّنيا.

مفتاح (سعد يوسف) العلواني **Miftah (Saad Yussuf) Alaliwani**

Libyan poet and judge. With two published collections of poems.
Poète et juge libyen. À son actif s'inscrivent deux recueils de poèmes.

شاعرٌ وحُقوقيٌّ ليبيٌّ، قاضٍ بمحكمة البيضاء الابتِدائيَّة. له ديوانان: "تلويحة عالِقَة في الهواء" و"خطوةٌ أولى لِطَمأنَةِ الحَقل".

فِكرةٌ تَبحَثُ عن رأس

(مُقتَطَف - *extrait* - extracto - extract)

حُلول

حينَ ابتَسمَ الأصمُّ للشَّتيمة،
عرفَ النَّاسُ متأخِّرين
أنَّهم كانوا يسمعونَ كلَّ شيءٍ خطأً.

بإمكانِكَ، وأنتَ تُغمِّسُ ريشتَكَ
باللَّونِ الدَّاكِنِ،
أنْ تُلقِيَ على الأرضِ... قتيلاً، اثنَين،
أو حتَّى على قَدْرِ استِطاعتِكَ.
بإمكانِكَ أنْ تصنعَ بضعَ حواجزَ
وكأنَّها... مدينةٌ مُحاصَرةٌ.
عُدْ إلى الجَنبِ الَّذي تتخيَّلُهُ أمامَكَ،
واترُكْ حَمام السَّلَمِ بقَيْد جناحَيْهِ
على خَصْرِ البنتِ العاريَةِ الَّتي
تعرضُ "البورْنو" بِـــ "قناةٍ فضائيَّة".
إيَّاكَ أن تُقلِّبَ "القناة"!
لأنَّهم بعدَ قليلٍ
سيأتونَ بالجندِ الأمريكيَّه
وهم يوزِّعونَ "الحلوى"
على أطفالِ البَصرةِ.

Fethi Rahmani **فتحي الرَّحماني**

Tunisian writer and school teacher, born at Madnin (South Tunisia) in 1970. With published writings, and various cultural activities.

Écrivain et instituteur tunisien, né à Madnin (Tunisie du Sud) en 1970. Àvec des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

كاتبٌ ومُدَرِّسٌ تونسيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٧٠ في مدنين بالجنوب التُّونسيّ. في رصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

Abdul-Latif Moubarak **عبد اللَّطيف مبارك**

Egyptian poet, born in 1964. With published works, and various cultural activities.
Poète Égyptien, né en 1964. Avec des écrits publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعِرٌ مِصريٌّ، مِن مواليد السُّوَيس (مِصر) عامَ ١٩٦٤. يحملُ إجازةً في الحُقوق مِن جامعة عَين شَمس. يكتبُ بالفُصحى وبالعامِّيَّةِ المِصريَّة، وله كِتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ أدبيَّةٌ وثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة. نالَ درعَ التَّمَيُّز والإبداع من اتِّحاد الإعلاميِّين العرب في كانون الثَّاني/يَنايِر ٢٠١٥، وهو عُضو اتِّحاد كُتَّاب مِصر، واتِّحاد الكُتَّاب العرب على الإنترنِت.

لَوحَة

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل**)**

إذا أردْتَ أن ترسمَ لوحَةً،
فذاكَ أمرٌ ليسَ بعَسيرِ.
ستخطُّ شاطئَينِ للماءِ
وتُودِعُ في جوفِهما العَفَنَ المتصاعدَ.
وتُميلُ بنَخلةٍ... تسقطُ سعفها
كأنَّها تتخاصمُ
مع هبَّةِ ريحٍ.
وعلى الجانبِ الآخَرِ،
بيوتٌ بهَيْئَةٍ أصغرَ
تُخْفي... جبالاً،
ومُخيَّمًا،
ومُخيَّمٌ تَعلوهُ سحابةٌ،
وبضعُ طائراتٍ
من نوعِ الـــ "إف-١٦".

Abdallah Habib Barakat **عبد الله حبيب بركات**

Lebanese writer and poet, former army officer, born in 1941 (Beirut). With published works.
Écrivain et poète libanais, ancien officier de l'armée, né à Beyrouth en 1941. Il a à son actif des écrits et différentes activités culturelles.

كاتبٌ وشاعرٌ لبنانيٌّ، وضابطٌ سابِق، مِن مواليد بيروت عامَ ١٩٤١. درسَ التَّاريخَ وإدارةَ الأعمال والاقتِصاد، وله كِتاباتٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

مَوطِني لبنان

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل**)**

مَوْطِنِي مَوْطِنِي مَا كُنْتُ أَفْتَكِرُ أَنْ تُقْحَمَ فِي حَرْبٍ نَارُهَا تَسْتَعِرُ
مَا كُنْتُ أُدْرِكُ أَوْ أَنْتَظِرُ أَنْ أَرَى رَائِحَةَ الْمَوْتِ تَنْتَشِرُ
لُبْنَانُ يَا دُرَّةَ الشَّرْقِ وَتَاجَهُ هَلاَّ دَرَيْتَ كَيْفَ الْحِقْدُ يَنْتَصِرُ
كَيْفَ تُغْرِقُ الْمَصَالِحُ أَبْنَاءَ وَطَنٍ وَكَيْفَ الْخِلاَفُ يَجْعَلُ الْوَطَنَ يُحْتَضَرُ
كَانَ عَلَيْنَا أَنْ نُدْرِكَهُ مَعًا لَكِنَّنَا كُنَّا لِلتَّفَاهُمِ نَفْتَقِرُ
سَتَنْدَمُونَ حَيْثُ لا يَنْفَعُ النَّدَمُ وَإِنَّ الْمُقَاوَمَةَ بِالْوَحْدَةِ تُخْتَصَرُ
يَا بَنِي لُبْنَانَ هَلْ هَذَا حُبُّكُمْ أَمْ هِيَ الْحَمَاسَةُ إِلَى الْحَضِيضِ تَنْحَدِرُ
مَا كُنْتُ أَتَمَنَّى يَوْمًا أَنْ أَرَى وَطَنِي أَمَامَ عَدُوٍّ غَاشِمٍ يَنْكَسِرُ
سَيَعُودُ لُبْنَانُ الْعَزِيزُ مُنْتَصِرًا وَتَعُودُ الْكَرَامَةُ وَبِهَا نَفْتَخِرُ
سَنُعِيدُ بِنَاءَ لُبْنَانَ مُكَرَّمًا وَيَعُودُ إِلَيْهِ الْمَجْدُ وَلا يَسْتَتِرُ
لُبْنَانُ يَا دُرَّةَ الشَّرْقَيْنِ وَقُرَّةَ الْعَيْنَيْنِ على الأشواق تَنْتَظِرُ
أَنْ يَمُنَّ اللهُ عَلَيْنَا بِدَوْلَةٍ نَسْتَأْثِرُ بِهَا وَهِيَ بِنَا تَسْتَأْثِرُ
بِنَاءُ لُبْنَانَ يَبْنِيهِ بَنُوهُ عَلَى صَخْرَةِ الْعِزِّ فَهَيَّا بنا نستَنْفِرُ

وَكُنتَ تَهمِسُ لي في الخَفاءِ بِأَنَّني لَكَ الدُّنيا والصَّفاء
وَأَنَّني إذا غِبْتُ عَنكَ يَسْوَدُّ العُمرُ
وَإِنِّي مَن زَرَعْتُ البُذورَ فَتَفَجَّرَتْ في مَملكتِكَ الحُقولُ
يَاقوتًا مُثيرًا، وَزَنَابِقَ وقَرَنْفُلاً
وبِأَنِّي دُنياكَ، وأشياؤكَ الصَّغيرةُ، ولُعْبَتُكَ المُفَضَّلَةُ
وَإِنِّي مَن حَبَّبْتُ لَكَ الخُلجانَ اللاَّزَوَرْدِيَّةَ،
وَعَلَّمْتُكَ العَوْمَ في البُحورِ
وتَرَبَّعَ حُبُّكَ على مَملكتي، وفي مَقاماتِ الشِّعرِ والذُّهولِ،
وفي قِصَصِ العِشقِ البَتولِ
وَأَنَّ أَجْمَلَ اللَّحظاتِ تِلْكَ الَّتي تُرَصِّعُ لَنا الدُّروبَ
في أَوْجِ الرَّعشاتِ وجُنونِ العِشقِ
وبِأَنِّي لَكَ الوَطَنُ ومَلَكوتُ الكَوْنِ،
وسِيمفونيَّةُ الرِّيحِ في أَوْجِ الشَّذى
وَإِنِّي لَكَ أَزْكَى العُطورِ في لَياليها الباريسيَّةِ،
وَإِنِّي صَهيلُ العُمرِ الآتي من قِصَصِ الجِنِّ والإِنْسِ
وأَنِّي العُشْبُ والزَّهْرُ والنَّدى معَ الفَجْرِ،
والعَطَشُ لِلحُبِّ يَوْمَ يَصْهَدُ القَلْبُ، وتَفُورُ النُّفوسُ لِلحُبِّ كالبُرْكانِ
وَإِنِّي... وَإِنِّي... لَكَ يا حُبِّي سِدْرَةُ المُنْتَهى في النُّبْلِ،
ورَصَّعْتُ لَكَ العُمرَ بالشَّمْعِ والصَّمْغِ والصَّبْرِ
وتَوَضَّأْتُ بِحَرائِقِ الحُبِّ،
وأَعْلَنْتُ مِن مَعْبَدي أَنْ أَعْتَنِقَ حُبَّكَ في السِّرِّ والجَهْرِ

ديسمبر ٢٠١٧، من ديوانٍ تحت الطَّبْع بِعُنوان: "إِعْتَنَقْتُكَ سِرًّا"

يأخذُني الشِّعرُ من يدي
نخرجُ سويًّا إلى المقبَرةِ
نغنِّي للموتى..
ونُهديهم "موبايلاتٍ" حديثةً وأجهزةَ تنصُّتٍ علينا،
حتَّى لا يشعروا بالوَحدةِ
فالمَوتى أناسٌ طيِّبون تخلَّتْ عنهم الحياةُ في غفلةٍ،
وعلينا أن نغسلَ رؤوسَهم بالقصائدِ.

يأخذُني الشِّعرُ من يدي
نخرجُ إلى الغابةِ القريبةِ
بملابسِنا الخفيفةِ..
نحلقُ رؤوسَ الأشجارِ
ونأكلُ التُّوتَ ببَشاعةٍ
ونستقبلُ الشَّمسَ
برؤوسٍ عاريةٍ وأسنانٍ قرمزيَّةٍ.

Salima (Zineb) Melizi **سليمة (زينب) ملـّيزي**

Algerian writer, poetess and journalist. With published works, prizes and cultural activities.
Écrivaine, poétesse et journaliste algérienne. Elle a à son actif des livres publiés, des prix et différentes activités culturelles.

أديبةٌ وشاعرةٌ وصِحافيَّةٌ جزائريَّة. في رصيدها كُتُبٌ مَنشورةٌ، وجوائزُ، ومُشاركاتٌ أدبيَّةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ كثيرةٌ ومُتَنَوِّعة.

إِعتَنَقْتُكَ سِرًّا

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

نفتحُ الطَّريقَ أمامَ ساقيةِ الماءِ لتذهبَ بعيدًا في قلب الزَّرعِ الطَّريّ
نغلقُ جروحَ الأشجارِ المفتوحة
ونمضغُ عنبَ الشَّوقِ
فالصَّباحُ طيِّبٌ وعلينا أنْ لا نتركَهُ يهربُ منَّا كأرنبٍ مَذعورٍ.

يأخذُني الشِّعرُ من يدي
نخرجُ سويًّا إلى الحربِ
مزنَّرين بألغامِ القصائدِ
نغنِّي للأزاهيرِ البائدةِ
لأحذيةِ الأطفالِ المَرميَّةِ في شوارعِ الخوفِ المقطوعةِ بسكاكينِ الدِّيمقراطيَّةِ
ولقلوبِ الأمَّهاتِ المحطَّمةِ
لوطنٍ لا يكفُّ عن ابتلاعِ أبنائهِ الطَّيِّبينَ
للشهداءِ الَّذين يعلِّقون قلوبَهم على الأشجارِ ويَرحلونَ.

يأخذُني الشِّعرُ من يدي
نخرجُ سويًّا إلى المَجهولِ
حاملينَ أنفسَنا الكئيبة
العالَمُ شارعٌ واحدٌ
صوتٌ واحدٌ
جُثَثٌ مُتشابهةٌ
آسيا نسخةُ كربونٍ عن إفريقيا
وإفريقيا نسخةٌ عن أمريكا الجنوبيَّةِ
وأمريكا الجنوبيَّةِ نسخةٌ عن مُثَلَّثِ برمودا
ومُثَلَّثُ برمودا نسخةٌ عن قلبي المُزدحمِ بالأسرارِ وأعوادِ المشانقِ.

Hanane Abdelqader Ismaïl Ashour حنان عبد القادر إسماعيل عاشور

Egyptian poetess, novelist, children literature writer, and painter, born in 1964 (Ash-Sharqiyya, Egypt). She is granted here the Naji Naaman literary prize (NNLP, honor prize for complete works, out of competition, 2026).

Poétesse, romancière, auteure de littérature pour jeunesse et peintre, née en 1964 à Ash-Sharqiyya (Égypte). Elle est ici déclarée lauréate du prix littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, hors concours, 2026).

هي نَفسُها "**حنان عبد القادر**" الشَّاعرةُ والرِّوائيَّةُ وكاتبةُ أدب الأطفال والفنَّانةُ التَّشكيليَّةُ المِصريَّة. مِن مَواليد محافظة الشَّرقيَّة (مِصر) عامَ ١٩٦٤. في رَصيدِها أعمالٌ وأنشِطَةٌ كثيرةٌ ومُتَنَوِّعَة. وها إنَّها تفوزُ اليومَ **بإحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة** (جائزة التَّكريم **عن الأعمال الكامِلَة** لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) عن قِصَّتِها المُعَنْوَنَة "الأشِقَّاءُ الثَّلاثةُ والقطُّ المَفقود".

Sulaiman Ahmad سليمان أحمد

Syrian poet, and agricultural engineer, living in Romania. With two published collections of poetry and various cultural activities.

Poète et ingénieur agronome, vivant en Roumanie. Il a à son actif deux recueils de poésie publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرٌ و**مُهَندِسٌ زراعيٌّ سوريٌّ، مُقيمٌ في رومانيا**. صدرَتْ له مجموعتان شِعريَّتان: الأشجارُ **تَغتالُ ظِلالَها** (دمَشق، ٢٠١٨)، والمَوتى لا **يخرجونَ للنّزهات** (تونس، ٢٠٢٤).

يأخذُني الشِّعرُ مِن يَدي

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل**)**

يأخذُني الشِّعرُ من يدي
نخرجُ سويًّا إلى الحقولِ
ننثرُ القمحَ للعصافيرِ

على سريرٍ من العجينِ الطَّازجِ المَخبوز،
ممَّا يخلقُ اتِّحادًا مُتناغِمًا مِن النَّكهاتِ والمُلامَسات
ما بينَ الدَّمِ والبَياض.
هل يُمكنُ التَّساؤلُ أكثَر؟

مع كلِّ لقمَة،
تنكشفُ سِمفونيَّةٌ مِن الطُّعوم على سطح لساني.
وأنفي، كما لو كانَتْ أوركِسْترا كبيرةٌ تَحيا داخلَه،
يُراقصُ لسعةَ الحمضِ الخفيفةِ للخبز، ليخلقَ لحنًا تحت أعماقي.
مَغمورًا في ألحانِ هذه السِّمفونيَّةِ السَّاحرةِ للمُتعة،
أجدُ نفسي غيرَ قادرٍ على مقاومةِ الرَّغبةِ الشديدة
في الاستِمتاعِ بشكلٍ أكبَر.
تتداخَلُ النَّكهات
وتدورُ حولَ حاسَّتَي الذَّوقِ والشَّمّ،
وتعمى العُيون،
وتتوقُ اليدُ لِضمَّةٍ أبديَّةٍ مِن موسيقى الجسدِ المُرتَعِش.
أنتِ أشهى من الخبز وألذُّ من الـــ "مُتسارِلاَّ"،
وها أنا ذا أتجوَّلُ في التَّضاريس عبرَ رحلةٍ لا تنتهي،
تذكِّرُني أنَّ وادِيَك حمامة،
وأنَّ جسدَك دعوةُ سلامٍ للتَّآخي بين الأُمَم.
إنَّها تذكيرٌ بأنَّ الحياةَ تحملُ في طيَّاتِها
الكثيرَ مِن الأشياءِ المُدهشة،
وأنَّ الطَّعامَ تجربةُ حياةٍ ليس أكثَر،
فهل يُمكنُ التَّساؤلُ أكثر؟

مُتْسارِلاً..

.. يَتطايَرُ ثوبُها في ريحِ الثَّلاثينِ مِن ماي
والــ "مُتْسارِلاً" تَنتظرُ السِّكِّينَ
وقطعةَ الخبزِ المحمَّصِ في يدي،
فهل يُمكنُ التَّساؤلُ أكثَر؟

بينما تُلامسُ نسمةُ ماي اللَّطيفةُ قماشَ فستانِها،
يدورُ الشَّهرُ بأناقَة،
ويخلقُ مَنْظَرًا ساحرًا يأسرُ أعينَ كلِّ مَن يراه.
إنَّه شهرُها،
تنسجُ الرِّياحُ دمَها،
متشابكةً مع الخيوطِ الرَّقيقةِ للفستان،
كما لو كانتْ تقودُ سِمفونيَّةً مِن الحركةِ والأناقة.
وفي هذه اللَّحظة،
وأنا أشهدُ هذا الرَّقصَ السَّماوي،
تستيقظُ حواسِّي،
تتوقُ إلى تذَوُّقِ شيءٍ ساحرٍ بنفسِ القدر.
هل يُمكِنُ التَّساؤلُ أكثَر؟

الــ "مُتْسارِلاً" تَنتظرُ بصَبْر،
تتوقُ لأنْ تُقطَعَ بواسطة السِّكِّينِ القويَّة؛
سطحُها الأبيضُ اللَّبنيُّ يلمعُ تحت ضَوءِ الشَّمسِ النَّاعم،
يَستَدعيني لاستكشافِ عُمْقِها الشَّهيّ.
وبالتَّالي، وبالتَّرَقُّبِ الَّذي يَجري في عُروقي،
أضعُ بعنايةٍ شَرائِحَ هذه اللَّذَّةِ الطَّهويَّة

ذاك الغولَ الَّذي يُكحِّلُ عيونَ المعرفةِ بالخيال.
لا أحدَ دونَهُ يستطيعُ التمرُّدَ على الوقتِ المُتَسلِّطِ
الَّذي يمتَصُّ أعمارَنا مثلَ إسفنجةٍ في قبضةِ الزَّمنِ
على طريقٍ يسيرُ في الاتِّجاهَينِ، وهو يؤلِّفُ الحياةَ.

لكنَّ مِن الحكمةِ الإنصاتُ للطَّبيعة
حيثُ يكمنُ الزَّمنُ الَّذي عبرَ مُنعطفاتٍ قاسيةً
وهو يُؤلّفُ الحياةَ
بينما البشرُ يصنعونَ الموتَ
على هيئةِ جوائزَ تُمنَحُ لِضحايا.

مَن يغفرُ لِمَن؟
الجميعُ قَتَلَةٌ.

Hikmat Al-Haj **حكمَت الحاج**

Iraqi poet, playwright, critic and blogger, living in Sweden. Born in 1957 (Sideh Kan, Iraqi Kurdistan), he is Editor in Chief of "Kinaya" digital cultural magazine (Stockholm), and director of "Kinaya" publishing house. With cultural activities and 25 published works.
Poète, dramaturge, critique et blogueur irakien, vivant en Suède. Né en 1957 à Sideh Kan (Kurdistan irakien), il est rédacteur en chef du magazine culturel numérique «Kinaya» et directeur de «Kinaya», la maison d'édition qui lui est affiliée. Il a à son actif 25 œuvres publiées et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرٌ وكاتِبٌ مَسرحيٌّ وناقِدٌ ومُدَوِّنٌ عراقِيٌّ مُقيمٌ في أسوج، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٥٧ (سيده كان، كردستان العراق). يرتبطُ اسمُه اليومَ بمجلَّة "كناية" الرَّقميَّة الثَّقافيَّة المُستَقلَّة في إستُكْهُلم، وهو يَرأسُ تحريرَها، كما يرتبطُ بدار النَّشر "كناية" التَّابعة لها، وهو يُديرُها. في رَصيده أكثَرُ من ٢٥ كتابًا مَنْشورًا، وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مَتَنَوِّعَة.

القَصائِدُ-النَّثْـرُ العَشْرُ الطِّوال

(extract - *extrait* - extracto - مُقتَطَف)

Bilal Al-Masri **بلال المصري**

Lebanese poet, novelist and playwright, born in 1974. With published books and various cultural activities.

Poète, romancier et dramaturge libanais, né en 1974. Il a à son actif des livres publiés et différentes activités culturelles.

شاعرٌ وروائيٌّ وكاتِبُ مَسرَحٍ لبنانيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٧٤. في رَصيده كُتُبٌ مَنشورَةٌ، إلى أنشِطَةٍ ثقافيَّةٍ مُتَنَوِّعَة.

دينامیتُ نوبـِل

(full text - *texte intégral* - texto completo - النَّصُّ الكامل)

السَّاعةُ تدورُ في فراغٍ مُسنٍّ،
يكادُ يبلغُه الموتُ، لولا أنَّه شقيقُ الفناء.

وفي القصبِ الواقفِ مُنتَصِبًا كالجنود
نشيدُ اللَّهفةِ للعودةِ إلى العراءِ الأوَّلِ.

الأفكارُ المَحشوَّةُ بالبارود
قلبُ نوبِلَ – إمامُ العالمين –
أضاءَ العالمَ بالحرائقِ.

ماريا يا ماريا
أيَّتها العاملةُ في مصحِّ الأمراضِ العقليَّةِ
ما الذي يدفعُ المُقيمينَ في هذه الأروقَةِ
يحزمونَ حقائبَهم، وهم يعرفونَ
أنَّ الجهاتِ كلَّها ستَقودُهم إلى هنا؟

قبلَ الولادةِ كانتِ الحاجةُ طفلةً
قبلَ أنْ تصيرَ أُمَّ الاختراعِ

Driss Maliani — إدريس المَلياني

Moroccan poet, writer, novelist, critic and translator, born in 1945 (Fes, Morocco). With dozens of published books, and various literary and cultural activities. He is granted here the Naji Naaman literary prize (NNLP, honor prize for complete works, out of competition, 2026).

Poète, écrivain, romancier, critique et traducteur marocain, né en 1945 à Fès (Maroc). À son actif s'inscrivent des douzaines de livres publiés et différentes activités littéraires et culturelles. Il est ici déclaré lauréat du prix littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'honneur pour œuvres complètes, hors concours, 2026).

شاعرٌ وكاتبٌ وروائيٌّ وناقدٌ ومُترجِمٌ مَغربيٌّ، مِن مَواليد عام ١٩٤٥ بِمدينة فاس (المغرب). مُجازٌ في الأدب العربيِّ، وحامِلُ دِبلوم في التَّربية وعِلم النَّفس، ١٩٦٩، وقد درسَ الرُّوسيَّةَ بمدينة الرّباط، والأدبَ الرُّوسيَّ بِمُسْكو. في رَصيده عَشراتُ الكُتُبِ المَنشورَةِ في الشِّعر والتَّرجمة والسَّرد والنَّقد، إلى مُشاركات في كُتُب جَماعيَّة. نائبُ رئيس اتِّحاد كُتَّاب المغرب، وعضو مجالس أدبيَّة وثقافيَّة عديدة، وكَذا عضو اللَّجنة المركزيَّة لحزب التَّقدُّم والاشتِراكيَّة. حازَ تكريمات عديدة، منها: وسام ملكي للمكافأة الوطنيَّة من درجة ضابط عن ديوانه "مغارة الرِّيح"، عامَ ٢٠٠١، وجائزة المغرب للكتاب عن ديوانه "غمة الكمامة"، عام ٢٠٢٥. وها إنَّه يفوزُ اليومَ بإحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة التَّكريم عن الأعمال الكامِلَة لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) عن ديوانِهِ المُعَنْوَنِ "بعَيْنَيْكِ سوفَ أراكِ ولَو لَم تَكوني".

Angel (Engi) Samir Nassif — أنجيل (إنجي) سمير نَصيف

Egyptian short story writer, born in 1982 (Cairo). With writings and various cultural activities. She is granted here the Naji Naaman literary prize (NNLP, encouragement prize, out of competition, 2026).

Nouvelliste égyptienne, née au Caire en 1982, ayant à son actif des nouvelles publiées et différentes activités culturelles. Elle est ici déclarée lauréate du prix littéraire Naji Naaman (PLNN, prix d'encouragement, hors concours, 2026).

قاصَّةٌ مِصريَّةٌ، مِن مواليد القاهرة عامَ ١٩٨٢. في رَصيدِها كتاباتٌ مَنشورَةٌ وأنشِطَةٌ ثقافيَّةٌ مُتَنَوِّعَة. وها إنَّها تفوزُ اليومَ بإحدى جوائِز ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة (جائزة التَّشجيع لعام ٢٠٢٦، من خارج المُسابقة) عن قِصَّتِها المُعَنْوَنَة "خَمسٌ وأربعونَ دقيقة".

إدريس المَلياني
أنْجيل (إنْجي) سمير نَـصيف
بلال المصري
حِكمَت الحاج
حنان عبد القادر إسماعيل عاشور
سليمان أحمد
سليمة (زينب) ملّيزي
عبد الله حبيب بَرَكات
عبد اللَّطيف مبارك
فتحي الرَّحماني
مفتاح (سعد يوسف) العلواني
منى روز دوغان جمال الدِّين
مُنيرَة نَـصيب
نعيم بن فتح بن مبروك بيت نور
يوسف يونان طراد

٥٦)؛ **ريكا إينامي**، من اليابان (*إِنِرل نُن أودوري اِنْ نيشيموناي*، باليابانيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٥٩)؛ **عبد اللَّطيف مبارك**، من مِصر (*لوحَة*، بالعربيَّة، ص ٢١)؛ **عبد الله حبيب بَركات**، من لبنان/فرنسا (*مَوطِني لُبنان*، بالعربيَّة، ص ٢٠)؛ **غوردان ك. تْشَمْبَر**، من المُنْتِغْرو (*سارابيڤو*، بالمُنْتِغريَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٠٠)؛ **ڤالانْتِن ديميتْروڤ**، من بلغاريا (*ڤايڤْ أفوريسْمْس*، بالبلغاريَّة والإنكليزيَّة والإسپانيَّة والفرنسيَّة، ص ٤٨)؛ **فتيحة بن منصور بدران**، من المَغرِب (*پويم أنْ مُدْ هايْكو*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ١٠٧)؛ **كانغ بيونغ-شول**، من كوريا الشَّماليَّة (*أور أنسِسْتَرْزْ سَنْغْ سُنْغزْ*، بالكوريَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٨٩)؛ **لورا تريماركي**، من إيطاليا/موناكو (*أنْ اوتْرْ رُغارْ*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ٧٩)؛ **مَوْرين ألْسوپ**، من الولايات المتَّحدة الأمريكيَّة (*أرْبُرْ ڤيتايه*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٧٢)؛ **ميلوساڤ ميشو م. مْلادِنوڤيتْش**، من صِربيا (*كالْمْ أفتِرْ أ لودْ هازْ بينْ ثْرُوْنْ أفّ*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٧٠)؛ **ميلينا دُرْيِهْ**، من البوسنَة والهِرسِك (*إيزْ ڤيدي ناس، دوبري/إيدْ أسّ أوْتْ، أو، ذه غودْ وان*، بالبوسنيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٧١)؛ **ناتالي بيسُّو**، من روسيا/ألمانيا (*نو ريمِيْن هيومَن*، بالرُّوسيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦٦)؛ **يوري مُسْكِلِنْكو**، من روسيا (*إفْ أيْ ورْ أ سُلْطان*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٤٢). **ومن *خارج المُسابقة:*** **آدم زين الدِّين**، من كوسوڤو (ص ١٣٤)؛ **إدريس المَلْياني**، من المَغرِب (ص ١١)؛ **إريك مِرْيو**، من فرنسا (ص ١٠٨)؛ **حنان عبد القادر إسماعيل عاشور**، من مِصر (ص ١٦)؛ **سُلطان كاتو**، من تركيا/الولايات المتَّحدة الأمريكيَّة (ص ٤٩)؛ **سورنْ شِرين**، من رومانيا (ص ٥١).

هايبتي (*إِمَّرْتال لايْنِزْ أُفْ بُوتْري*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٩٥)؛ **دانييل دِه كويًا**، من إسپانيا (*فيكْسيون نون-فيكْسيون*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١٦)؛ **دوشان زوغيتْش**، من صربيا (*مانيفِسْت/مانيفِسْتو*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١٣)؛ **ديْزي زامورا**، من نيكاراغوا (*أوتْليغاسيون دي كانْتار*، بالإسپانيَّة، ص ١١٧)؛ **زفيزْدانا پْريرادوڤيش**، من كرواتيا (*بيرِاسيون*، بالكرواتيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٣٩)؛ **سليمة (زينب) مليِّزي**، من الجزائر (*إِعَتَنْقُتْكَ سِرًّا*، بالعربيَّة، ص ١٨)؛ **سيمونيْ پانْسولين**، من إيطاليا (*لاڤِسْكيپ*، بالإيطاليَّة والإنكليزيَّة واليابانيَّة، ص ٥٢)؛ **شاو كسياوانغ**، من الصِّين (*أوتومُس هافْ فيْس*، بالصِّينيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١٩)؛ **صابرينا دِه كانيو**، من إيطاليا (*ڤارِه لو سْغوارْدو/لوكينغ أپ*، بالإيطاليَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٥٥)؛ **فْرَنْكا مانْشينلِّي**، من إيطاليا (*نْري سيلاَّبِه دي سيلِنْتزيو/ثْري سيلاَّبل أُفْ سايْلِنْس*، بالإيطاليَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٠٤)؛ **فِليكْس سْواريز**، من المكسيك (*دِ ڤيسْتو أ مي مادْرِه أسومادا أل جَرْدن*، بالإسپانيَّة، ص ١٠٦)؛ **ڤويسْلاڤ كارانوڤيتْش**، من صربيا (*أنْ امْبريْس*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٤٦)؛ **كابيشِڤ ألكساندر كَنْستَنْتينوڤيش**، من روسيا (*أم إِنْ ذه كْراوْدْ*، بالرُّوسيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٩٠)؛ **كاتي كايْروس**، من روسيا/فرنسا (*پو سْتول مَيْ هارْتْ*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١٧)؛ **كُنْسْتَنْتينوس ن. فايس**، من اليونان (*هِرْكوليس ذه لَيونْهارْتِد*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٨٧)؛ **لان كْسين (ساميْ)**، من الصِّين/المملكة المتَّحدة (*لانْ كْسينْ ساميْزْ لِجَنْدِري جُرْنيْ إِنْ دُنْغبا كَلْتْشُر*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٨١)؛ **لورانْس شودووهْ**، من فرنسا (*أنْ ريڤْ ذهْ بالانْسْوار*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ٧٧)؛ **لورين مِنديتا**، من كولومبيا (*إِلْ تيأتْرو دو لا مِمورْيا*، بالإسپانيَّة، ص ٧٨)؛ **لي غْوانْشُن**، من الصِّين (*فيْث إِنْ لاڤْ*، بالصِّينيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٧٧)؛ **م. جم تيمورأوهلو**، من تركيا (*أفوريزمالار/أفوريسمس*، بالتُّركيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٧٥)؛ **ماري-جوزه پاسْكال**، من فرنسا (*أنْفان إِنْسْپيره، تَليهِ لاپاسَّاجير دُن سُنْجْ*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ٧٣)؛ **ماريا غْراتْسيا ڤاي**، من إيطاليا (*كومِه فُسّرو أوسينْيولِه/كُم سي ستِّيه دِه رُسِّينيول*، بالإيطاليَّة والفرنسيَّة، ص ٧٤)؛ **محمَّد إسلام فِدا**، من الپاكستان (*فِداء فِدا*، بالأُرْديَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦٨)؛ **مفتاح (سعد يوسف) العلواني**، من ليبيا (*فِكرَةٌ تَبحَثُ عن رأس*، بالعربيَّة، ص ٢٣)؛ **ميركو سْتيكيتْش**، من صربيا (*مادِرْ غارْدْنْ ذه هِرْث وذْ أ تْرمبْلِنغ هِنْدْ*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦٩). ومِن خارج المُسابقة: **مُنى روز دوغان جمال الدِّين**، من لبنان/فرنسا (ص ٢٥).

جوائزُ التـَّكريم (عن الأعمال الكاملة):

بايْسا رومانيش، من صربيا (*هاوْسِزْ آرْ دايْنِغ وذْ نو پيپْل*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٢٤)؛ **بوريس يوڤانوڤيش كَسْتِل**، من المُنْتِنِغْرو (كتابةً بالإنكليزيَّة، وأُخرى بالفرنسيَّة: *غو ويَنْوتْ دَوْتْ، ولا غالير دِه فينيسْيــن*، ص ١٢٠)؛ **جان-شارل دورْج**، من فرنسا (*لِه سابو دَنْ لا مازورْ*، بالفرنسيَّة والكوريَّة، ص ٩٢)؛ **جيانْكارْلو سيسَّا**، من إيطاليا (*إِنْ نُفْ*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٠١)؛ **حكمت الحاج**، من العراق/أسوج (*القصائدُ-النَّثرُ العَشْرُ الطِّوال*، بالعربيَّة، ص ١٣)؛ **دوشان غويكوڤ**، من صربيا (*لِه شانْسون تْريسْتْ*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١٤)؛ **ريشارْد ڤاشيلڤسْكي**، من پولَندا (*مِنْتو*، بالپولَنْديَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص

جوائزُ الاستِحقاق:

أَلكْساندرا يــشْ، مِن صِربيا (*أَلِكسَندرو لايْف*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٣٢)؛ **أَلينا ريليڤْيا ماخموتوڤا** (*أنا مَيْ*)، مِن روسيا/تَتَرِستَان (*أَه نوت أف أوتومَن لاڤ*، بالروسيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٢٩)؛ **إيلينا لوز مارتينيز**، مِن كندا/كِيبيك (*لاكاج*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ١١٢)؛ **برنار فْلوري**، مِن فرنسا (*لو ڤو*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ١٢٣)؛ **جاهونْجير نوموزوڤ** (*ميرزا*)، مِن أوزبِكِستان (بعدَ الوفاة) (*دارد/پِن*، بالأُزبكيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٩٣)؛ **جورْجْيانا-لَورا جيُورْجِه**، مِن رومانيا (*إنكورَاجارِه/أُنكوريجْمِنْت*، بالرُّومانيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٠٣)؛ **زِليكا باشانوڤيش ماركوڤيش**، مِن صِربيا (*شِشِير/زُه هَتّ*، بالصِّربيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٤١)؛ **سُعاد زكراني**، مِن المَغرِب (*أَلتِر إيغو*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٥٠)؛ **سُليمان أحمد**، مِن سوريا (*يَاخُذُني الشِّعرُ مِن يَدي*، بالعربيَّة، ص ١٦)؛ **فتحي الرَّحماني**، مِن تونس (*الجَثَّة*، بالعربيَّة، ص ٢٢)؛ **مُنيرة نَصيب**، مِن ليبيا (*في غُرفَتي بَحرٌ*، بالعربيَّة ، ص ٢٥)؛ **نِعمَت الحَمري**، مِن المَغرِب (*وارد ٣٦*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦٥)؛ **نَعيم بن فتح بن مبروك بيت نور**، مِن عُمان (*يومٌ آخَرُ لَنجتازَه*، بالعربيَّة، ص ٢٧)؛ **هيسوس أرماندو مولينا كيروز** (*يــشْوا مولينا*)، مِن المِكسيك (*أُلوس*، بالإسپانيَّة، ص ٩٠)؛ **يانغ غويم-هي**، مِن كوريا الجنوبيَّة (*ذه وِند إند ذه واتِر دُنت فايت*، بالكوريَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٤٣)؛ **يوسف يونان طراد**، مِن لبنان (*صَلاةُ ناقِد*، بالعربيَّة، ص ٢٨)؛ ومِن خارِج المُسابقة: **روزا أورورا شاڤيز**، مِن المِكسيك (ص ٥٧)؛ **رومُبي شِن**، مِن الزِّيمبابْوِي (ص ٥٧)؛ **ڤو تي نو ماي** (*ماي وايْت*)، مِن ڤيتنام/أُستراليا (ص ٤٦)؛ **وانْغ فانْغُون**، مِن الصِّين (ص ٤٠).

جوائزُ الإبداع:

أروَى بن ضياء، مِن تونس/فرنسا (*ماغْما*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ١٢٥)؛ **أَلكْساندرا ڤويــسيش**، مِن المُنتِغرو (*أَرْديبِري جولاي سُنْغ*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٣٣)؛ **أَلكْساندرو أوڤيديو ڤينْتيلا**، مِن رومانيا (*بيروت مارِه نُستْروم*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ١٣١)؛ **إليزابتَّا بوناپَرْتِه**، مِن إيطاليا (أمانِه نودي/وِزْ برْ هانْدَرْ، بالإيطاليَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١١)؛ **إميليا تودوروڤا**، مِن مَقدونيا الشَّماليَّة/أُستراليا (*إِريتانْس*، بالمَقدونيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١١٠)؛ **أَنْكيتْسا أَنْشي** (*بيسْكوپوڤيتْش*)، مِن كرواتيا (*إِنْدْ وِنْ أيام غون، ذُه سُنْغ وِلّ وِيسْبِر*، بالكرواتيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٢٩)؛ **أَنَّا مافْرويدي**، مِن اليونان (*سْتِرنِجْ سْپِكْتَكل*، باليونانيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ١٢٦)؛ **إيرينا پاڤْلوڤا دِه أودوريكو**، مِن مَقدونيا الشَّماليَّة/إيطاليا (*ذُه مانرْزْ*، بالمَقدونيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٩٦)؛ **پاناغيوتا پ. لامبري**، مِن اليونان (*كيتْس*، باليونانيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦٤)؛ **پِتْروس إيزاكيديس**، مِن اليونان/جنوبيّ إفريقيا (*غَزة سْتريپْتِدْ*، باليونانيَّة والإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦١)؛ **بلال المصري**، مِن لبنان (*بِنياميتُ نوبل*، بالعربيَّة، ص ١٢)؛ **پيرو پاڤْلوڤيش**، مِن البوسنَة والهِرسِك (*پوپس ڤيزيت تو تُركي إِنْدْ لوبانون*، بالإنكليزيَّة، ص ٦٢)؛ **تيموتِهْ بُرْدْناڤ**، مِن فرنسا (*دَاڤْتاج*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ٤٨)؛ **جاك سْتانْلي فْلوري**، مِن

قِطافُ المَوسم الرَّابِع والعِشرين: ٢٠٢٥ - ٢٠٢٦.
عددُ المُرَشَّحين والمَخطوطات: ٤١٢٧.
الدُّوَلُ المُشارِكَة: ٨٣ دولة، هي: الأرجنتين - الأردنّ - أذربيجان - أُزبِكِستان - أرمينيا - إسبانيا - أُستراليا - أسوج - ألبانيا - الإمارات العربيَّة المتَّحدة - ألمانيا - إيرلَندا - إيطاليا - الباكِستان - البحرَين - البرازيل - البُرتُغال - بلجيكا - بلغاريا - *البِنِجاب - البِنغال الغربيَّة* - بنغلادش - البوسنَة والهِرسِك - بولَندا - بوليفيا - البيرو - *تَتَرِستان* - تركيا - تونس - الجزائر - الدِّنمَرْك - روسيا - رومانيا - الزِّيمْبابْوِي - السِّنِغال - السُّودان - سوريا - سويسرا - شاطئ العاج - صِربيا - الصِّين - العراق - العربيَّة السّعودِيَّة - عُمان - فرنسا - فِلِسطين - فِنزِولاَّ - فيتنام - قطر - كرواتيا - كَنَدا - الكُنْغو - كوبا - كوريا الجنوبيَّة - كوستا ريكا - كوسوفو - كولومبيا - الكويت - *الكيبيك* - كيرغِستان - لبنان - ليتوانيا - مِصر - المغرب - مَقدونيا الشَّماليَّة - المِكسيك - المملكة المتَّحدة - المُنتِنِغرو - موريتانيا - مولدوفا - موناكو - النَّروج - نيجيريا - نيكاراغوا - نيو زيلَندا - هاييتي - الهند - هُونغ كُونغ - هِنغاريا - الولايات المتَّحدة الأمريكيَّة - اليابان - اليمن - اليونان.
عددُ الفائزين والفائزات: ٨٨.
كتابُ الجوائز في ٢٧ لغةً ولهجة، هي: الأُرْدِيَّة، الأُزبِكِيَّة، الإسبانيَّة، الإنكليزيَّة، الإيطاليَّة، البُلغاريَّة، البُلِّيَّة، البُوسنيَّة، البولَنديَّة، التُّركِيَّة، الرُّوسيَّة، الرُّومانيَّة، الصِّربيَّة (الكيريلِيَّة والأَتينيَّة)، الصِّينيَّة (التَّقليديَّة والمُسَهَّلَة)، العربيَّة (الفصحى والمَحكيَّة في أكثر من لهجة)، الفرنسيَّة، الكرواتيَّة، الكوريَّة، المَقدونيَّة، المُنتِنِغريَّة، اليابانيَّة، اليونانيَّة.

حائِزو الجوائز والأعمالُ الفائِزَة

٢٠٢٦

جوائزُ التَّشجيع:

إدريسا بارِّي، من السِّنِغال (*رِيْف نونْ غايْاكا*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ٩٨)؛ **أمينَاتا ميشْكا بارِّي**، من السِّنِغال (*هايْكو*، بالفرنسيَّة، ص ٩٨). ومِن خارج المُسابقة: **أنْجيل (إنْجي) سمير نَصيف**، من مِصر، ص ١١.

الجوائز

أُطلِقَت جوائزُ ناجي نعمان الأدبيَّة عام ٢٠٠٢، وهي تهدفُ إلى تشجيع نشر الأعمال الأدبيَّة على نطاقٍ عالميٍّ، وعلى أساس عَتْقِ هذه الأعمال من قُيود الشَّكلِ والمضمون، والارتِقاءِ بها فِكرًا وأسلوبًا، وتوجيهِها لما فيه خيْرُ البشريَّة ورفعُ مستوى أنْسَنَتها.

والجوائزُ، لجهة الشَّكل، مُشَرَّعةٌ أمام أربابِ القلمِ في جميع المجالاتِ الأدبيَّةِ من فِكرٍ وشِعرٍ وقصَّة وغيرها، ودونما اعتبارٍ لسنِّ صاحبِ القَلَمِ أو جنسيَّتِه أو مركزِه الأدبيِّ أو اللُّغةِ الَّتي يكتبُ بها، أكانَتْ عربيَّةً فُصْحى، أم عاميَّةً، أم أجنبيَّة. والجوائزُ، لجهةِ المضمون، مُخَصَّصَةٌ إلى مَن يتخطَّى ترداد ما هو مَنقولٌ أصلاً إلى ما هو مُستَقبليٌّ فِكرةً وصياغةً، وإلى مَن يتَحدَّى القُيودَ، أيًّا كانَتْ، من أجل إنسانٍ أفضلَ ومُحيطٍ أصَحّ. كما أنَّ الجوائزَ تتلمَّسُ الارتِقاءَ بالأدب، ليس فقط باعتِماد أساليبَ مُستَحْدَثَةٍ، بل، أيضًا، بالتَّفتيش عن الأفكارِ الجديدة، وتوثيقِها كتابةً، في سَعْيٍ دَؤوبٍ لِما فيه هَناءُ االبَشَريَّة.

هذا، والجوائزُ غيرُ محدَّدَةِ العدد، وتشملُ نشرَ الأعمالِ الَّتي تلقى الاستِحسان والاستِحقاق، كلِّيًّا أم جُزئيًّا، في كتابِ الجوائزِ السَّنويِّ الَّذي يصدرُ من ضمن سلسلة "الثَّقافة بالمجَّان" الَّتي أنشأها نعمان في العام ١٩٩١، وما زالَ يُشرفُ عليها. مع الإشارة إلى أنَّ الأعمالَ المقدَّمَةَ ورقيًّا لا تُعادُ، وأنَّ ما يُنشَرُ منها تسقطُ حقوقُه حُكمًا لمصلحةِ الدَّارِ، وإنَّما حَصْرًا في مَوضوعِ النَّشرِ أعلاه.

تُقدَّمُ المخطوطاتُ في نسخةٍ واحدةٍ، مُنَضَّدَةٍ، في مهلةٍ تمتدُّ حتَّى آخرِ شهر كانون الثَّاني (يناير) من كلِّ عام، وتُرفقُ بها سيرةُ حياةِ المؤلِّفِ مع صورةٍ فنِّيَّةٍ له. وفي حالِ كانتِ المخطوطةُ بلغةٍ غير العربيَّة أو الفرنسيَّة أو الإنكليزيَّة أو الإسبانيَّة، تُرفقُ بها ترجمتُها (أو مُلَخَّصٌ عنها من صفحتَين على الأكثر) بإحدى تلك اللُّغات. وتُستقبلُ المخطوطاتُ بالبريد الإلكترونيِّ، ويُشترَطُ ألاَّ يزيدَ عددُ صفحاتِها على الأربعين، وألاَّ يكونَ سبقَ لها ونُشرت أو حازَتْ جوائز.

أمَّا الإعلانُ عن الجوائزِ فيتمُّ في مهلةٍ لا تتجاوز آخر أيَّار (مايو) من كلِّ عام، يَبدأُ بعدَها الإعدادُ لِنَشْرِ المخطوطاتِ المُستَحِقَّة (جُزئيًّا أم بالكامل) في كتابِ الجوائزِ السَّنويِّ الَّذي يُوَزَّعُ مجَّانًا وتُرْفَقُ به الشَّهادةُ الخاصَّةُ بكلِّ فائز. هذا، ويحصلُ حائزو الجوائز على لَقبِ عُضويَّةِ "دار نعمان للثَّقافة" الفخريَّة، وهي عُضويَّةٌ مجَّانيَّةٌ، ولِمَدى الحياة.

أسهَمَ في طباعة هذا الكتاب:

المهندس أنطوان شاكر الشّماليّ

السَّيِّدة روزانا السَّيِّد بغدادي والسَّيِّد بشارة متـَّى

والدُكتوران جوزيف إلياس كحَّالة ومحمَّد إقبال حَرب

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جوائز

ناجي نعمان

الأدبيَّة

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